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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOECLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME NINETEENTH.

NEW HAVEN:
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No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '54.

W. C. FLAGG,

J. W. HOOKER,

W. S. MAPLES,

L. S. POTWIN,

C. T. PURNELL.

Student Character.

"Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν."

CHARACTER is very much the effect of circumstances. Minds, however constituted by nature and matured by time, must more or less conform to outward influences, and a character temporary or lasting be the certain result. Similar circumstances develop similar traits. Men, no matter how different, by nature, when placed in the same situation, show the like results of the same cause.

If we apply this general formula to the special case of students, we may say that when a large body of youth of impressible age are by the bonds of common interest—the mutual sharing of care and enjoyment—and the undergoing of an identical mental discipline closely associated together, it would be strange indeed if a strongly marked, well defined, student character did not exist. Accordingly it is a reasonable fact that the extravagant braggadocio, the wild, uncouth revelry and free spirit of the Burschen have ever placed them in strong contrast with the phlegmatic and submissive Germans around them. Charles Astor Bristed being authority, the Cantab of the English University is quite an unique

individual, and "men seyn" that there were strange doings of scholars at Paris in the palmy days of her university : to which Bologna and Salamanca perchance might something add.

In a like manner we may say, as the species and the genus so is the individual, and particularize Yale. Under the same influences we too show similar traits, peculiar to ourselves and distinguishing us from the people about us. It is the peculiarities constituting this difference which form the prominent part of student character, and to specify and account for these is our present purpose. To enumerate the good and bad characteristics of a Yalenesian will, we hope, give no one offense, and perhaps lead to a more thorough understanding and appreciation of our faults and virtues.

Passing along the streets of New Haven you will recognize a student "at sight," and yet, if asked the why, you would probably, at first, be able to give no better reason than his general appearance. Taking the student as he appears, then, we must dissect him. Wherein does he differ from the genus by the German students denominated "Philistines," by the Cantabs ignominiously called "Snobs," and which custom here has named "Townies?" As respects the outer man, we find him little of a dandy. He has generally more desirable ways of laying out his money than on the superfluities of dress. With some there may be a desire to draw an invidious comparison between mind and matter, but the majority, we suppose, are not precise in dress because they have other engrossing objects of study, reading and amusement, and have *not* that excellent provocative of immaculate linen and a brushed coat—ladies' society. A fop at Yale is a rarity. We shall find the student to be the least bit of a braggadocio. He is prone to sport, especially in the evening, a huge stick suggestively called a "Yale Banger," and is somewhat given to bad, or at least odd hats, with an occasional predisposition to a fancy waistcoat. As regards society badges he is obtrusive and, should he belong to "that glorious old society," is refulgent with the burnished glories of Phi Beta Kappa. If he be on "College ground" or "the green" you may hear a stout chanting of "Gaudeamus," or a rhetorical recitation from "the best authors," mingled with a good many slang phrases, and probably a report of his "rushes" and other good luck in that day's recitations. His aesthetic ideas having been improved by converse with the Grecian mind, he is critical, or thinks he is, in the matter of a classic face or a handsome bust, and killing in his look as he meets a frequent platoon of pretty school girls on Chapel Street. Towards hostile townsmen he is defiant as the consciousness of his superior worth will in self-respect permit him

to be, and looks down upon them with "that sense of *feeling great*" (as the divine Wordsworth has it) which is only to be disturbed by the rallying cry of "Yale!" and perhaps all the better maintained from an apprehension that in point of physical strength, should a "passage of arms" ensue, he might be the inferior. He is hearty in the shaking of hands, and eager to know if you have "had a pleasant vacation," (which you invariably have.) He declares that "our class," in points of diversity and amount of talent, surpasses any in the institution, and stands up for "Old Yale" everywhere, and yet in a crowd of strangers he is more thoughtful, quiet and self-reliant than young men of his age generally are. As a Freshman his general appearance may be summed as "*summâ integritate et innocentia*." As a Sophomore he lapses into the "fortiter in re," which subsiding into the "*suaviter in modo*" of the Junior is finished by the "*otium cum dignitate*" of the Senior. Strenuous in his youthful emulous defiance of scoffing and marauding "Sophs," and loud in his "powwow" on the State House steps; fantastic and ferocious in the midnight orgies which attend the lying-in-state of Father Euclid at "The Temple," and lusty in his startling cheers upon the moonlit green; hugely intellectual in Junior Exhibition, and dignifiedly humorous at "The Spoon;" prevalent in the streets with cane and occasional ladies, and uniformed at last into the immutable black coat and white vest of Commencement, as a brick of identical mould, is the student visible and audible.

But back of the outward actions of every man are the determining powers of mind and morals, the understanding of which is necessary to the comprehension of the former. We speak first of Intellectual Character.

It is necessary to premise that we are divided into two ultra parties—the "Digs" and the "Writers and Speakers"—with two neutral, one made by the combination, the other by the negation of the characteristics of these two extremes. These create a diversity not apparent to the outsider, but readily seen in societies and division-rooms. Your hard student of text books depends overmuch upon authority, and is consequently not an original thinker. His demand for high authority makes him a close follower of old men who have gained their fame, and a contemner of new men, however worthy, who have it yet to win. A student of times long gone by, he neglects "The Times" of London and New York, and judges new principles by old precedents. Your "writer and speaker," on the other hand, whilst free from the "old fogysm" of the "Digs," lacks their deep research and study. He is too prone to superficial compilation from a

wide, not deep, expanse of reading, to well sounding generalities, and incoherent rhapsody. The negation of these two parties exists ; but it is the combination we believe which is the resultant of the various component mental forces and inertias : and in this the discordances, caused by the contention of Capacity and Ability, meet and are harmonized to form the general intellectual character of our College.

As Thinkers we are inclined to rate our students high. So far as we are capable of judging, there is a good amount of sturdy common-sense among us, that judges for itself upon the real merits of the question. One cause of this we believe to be our strong representation of poor students. These are generally men of more than ordinary ability, entering at rather an advanced age, with the reasoning powers tolerably well matured. Their range of books has been limited, and they have been thrown upon the resources of their own minds. Not wandering at will amid a chaos of reading, they have thought whilst others have crudely amassed, and with less knowledge of facts, have more of principles. Another reason may be, the fact that in awarding prizes for English composition thought is made such a prime requisite. We must confess, however to having been sometimes surprised at seeing so much conservatism resulting from this thought, when young men are such theoretical radicals. Perhaps however it may be thus accounted for. First, by the fact that the sympathies of a large majority of our students are with the conservative party of the country. And early prejudices go a great way. Secondly, because the influence of this, like that of every other long-established institution, is conservative and affects the students. Thirdly, because the conservatism of a free people must have the mass of truth on its side and many questions be even theoretically decided in its favor. Nevertheless we have some radicalism, arising however, we think, more from the desire of novelty or opposition, than from sober conviction. Such is generally the case with a minority in a body of thinkers. This results in a little Carlyleism, a little Greeleyism and, rarely, a little infidelity ; evils which we can pardon, if they are honestly entertained, because they correct themselves and do the no small good of testing the truth. It brings out a comic body of hyperbolists, and is the ultimate cause of hosts of bad puns and poor jokes, with the redeeming virtue of a few good ones "rari in gurgite nantes."

As Writers, we think we are somewhat deficient in the mere graces of style. Our method is to condense the most possible thought into the fewest possible words. The result is a brocade at once rich and cumbersome. Sentences must be short or clumsy, and reading becomes wearisome.

some from the close attention and supplying of ellipses required. On the whole, however, any change seems liable to be more dangerous. The tendency to diffuseness is counteracted while habits of rigid thought are being formed and can be safely left free then.

As Readers, we are deficient also. True we do not have much time, but that is, much of it, ill-spent. The standard authors generally read are novelists and other light fictionists. Scott and Cooper are ever off the shelves of our Society libraries. Hume and Locke are often in for weeks. Works just published and on the lips of men are read to the exclusion of old standard authors. Reviews are read to save the trouble of original research, which a little practice would soon enable one to make himself. There is too much reading for ideas, and too little for facts of composition. Nevertheless there is not a little good vigorous reading of essayists and political writers.

As Scholars, we think our average above any in the country. Harvard affords better facilities and turns out probably a few better scholars in a class, but as a body we, from our severe and indiscriminate discipline, must be the superior. There may be fewer of the princes of literature with us, but more of the bone and sinew—the yeomanry of letters that tell among the masses and fight the mental battles and maintain the mental liberties of our people.

We speak, lastly, of the Moral Character of our students. We must state first, that there is a false standard among us of right and wrong. This is not peculiar to us, but common to corporate communities. Wherever a body of men are assembled, the moral tone of the whole is lower than a mathematical average would show; and we are no exception to this rule. Certain derelictions, therefore, which every one in his heart condemns, are tolerated, tacitly sanctioned or encouraged. Into this indifference nearly all new comers fall, for there is seldom sufficient independence of character among young men to oppose right to opinion. The supposed assumption of a nicer moral sense than those around you possess is too much to be borne and incurs an odium which only great amiability can conciliate. Poor human nature, loving popularity, cannot resist. Accordingly stealing a Freshman's catalogues, or your neighbor's coal, becomes an irresistible stroke of humor, and, though practiced by few, has been countenanced by many.

“Ἀσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶπρον γέλωας.”

So, too, a brilliant effort of the imagination, presented to your division officer as an excuse, is said to “violate no mutual understanding,” and

is practiced accordingly. The question of using translations is said to reduce itself to "whether we shall employ labor-saving machines," and decided in the affirmative unanimously. Insulting a citizen is seldom censured as it ought to be, and a dirty trick on a "natural" is too often called a good joke by those who despise the perpetrator. In the false and double pledges of Society elections, and the trickery and deceit of electioneering and honor striving as well as the meanness of invidious remark we see yet greater wrong, from the greater interests involved, such as is a stigma upon the name of Yale. And yet in spite of this, there is a strong moral power in our midst which is fair to look upon. It restrains the excesses, which the imprudent might otherwise enter into, by the voice of public opinion. It puts down much discord between us and outsiders, and discourages sedition or wrangling in our midst. It has gathered a church which is holding fast and bringing out religious faith which would burn low otherwise, amid our temptations, and is sending forth men to do battle for the Truth. It has gathered a school of the poor and ignorant and is doing good service for social and individual welfare by bringing even wretched want to some appreciation of intellectual power and moral beauty.

We have thus given some of the results of our observations of student character. If we have made wrong statements or unlogical deductions it is our fault. If we have said anything harsh or offensive it is our misfortune.

" Nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice :"

for we like student character right well. It may be a little wild and extravagant, and not yet polished by society to the current smoothness, yet a Yale student is a right good fellow. If his head is not quite so cool as it ought to be, his heart is warm too, and he shakes your hand, as Isaac Walton hooked frogs, as though he loved you. If he is extravagant, he has a chivalric spirit, when Yale or a Classmate is concerned, that you cannot deny the fervor or honesty of; and while trees grow and waters run we hope no worse spirit may pervade the green arcades, the quiet woods, the silent hills and placid bay around our Alma Mater, than the filial and fraternal love which is now felt towards her and each other. May an infinite series of classes sing, as now,

" Vivat academia,
Vivat professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivat membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore."

W. C. F.

The Siege of Palmyra.

* * * * *

DAY after day moves slowly by
As clear as if no storm were nigh,—
Then tidings come of sad defeat,
Of carnage, rout, and, last, retreat,
Of second battle fought and lost,
Zenobia's schemes of empire crossed,
And Fortune granting to the brave,
Who fought their country's name to save,
The mournful boon, a bloody grave.
Then back with armor soiled and worn,
The shattered remnant soon return
To make the last determined stand
For freedom and their native land,
Behind the walls, which, strong and high,
May well Aurelian's strength defy.
Not now they come with clarion blast
As when they left the city last,
With freshness, hope, and ardent zeal,
And banners gay and flashing steel,—
No longer with elastic tread,
But weary, worn, dispirited.
And where is she whose spirit high
Can brook no foreign mastery?
With mien undaunted, sad and stern,
She rides amid the warrior train,
While thousands hail her safe return
As though she had not fought in vain.

The last tired straggler now within
When twilight's moments calm begin,
The gates are shut, the shadows close,
And toils forgot in brief repose.

Another morn sees earnest toil
And anxious haste, and watchful care
Of preparations vast, to foil
The foe who shall the onset dare.
Along each wall and parapet
A line of sentinels is set;
And stones and darts prepared to throw
In fiery storms on those below.

Like hunter tracking home his prey,
The Roman comes that very day,
His tents are pitched at set of sun,
And thus Palmyra's siege begun.

Week after week the strife is waged
With foes blood-thirsty and enraged;
Their towers are burned, their projects fail,
Their efforts vain the walls to scale,
And fiery streams of molten death
Engulf the serried ranks beneath.
But where no human foe can pass
Another glides more deadly still,
Nor lofty walls, nor gates of brass,
Can stop his path or thwart his will.
Gaunt Famine hastens on apace
With stealthy tread and pallid face,
And not that gallant band of brave
From fell, unsparing want can save.
One chance is offered of relief,—
A herald comes with message brief
And haughty, from the Roman chief.
"Throw wide your rebel gates, or know
They yet shall lie in ruin low,"
The summons reads,—and short and stern
Zenobia's answer in return.
"Who can his sword no longer wield
May then bethink himself to yield.
Who on Palmyra's throne would sit,
Nor shame his seat, can *ne'er* submit."

At last, when every hope is gone
And days drag slowly, weary on,
Beneath the shelter of the night,
Secure from keen intruder's sight,
Zenobia from the city flies
With trusty friends in deep disguise.
Why speak the rest?—her flight is vain,
A captive she returns again,
And she, the magic of whose name
Was but the synonym of fame,
Whose breast with loftiest impulse swelled,
Is now Aurelian's prisoner held.

Alas! for thee, alas! for right,
When thus the slave of tyrant might,—

Alas! for beauty, wit, and worth,
For flowers that fade in time of dearth,
Behold the setting of thy star,
Thy glory's night,—Zenobia!

And yet a splendor shall illumine
With fadeless light the gathered gloom;
Thy fair escutcheon hath no place
For shame to darken or disgrace,
The gold, though dimmed awhile with dust,
Is tarnished ne'er with cankered rust,
The truly great, through good and ill,
Are great, mid Fortune's changes still.

College Writing and College Thinking.

OUR College world of thought and action has often been attacked by pretended reformers, and men of speculative habit, as a great mother of all sorts of bad writing and bad thinking.

This miserable study of Pagan philosophy, this blind admiration for ancient literature, this eternal conning of set lessons, this dogged obedience to old forms and customs, is often thought to have power to kill genius and destroy common sense.

Our minds are cramped by the study of these old mummy languages, and if they get a kink in the training they can never be straightened.

This hackneyed question about College discipline and classical study, has two sides to it, just like every other question; and men are found who stoutly affirm that every thing about our system of education is perfect and can't be bettered; and those are not wanting who as stoutly and pertinaciously persist that everything is entirely wrong, and the next generation will all be idiots or simpletons unless these matters are rectified.

Now we believe that every institution, whatever its object, has its faults, faults, too, which may be corrected in a great measure. But is it not better, in educational as well as in political systems, to suffer a little present inconvenience and gradually to repair the old frame, rather than to

lay violent and sacrilegious hands upon the venerable institutions which have stood the test so long and met the approval of so many wise men?

But whatever may be the true decision of the general question, there are some things connected with a College education which our manner of using makes good or bad.

We can make any intellectual exercise unhealthy, and it would be hard to name any mode of training by which a sound mind and a strong will could not profit. If our civil polity is bad, it is because we make a bad use of it. If the general tone of College thinking is vicious, it is because Collegians do not learn to think as they should.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

We propose to remark on some of the common errors in College writing and College thinking,—errors which no system of education can wholly remedy, unless those who are educating choose to correct them for themselves.

Perhaps the greatest bane of manly thought and vigorous, energetic writing in College, is imitation. Not so much that men study to imitate, but that they do not study not to imitate.

A man of extensive acquaintance with literature would greatly surprise us if he should attempt to point out the resemblances between some of our productions and the most common authors of the day. Probably these similarities would many of them be excused on the ground that great minds often run in the same channel of thought and expression. But if we ourselves should closely examine, there would, doubtless, very often be a little index on the dial plate of the memory, pointing to one or another of the popular essayists of the day.

Perhaps some one may plead that it is impossible to think or write anything which has not been thought or written before. In the ceaseless round of daily duties, we may not be able to produce many new thoughts. But there is one thing we may do; we can make those thoughts which we cull in this great flower-garden of ideas our own, before we write them or venture to communicate them to others in any way.

There is a plagiarism which is the most heinous of literary sins, and there is a plagiarism which is the noblest of literary virtues. He sins against the republic of letters who skims over a good author, remembering here and there an idea or an expression, and writes from memory. Such an one can easily persuade his literary conscience that he is no pla-

giarist, but a real earnest thinker, who has a way of his own of doing and saying things, a way, too, that in all likelihood will be copied by some of the small fry about him. He is, nevertheless, a plagiarist of the worst kind, hardly rising to the dignity of an imitator. The literary man had better be wanting the ability to remember the name of his own mother, than have his mind forever dwelling amid such an agglomeration of borrowed thoughts and stolen expressions.

The man who *remembers* everything is most likely to *know* nothing. Such a mind may *append* to itself all knowledge, but it is at best like an old beauty jeweled and fucated. It will never *know*, for it does not study to know. The truly sound and healthy mind will read, and *think*, at the same time. It may borrow ideas, but will masticate and digest them, sending each component part of the compound through the proper conductors to nourish *all* the faculties and strengthen the *whole* intellectual man.

The memory-man is like the ostler, who, instead of permitting his horse to eat, muzzles the animal and ties a bundle of provender on to his back. Perhaps you have noticed how such beasts thrive. He who assimilates truth to his own mind, wherever he finds it, and reproduces it, not as he has seen it, but as it lives in him, a vital part of himself, may make all languages and literature, all science, mathematical, physical and metaphysical, pay tribute to his muse, without fear of plagiarism or imitation.

Shakspeare borrowed more than any other writer that ever lived. Yet in this respect he was the most virtuous of literary men. Whoever accused Shakspeare of plagiarism either in thought or style? Everything that came from him bore only one mark, and that was the impress of his own giant mind. Shakspeare was no mocking bird. True, there was not a warbler in all nature's aviary whose song he could not sing, but it came forth, not from a sick memory, but from a vital heart and a healthy intellect, as though he had been made at one instant a bob-o-link and the next a canary.

There is much error in our common notion of cultivating style.

It is a very common question, What shall I read for style? The only proper answer is, Cultivate your own mind and read that. But one takes to Macaulay and thinks to gain an energetic way of thinking and writing by imitating him; and instead of coming out with the real elemental thunder of his chosen master, he makes abortive attempts to drive a lumbering, wagon over a rickety bridge, breaking through into stagnant pools in the midst of his periods.

But the richest of all imitations are the imitations of Carlyle.

Imagine some admirer of the great Anglo-German thinker and writer, setting himself coolly to perpetrate a page of illogical thought in ungrammatical, disjointed English ; and if your heart is not sick of imitation in all its phases, it must be a hard heart. Such an one describes his perihelion about nonsense, and his aphelion about common sense, careful never to come within the sphere of either.

It must be apparent that imitation in any department is derogatory to real merit, and destructive of true manliness. If I had Carlyle's mind, I should have Carlyle's thoughts, and Carlyle's way of expressing my thoughts. But if I am a pigmy beside that giant, I had better not become a simpleton too by aping his oddities. Better imitate the physical deformity of some common vagabond, rather than the intellectual peculiarities of great men.

Every mind has its own way of looking upon truth, and its own style of discourse corresponding to its manner of observation. If there is anything healthy in this, which is the intellectual constitution, it may be cultivated and developed into an independent, noble, and unique life. It may not have the strength of Webster, nor the impetuosity of Brougham, nor the blue glare of Poe ; but it may have its *own* strength, its *own* fire, and its own healthy, homespun decorations, which any attempt at imitation would weaken, dim, and tatter.

That precept we so often meet in the old writers, to follow nature, is as good as old, and will be observed by every one who would ultimately become a strong writer, and an independent thinker, at the risk of a little present *seeming* inferiority.

Another fault in College writing and College thinking, which cannot escape the notice of even a careless observer, is too great inflation and positiveness. It is natural to our time of life to assert strongly and frequently. We are apt to think, that, being men of truth in matters of fact, our opinions must be reliable. To doubt one's judgment kindles as much dudgeon as to question his veracity.

But perhaps we shall need a brazen front to beat our way through the world successfully. We may not intend to trust our safety on a life voyage to silken sails and a silver prow. Both vessels are before us, we can select at pleasure. If we choose the man of war, let us not work so much metal into the frame, and pile so many long-toms upon the deck as to sink within sight of the port. It is quite natural that in the midst of so much hurry and bustle, an active person should thoughtlessly try the

videri rather than the *esse*. Perhaps this is the natural tendency of our toiling, ambitious life. Our College song shows the real spirit.

Audacia, this is the title
Of that good trait we love the best;
It is the means which proves most vital,
When evil fortunes us molest;
Against all troubles, near and far,
I seek thy aid—Audacia.

Occasionally this is a valuable trait, and its use most praiseworthy; as, for instance, when

I vex the Tutor, ha! ha! ha!
And plague him with—Audacia.

But in the sober, earnest work of making ourselves *men*, meekness and docility can hardly be carried to excess. There is nothing more at variance with the spirit of true scholarship, and healthy philosophy, than effrontery and obstinacy. The truly wise man is ever a learner, never self-confident to the exclusion of truth, whether it be offered him by the high or low; never quite sure that he is right, though he be compelled *sometimes* to proceed on that supposition.

The healthy thinker, thinks with an open heart and a listening ear, *thinking* all the while, but giving a ready reception to all the little aids and correctors of thought which radiate in ten thousand evanescent forms from the suggestive world about him.

How unlike that positiveness, which *knows* that it is right beyond the possibility of a mistake, closely confining the little light it has, or emitting it only in darting, impudent sparks; which shuts up truth, cutting it off from free air, ignoring its relations, until it migrates into a lie. This positiveness gets hold of half an idea which is quite sufficient, calls flatulence to its aid, and challenges the world to argue it down. If an honest man attempts an argument with it, its course is an erratic curve, defying the mathematics.

This is why College students are such a terror to staid country folks.

It is a noble thing to gain a point, but a nobler to gain knowledge, though at the expense of seeming defeat.

If we could only remember that we are but athletes in *training* for the great games, we should be more likely to cultivate a healthful distrust of our strength, courting real defeat rather than seeming victory.

The mind that seeks truth for truth's sake, generally finds it, but is not content then to assert it or to prove it, though in never so honest a way. It seeks more truth, cautiously thrusting out feelers, which now

return empty handed, and now bring an Olive Branch to show that all is not a waste, and again, do not return, but draw forth after them from their narrow compartments, the whole family of feelings and thoughts, to revel in a new world all radiant with the living lights of beauty and sublimity.

There is a spirit which belongs to lovers of truth, anything but peremptory; a spirit which is willing to wait, and entreat men, and nature, and God, for that which is the nutriment of its life and the goal of its aspirations.

No one will ever become a stand-by in community, or derive pleasure from his own life, who does not throw aside obstreperous wordiness and assurance, and assume the garb and inhale the spirit of the honest truth-seeker. In such a work one needs no aid but a will. It is the greatest attainment of an education to learn that one knows nothing. When well learned, it is a passport and a royal road to all knowledge.

Another defect, and the last we shall mention, is a want of vitality and real lively feeling.

Our thoughts and our words smell too much of the cloister. They want that lustiness and crankness, which free air and exercise give. We are too spindling and dainty in our culture. We doze, when we should blaze up and burn things. We occasionally try to produce life by a few sudden twitches about the sharp corner of an antithesis, but even then the yarage commonly breaks or stretches, so that we stand still or make a very easy turn.

Much that is bandied about as feeling, is nothing but affectation, or stale and musty sentiment.

Our College poetry feels this. Not that there is a want of poetical talent, but a superabundance of unpoetical strait-jackets. We deceive ourselves too much. We take smooth rhymes for poetry and flippancy for vitality, because these are easier got to-day, and will answer the purpose for the present; forgetting that nature's richest fields never saw the scythe or the roller; forgetting that the delirious quiver of the nerves, just as life is going out, is not like the healthy action of a vigorous system.

This error in our style of thinking and writing is a necessary result of the two former. An attempt to imitate feeling will at the best result in silly sentiment; an attempt to imitate strength and sprightliness will result in bravado and turgidity. We should be *vital*, but not with borrowed lungs; we should be *strong* and *agile*, but with our own muscles.

This evil does not arise from our mode of life, delving forever in vexatious text-books. The justest thinkers and the best writers the world has ever seen, have been the most indefatigable *digs*, (to use a home phrase.) Hard study ought to sharpen one's wits. It may be more difficult to see how it should enliven the feelings. But if study dries up those gushing fountains of the soul which are the source of all the joy of life, we had better quit it entirely.

We had better bask in the summer's sun, and nestle from the winter's frost in ignorance, than accept a discipline which will make us strong-minded and heartless.

But is there anything in a College life which tends to deaden the sensibilities? The hardness we pick up at our option must be charged to another account. If we hunt for evil anywhere we shall pretty surely find it.

Every accession to the intellect ought to be an accession to the heart.
New power to acquire truth *should* generate new love for truth.

Love for truth is a truth-acquiring power.

Does it blunt the feelings more to hone the intellect on crooked formulas and knotty Greek, than when we con names and dates and inductive philosophy?

Were strength the object, it were small matter whether it be sought at the bottom of a sand hill or on the summit of a tower, so that strength be obtained; and the sight could not be dimmed more by the one operation than by the other.

So if sharpness of mind implies obtuseness of feeling, it implies it under all conditions, which is false.

No studies, then, can destroy sensibility, unless they be wrongly conducted, which is the students own fault.

Another cause for the want of vitality and feeling, is the common cant about being practical. From some source an idea has crept in upon us that a thoroughly educated man must be a book-worm all his days, and die of bibliomania. We shudder at the idea of possessing any knowledge we shall not be compelled to use every day.

We are thinking all the while, to what use we shall put this Greek? Will it help us to get together a fortune by trade? or shall we till a farm any the better? We are forever looking after to-morrow, letting to-day take care of itself; whereas the reverse is the true philosophy.

We write or think with one eye peering out at the window, when we need our whole vision on the truth. What can be the meaning of this clamor about the practical, when the whole object of an education is to

get discipline and learn theory? He who is the most deeply educated in theory will, in the end, be the most practical man.

An English University student who has been steeped in classics and mathematical abstractions, in three years after his graduation, will be a more thorough master of all the knowledge requisite for engaging in any trade or profession, than the Yankee who dabbles all his days in the shallow trickery of this pettifogging philosophy.

With Barry Cornwall we say,

"Dip thy young brain in wise men's deep discourse,—
In books, which, though they freeze the wit awhile,
Will knit thee, i' the end, with wisdom."

But rightly used they will not freeze the wit. The most copious rains do not close the streams.

If one has the power to follow a thread of thought through all its windings—the power to trace and unfold truth in its relations, and truthfully—he is of more vital importance to community than all the practical peg-drivers and turf-diggers in Christendom.

We want to write and think without asking what is to be the effect of these giant thoughts, and these lightning words, on the great outside world. We want to write and think solely for the sake of writing and thinking, and if we become masters we need have no apprehensions. Truth has never yet done evil, and we need not fear that because *we* learn its lengths and breadths it will become falsehood.

Truth's best champion is he who has the power to seize a great thought and hurl it with a will into men's faces, so that they will be *compelled* to heed it.

An honest, simple purpose to do well the set work of to-day, without regard to what shall come of it, will put right many a diseased student mind, and uncover those fountains of lively feeling which dwell in every student heart;—fountains which will send up sparkling streams to gladden the dull thought and revivify the languishing style.

A little honest good will, and open-hearted, contented labor, would lead the short pathway of our College life through groves covered all over with blossoms of coral and apples of gold, not set in imaginary pictures of silver, but thick clustering on veritable trees of active thought and thoughtful activity.

Who can be a master without toil?

But thought and style are the great levers by which one may move the world, while he himself is standing on it, and when he shall have gained that elevated stand point beyond the reach of the stunning turmoil of our jarring life.

c. c.

A Day Dream.

As upon the broken column
Of a temple, dim and vast,
Stands a Dreamer, sad and solemn,
Gazing down the storied Past :
In its quaint and vaulted niches,
O'er its long deserted aisle,
Shines the wealth of chiseled riches,
And the glow of painting's smile,
While from scrolls of deathless pages,
Like the flash of burnished gold,
Gleam the glories down the ages
Of the mighty bards of old.
And as on these pass before him,
Wrapt in Eleusinian haze,
Full the burning wish comes o'er him,
To have lived in those young days ;
In the Earth's fresh early morning,
Mid the sunshine of her youth,
When fair Fancy's tints adorning
All the sombre garb of Truth,
Gave the weird-like and romantic
Sovereign power o'er every soul :
When Olympian Gods gigantic
Held o'er earth their high control ;
And the foaming waves were crested
By the Nereids' dancing mirth,
When the God-starred heavens rested
On the pillars of old Earth ;
And a wild Imagination,
Rioting unchained and free,
Mid its own sublime creation,
Basked in splendid ecstasy—
So of all things else forgetful,
Save the Past, he roamed among,
All repining or regretful,
Thus the Dreamer's harp was strung :

“ Now the gods of old have left us—
Gods of romance and of song—
Has the mournful loss bereft us
Of the *hearts* they held so long ?
Now that all the flowing Naiads

From their fountain homes are gone,
 And the choirs of tripping Dryads
 From their sacred groves have flown.
 Now that all the mourning Pleiads
 Fear to call a star their own—
 Can we in the crystal waters,
 And upon the pebbly shore,
 See no fair ethereal daughters,
 As were seen in days of yore?
 And when low the moonbeam whispers,
 Softly to the sleeping grove,
 Can we see not at their vespers,
 Through the shadows, elvins rove?
 Can we in the eyes above us,
 See no smiles of the departed,
 Showing still how well they love us
 Mortals, weak and feeble hearted?
 Are we bound so to the Real,
 To the things of Sense and Time,
 That the Unseen and Ideal,
 Beings of celestial clime—
 They that rove from fields Elysian
 To this far off earthly shore—
 Greet no more the inner vision,
 As they did in days of yore?
 Will they never more revisit
 This our mammon-striving world?
 And the throne of Fancy—is it
 From its lofty summit hurled,
 Never more her former glory,
 And her sceptre to regain,
 So renowned by ancient story,
 So supreme in bardic strain?

* * * * *

Lo! adown the leafy tresses,
 Slanting sunbeams slowly streak,
 Every voiceless lip expresses
 More than human voice can speak.
 Earth and sky and the blue ether,
 Which in billows seem to roll,
 Join in unison together,
 Silent preachers to the soul,
 "Mourn, oh Dreamer, now no longer,
 For the ne'er returning Past,

But in noble purpose stronger,
Prove the present which thou hast :
Know thou that the soul within thee
Is true Inspiration's shrine ;
That no outward aid can win thee
A possession so divine ;
That full unconstrained communion
With this universal whole,
In rare hymenial union,
Wedding universe and soul ;
Not the chance of time or station,
Can dissolve or can impart,
For its heaven toned vibration
Must be felt within the heart.

Has the pure and blessed teaching
Of the God of Love and Grace,
That far trust of Faith o'er-reaching
All the bounds of time and space,
Less to rouse the deep emotions,
Or the sluggish heart to stir,
Than the mystical devotions
Of the Pagan worshiper !
Would'st thou measure its fruition
With his sensuous Paradise,
Or a broken heart's contrition,
With a soulless sacrifice !
Nor alone need voice of Duty
Summon thee from fruitless dreams—
Wears the earth no Gems of Beauty,
Flashing on us cheerful beams !—
Ever varying and blending
In their many-mantled forms,
Now in loveliness contending,
Now enrobed in clouds and storms !
Are there left no green oases
In this barren desert wold,
Where the playful Nymphs and Graces,
Ceaseless carnival still hold !—
No strange mysteries still hidden,
Long-locked secrets yet to learn,
Where the roving thought, unbidden,
Still instinctively will turn !

* * * * *

Rise, oh Dreamer ! Gaze around thee !
Let thy soul drink in delight,
And the blindness that has bound thee
Shall be filled with living light."

Not in vain the excitation,
Of the Day Dream o'er his life—
Each responsive aspiration
Was with golden promise rife.

B.

Apology for Innovations.

THE prim conservatism, which would cling to what is, because it is, affecting a pious horror when established institutions are questioned, savors much of obstinate ignorance; and yet careful observation will often detect this principle, immatured it may be, but actually germinating, in minds boasting of liberality and apparently zealous for progress. This opposition to change is so wary and withal so potent, that it sometimes even insinuates itself into the counsels of the honest reformer, and, under various pretexts, by cautiously advising forbearance; by hinting at possible failure, damps enthusiasm and restrains aspiration. Its developments are manifold. We find this conservatism, rank and unseemly, in the obedience yielded under an absolute monarchy; less uncouth, but equally destructive, in some forms of false religious belief; and in flowery guise, though with poisonous exhalance, in society which retains pleasing but pernicious practices, because hereditary. Monarchism springs from the necessities of a primitive age, when iron control alone must keep society from constant peril. As civilization advances, Absolutism, knowing that mind, in its progressive state, must desire and strive for freedom, binds more firmly its gyves. Thus the subject, accustomed to obey from fear, grows the sincere believer in his right to endure, while Tyranny, hiding its cloven foot, advances arguments, some even from Holy Writ, to prove the right to be a Tyrant, divine; and men remain passive, partly, it is true, of necessity, but more also from inquietude at the idea of alteration. They clasp their own manacles more tightly, lest any increase of liberty may be to their own hurt. Freedom they fear, may make them outcasts; while slaves, they are under the paternal roof.

Religious faith is fortified the most strongly against all innovation. This, seizing for itself the "Holy of Holies" of the heart, warns at every

approach, "Put off thy shoes, this is holy ground;" even hospitality, is here denied without qualms of conscience, and the honest proselyter is deemed the invading foe; for the natural selfishness of the heart is suspicious of selfishness in others and cannot regard the would-be friend, but as partaking of its own frailty. Religious conservatism, too, is self-perpetuating; it feeds upon itself, and strange to say, increases thereby; but 'tis a bloating, unwholesome nourishment, and not that invigoration from feeding upon truth, alone able to ensure a healthful growth. As the mind broods over any error, it grows morbid, and gradually loses its power of discrimination, becoming stronger in that error, as it becomes less able to detect it; and this is, *a fortiori*, more than a truism in regard to long adopted religious errors, since religious belief roots itself so deeply in the very soul. What but this principle, interwoven among the doctrines of Mohammedanism, has preserved that system, until even now, it is spread as a garment obscuring the sunlight of truth from a large portion of the earth. Of other false systems now in vogue, how many would retain so strong a hold upon the conscience of the masses, without the argument of their antiquity to give them sanctity! The truest form of religious faith, moreover, is conservative in much that is injurious. We do not decry an adherence to truth, because that truth has been cherished by past generations, but we do censure the cleaving to an error, simply because an error of long standing. The old Puritan creed, errors and all! must this be unexceptionably adopted, because a few centuries, and among them some brilliant names, have consented thereto? Assuredly not! If it be true, it will stand a critical examination; but if not, the hoary vines which cling about the structure, adding to it dignity and majesty, should not conceal the fact, that the huge pile has gradually been growing weak, till it is now a doubtful ruin. We should assure ourselves, that we are entering the portals of a strong and well constructed building, before we run the risk of being buried beneath a pile, now tottering from age and unstable foundations.

Lastly, social conservatism has many expressions, revealing many deformities. Romantic chivalry, the avenging of personal insult by personal rencounter, has survived the Dark Ages, and comes down to us, changed but in name, and the duelist, a conservatist in the worst sense, must needs be borne on the shoulders of popular opinion, because he keeps alive a custom, for years deemed so requisite in a man of honor. Society has partially resented this charge, but even now hard indeed is it to unharness herself from the load which many preceding centuries have helped to tighten on her back, and to call the duelist, a murderer.

Society, moreover, is often inconsistently conservative; over scrupulous to strain at the gnat of some simple innovation, which thwarts present desire, it swallows a whole camel of ways and customs, in fact more innovating in tendency, which pander to the vanity or fascinate the senses, because these practices have been repeated by one or two generations, till they now claim the inviolability of antiquity, which is but a modernized antiquity at best. In illustration, allow the words of Power, the eminent sculptor, who speaks thus pleasantly of his "Eve:" "She is an old fashioned body; her waist is quite too large for our modern notions of beauty, and her feet, they are so very broad and large; and did ever one see such long toes! they have never been wedged into form, by the nice and pretty little shoes worn by her lovely descendants." How now would our modish belles quarrel with such vulgar ideas, and call them innovations, and yet they readily encounter whole tomes of rules of etiquette, and pass without a murmur, the wearisome gamut of fashionable exactions, and why! because, say they, to rebel against custom is social treason. And let a wholesome independent candidate for health and propriety, suggest the lopping of some of these fruitless branches, withered by morbid culture; let such an one but strike out practically, in a new and more generous path, and the name of singularity is at once the reward. We deem fashion in a measure indispensable, but why cherish unnatural modes, acknowledged pernicious, because bequeathed by usage, dating back some few cycles of years! How often, too, in rejecting some innovations while admitting others, is the plea of conservatism made a mere pimp of the inclination! Of two theories equally plausible, let the one veto long cherished schemes, or nullify the labor of patient but unwise research, while the other coincides with some desire of the mind, or quiets some qualm of conscience, and how speedily is the latter adopted and the former striven against! Physiology issues a new speculation. She asserts that pain is variously distributed among animals, according to laws of their organic structure, and their adaptation to certain ends; that the fish in its seeming agony, when separated from its native element, is constrained to violent demonstrations, not so much by pain, as by the novelty of its situation; that the crushed and mutilated insect suffers minutely, and in proportion to its diminutiveness; that the scourged horse feels but momentarily the agony of the lash, and because maddened by it, strives afterwards to break his bonds; and how eagerly do the sportsman, the entomologist, and the jockey incorporate these ideas into their creed. Their novelty is no bar to their admission. They fill a gap, and are immediately foisted in, no

care being taken to prove their truth or falsity. On the other hand, Geology antedates the origin of matter. She sustains her position by strong arguments, drawn from the very bowels of earth; but how hardly is she used! "Verily thou blasphemest!" is the only price paid for the discovery, and why? mainly because favorite theories, and the conclusions of long-hugged modes of reasoning, are, by this new comer, challenged to mortal combat.

But other reasons there are, why men oppose innovation. Whimsical flittings in the brain, causing a wistfulness to be thought eccentric, often make men martyrs to their own folly. They discard machinery, and toil at the spinning wheel. They are drawn slowly across the path of the railway in cumbersome stage-coach, and shake their heads, at what they call the reckless temerity of the age. They reject chloroform and even gas-light, as superfluities, and would wear knee-buckles and high heeled shoes, were it a little more convenient. They declare a violin the only lawful church music, and *the* church, the only way of salvation. They re-chisel the useless records of well-nigh obliterated notions, meanwhile invoking "Old Mortality" as their patron saint. Such sometimes obtain equal notoriety with him, but merit far less praise. Again, the snail-paced individual, enwrapped in indolence, whose desires are compassed by the horizon of his own shell, negatively opposes change. Better then that such an one cling still more closely to his old moss-grown log, that he retard as little as possible the current of onward effort, since he will not assist in deepening the channel, and accelerating the stream.

Others deride a new measure, because they were not its authors. Such are not sorry that he who sought to mitigate the pangs of the death-penalty by inventing the quick-edged guillotine, was its first victim. How different their decision, had *they* been the inventors!

Again there appears a class, in whose mind antagonism is the prevailing quality. They are incessant contraries by nature. Such must needs be urged, as report tells of the obstinate porker, in just the opposite direction, from that in which their locomotion is desired. Still another class, with the declaration that "Time is the greatest innovator," claim amnesty from individual exertion. They leave it all with Time, to work out the needed improvements. So might it be said of Science, that it would gradually unfold of itself, wonderful discoveries; but would the principle of universal gravitation have been known if a Newton had reasoned thus? Would caloric force now promise economy of life and wealth, had Ericsson been of this class? Thus accidental causes, (we

may call them such,) springing from individual characteristics, effect delay in removing the ancient landmarks, however much the march of mind may require more ample workroom.

Much of the injurious conservatism of politics; of laborious as well as luxurious life, might, in like manner, be made to plead guilty at the bar of expediency and truth; but we already see the folly of opposing innovations, merely on broad conservative grounds, and of forgetting to keep along with the age, in the desire to avert imagined calamity. But are innovations of every name to be grasped warmly by the hand, and energetically helped forward? By no means! When promising, by a clear analysis of its plan, to remedy an evil; when demonstrating the need of reform, and its own ability to revolutionize wisely; if then men are prepared to receive, whether *they* are aware of it or not, the strange offer may safely be accepted. A change that disturbs settled opinions and practices, without an equivalent advantage, may well be practically let alone, but yet men should ever be careful, how they forget to consider as honest every innovation, until it has been proved the contrary. Large promises or specious reasoning must not outweigh a common-sense view of the worth of any new measure, and all we claim is an impartial hearing alike for all. If thus shown to be unwise, or at least unnecessary, let them then be rejected, as that proposed system of Phonetic spelling has been, which all candid minds discard as impolitic, both as regards the perpetuity and the purity of language. But if reason advocates the cause, let no cowardice or over anxiety restrain the fertilizing stream from overflowing its thirsty banks, even if its flood must break through with fearful violence, threatening somewhat of devastation.

For as we look back from this stage in the world's history, when a peasant is disgraced by inability to read and write, to that period, when great Barons and Kings were not chagrined, at being obliged to set their cross in lieu of their signature to the weightiest documents, the long line of innovations, laughed to scorn at their birth, but worshiped in their maturity, challenges our belief in them, as the prime agitators in these onward strides.

In fine, the laws of innovation alone rivet the links in that great chain of progress, reaching back to a state of utter ignorance, and onward to that of perfect perception promised by revelation.

To grapple, then, with clinched hardships in ever varying forms, is the lot and the privilege of every man. To lose this power, or to undervalue and neglect it, widens the interval between human intellect and the divine. Thus each individual has the *right* to mould custom into new

shapes; nay more, duty calls upon each to innovate cautiously but mightily, for,

“What custom wills, in all things should we do ’t,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to over peer.”

But following out this principle we illustrate that noble sentiment of Sir John Herschel, who writes, “The character of the true philosopher is, to hope all things which are not impossible, and to believe all things which are not unreasonable.”

A. S. T.

A Recollection.

THE touch of a hand and a musical tone,
The light of a radiant eye,—
And these are but memories, shadows alone
That tell of a pleasure gone by!
The days that are parted we may not recall
Like waves on the limitless sea,
But better than treasures of silver are all
Their fond recollections to me.

The leaf that I’ve cherished, though withered and dead,
Is choicer than gardens of flowers,
For memories fragrant around it are shed
And whispers of happier hours.
The hand that once carelessly plucked it and gave,
I fancy still touches my own,
And murmurs of melody, wave upon wave,
Awaken an answering tone.

The Present is fleeting, the Future’s a dream,
But the heart nestles back in the Past;
O what are the pleasures that are and that seem,
To those that unchanging will last!
The light of a smile and the echo of song,
And words that in kindness were said,—
The joys of the Past to the Present belong,
Still present when others are fled.

Charles Dickens.*

THE importance of imaginative literature, as regards its effects upon the thoughts and actions of men, though doubtless overrated, is yet too great to escape the notice of the student of human nature, or not to demand the earnest consideration and extreme discussion of the Christian and philanthropic philosopher. For wherever a powerful current of influence is turned upon society, undermining the deep laid foundations of old institutions, or washing away the alluvial deposits of the time—where this or any part of it is done, there, if danger threaten, warning should be given, or, if good be promised, direction given, and impetus urged.

In so stating we do not rank imaginative literature among the highest and best means of moral culture. It does not take the high ground and work among the first principles of ethics. It dilutes and administers what in its purity is too strong for common minds. Noxious ingredients too often form this dilution, and the injury done is more than the good received. Fiction, moreover, is read for pleasure, not for self-culture. But looking upon the *breadth* of its influence, in remembering the universal desire to contemplate in ideal creations the perfection we find it so difficult to realize—a desire which, though oft perverted, is aspiring and noble—we cannot but believe that fiction, and especially prose fiction, exerts an important influence upon our common humanity.

This we believe to be true in the present century, and, more than this, to be often a good influence. The narrative poems of Homeric times and the Gothic romances of the middle ages, had their origin in the taste of their respective ages rather than in their real wants, and pandering so increased in turn the desire for more, that the abuse wrought its own cure. The romances of the middle ages show us this the most clearly. Exerting a most potent influence over the destinies of men during a period of over three centuries, they “formed the reading of the few who read and entranced the circle of eager listeners.” But then, “the enchantment was on the wane.” The last of these ancient Romances was finished in the ninth year of the reign of Edward IV, about 1470. †

There intervened nearly three hundred years before the publication of the *Castle of Otranto*, by Horace Walpole, in the year 1764, introduced

* The Novels and Tales of Charles Dickens, (Boz.) Four Vols. Octavo. Philadelphia: Getz, Buck & Co., 1852.

† D'Israeli's “*Amenities of Literature*.”

modern prose fiction. Since that time there has been accumulation in an accelerating ratio. There have been changes also. The early stages of the modern light literature were too much the resuscitation of the old. There has been and is yet too much straining for great effect with too little regard to what that effect may be. This led to taking characters from high life, surrounded by all the dazzling allurements of rank and appurtenances of wealth. It gave them persons more comely and minds more endowed than fact ever shows. It devised unattainable moral excellence, and showed an almost inconceivably hideous working of intensest passion. If any good or bad effect was produced upon the reader, it was accidental or subsidiary. But such good effect was a great uncertainty. If the models of human perfection were all counts, dukes, knights, and ladies, whilst nature's nobleness and perfection were carefully dis severed from association with the lowly and indigent, then a large class might naturally waste their time in vain aspiration, unmindful and almost unknowing of the good and happiness within their grasp. If a sickly sentimentality too, and highly wrought bombast was made the model, then natural and hearty expression might very naturally be obscured, and unnatural models produce some unnatural copies.

In some sort of opposition to this kind of writing, stand certain novelists of the present day. Their end we conceive is to benefit mankind; and amusement, though an indispensable, is made a secondary object. Beneath the sunlit surface of fiction and the dancing bubbles of mirth, there is the undercurrent of a deeper and more earnest purpose. Their heroes are not of battles or senate chambers. From baronial halls and the marbled stair-cases of merchant princes they have turned away, and amid humble homes and pressing want have felt the throb of noble hearts and heard the rough eloquence of untutored lips. Novel writing falls into the spirit of the age—of the mass, to the mass, for the mass. And this influence is working wonders. The genius of Sue has told as it could in no other way, upon the corruptions of Jesuitism, through the strange story of "The Wandering Jew." The abuses of the "slop system," in the tailoring establishments of London, have been shown in all their hideousness by the moving story of "Alton Locke." And now in our own country, and at this day, perhaps American slavery has, from the pen of a woman of no extraordinary talent, received a shock, which statesmen could not give, through the pages of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In looking for an embodiment of this last mentioned class of writers, there can be no hesitation in making choice, as the grand head and front

thereof, of Charles Dickens. It is in his works that we find more than anywhere else that true, earnest, genial philanthropy which finds its objects everywhere, and that sly humor and tearful pathos which so well shows up a sham and expresses so heartfelt a sympathy for the oppressed and fallen. It is true, as Willis says, that he did "tip his hay-cart in America," when he made his international copyright tour, and true, too, that the "American Notes" are very much below par, and have anything but a "general circulation." But a little showing up of foibles which we thrust into his very hands and exhibited in the worst possible light, might prove an irresistible temptation to a humorist far less alive to the ridiculous than Dickens, and we very much object to calling an ingrate, therefore, such a glorious good fellow as Dickens in print.

We like Dickens specially for his fun! he can "get off" a common thing so well and has *such* originality. The cabman's receipt for driving a weak horse is mentionable. "He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab, but when he's in it we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down, and we've a pair o' precious large wheels on: so ven he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on; he can't help it." The advice for hat-catching is good, (especially in New Haven.) "There are very few moments in a man's existence, when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast degree of coolness and a peculiar degree of judgment, are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate or he runs over it: he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head; smiling pleasantly all the time, as if you thought it as good a joke as anybody else." Mr. Wellers's theory of education, as applied to his son, is worthy the consideration of the Fathers. "I took a great deal of pains with his eddication, Sir; let him run the streets when he was werry young, and shift for hisself. It's the only way to make a boy sharp, Sir." His prescription for the gout is equally good. "The gout is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with the gout, Sir, jist you marry a widder as has got a good loud voice, with a decent notion o' usin it, an you'll never have the gout again. It's a capital prescription, Sir. I takes it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity." Mr. Swiveller, too, is a gentleman of great interest.

Concerning his own character he gives the following hints:—"The word of a gentleman is good as his bond—sometimes better; as in the present case, where his bond might prove but a doubtful sort of security." His adaptation of fine passages from "the poets" to his own condition, is touching. "Yet loved I as man never loved that had n't wooden legs, and my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Sophy Cheggs." "I never reared a young gazelle to glad me with its soft black eye, but when it came to know me well, and loved me, it was sure to marry a market-gardener." Captain Cuttle's eulogy on his watch is hearty. "Put you back half-an-hour every morning, and about another quarter towards the afternoon, and you've a watch as can be ekalled by few and excelled by none."

We love him for his oddities. We like to hear David Copperfield telling how when he was in love, "the sun shone Dora, and the birds sang Dora. The south wind blew Dora, and the wild-flowers in the hedges were all Dora to a bud." We like to hear of Miss Mills, who "sang of the slumbering echoes in the caverns of Memory; as if she were a hundred years old;" of the fair faced, fair haired young lady, such as "recalls to one's mind the idea of a cold fillet of veal;" of the old house up a yard that "must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again;" how "in some odd nook of Mrs. Todger's breast, up a great many steps, and in a corner easy to be overlooked, there was a secret door with 'Woman' written on the spring," and that "when boarding-house accounts are balanced with all other lodgers, and the books of the Recording Angel are made up forever, perhaps there may be seen an entry to thy credit, lean Mrs. Todgers, which shall make thee beautiful;" and how "the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled." This is quaint.

We love his descriptions—of the scene from Rochester bridge in the sixth chapter of *Pickwick Papers*; of the wretched suburbs of London, where "the humble followers of the camp of wealth pitch their tents round it for many a mile;" of the "moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed—or would have done so but the frost held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night;" of the battle field where, at first, "many a lonely moon

was bright upon the battle-ground, and many a star kept a mournful watch upon it, and many a wind from every quarter of the earth blew over it, before the traces of the fight were worn away," but now "The larks sang high above it, the swallows skimmed, and dipped, and flitted to and fro, the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly, over grass, and corn, and turnip field and wood, and over roof and church-spire in the nestling town, among the trees, away into the bright distance on the borders of the earth and sky, where the sunsets faded."

We love his pathos so earnest and full of feeling—the burial of Nell. "And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb." "Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven in mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old Church received her in its quiet shade." The mother's death: "There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—the dark. She could n't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names." The grave of the old miser poisoned by his son: "The gates were closed; the night was dark and wet; and the rain fell silently among the stagnant weeds and nettles. One new mound was there which had not been last night. Time, burying like a mole below the ground, had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth. And that was all." Tom Pinch: "Thy life is tranquil, calm, and happy, Tom. In the old strain which ever and again comes stealing back upon the ear, the memory of thine old love may find a voice perhaps; but it is a pleasant, softened, whispering memory, like that in which we sometimes hold the dead, and does not pain or grieve thee, God be thanked!" Mr. Peggotty pleading for his seduced child: "But save her from this disgrace and she shall never be disgraced by us. Not one of us, that she's grewed up among, not one of us that's lived along with her, and had her for their all in all, these many year, will ever look upon her pritty face again. We 'll be content to let her be! We 'll be content to think of her, far off, as if she was underneath another sun and sky! We 'll be content to trust her to her husband,—to her little ones, p'raps—and bide the time when all of us shall be like in quality before our God!"

We love his views of human nature. "When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to watch the world and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature springs. In the Destroyer's step there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven."—"There are strange chords in the human heart which lie dormant through years of depravity and wickedness, but which will vibrate at last to some slight circumstance apparently trivial in itself, but connected by some undefine and distinct association, with past days that can never be recalled, and with bitter recollections from which the most degraded creature in existence cannot escape."—"There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount, as on bright wings, towards Heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which bind men down to earth with leaden chains."—"That heart where self has found no place and raised no throne, is slow to recognize its ugly presence when it looks upon it. As one possessed of an evil spirit was held in old time to be alone conscious of the lurking demon in the breasts of other men, so kindred vices know each other in their hiding places every day, when Virtue is incredulous and blind."—"There are quiet victories and struggles, great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism in it, [life]—even in many of its apparent lightnesses and contradictions—not the less difficult to achieve because they have no earthly chronicle or audience; done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts, any one of which might reconcile the sternest man to such a world, and fill him with belief and hope in it."

We love all this mingled humor, oddity, pathos and philosophy, because we see in it not only the power of the writer but the *soul of true man*. Because we see in it the spirit which must, and will regenerate the world—the expansive and contagious influence of a true philanthropy—which, smiling upon the weaker passions and foibles of men, is yet earnest to denounce and pursue old errors of persons and states, to remove the tolerated abuses of society, to search out and develop the faint spark of divinity yet left in the breast of the wretched and fallen, and finds in the self-denial and steadfast goodness of one poor soul, more theme of exultation and rejoicing than in the castellated glory and ocean fame of proud Old England. There is a quickening sense, a sympathetic stimulant in such genial heartfelt feeling, which will do far

more to soften hardened natures and quicken latent good than homilies without feeling and sermons bitter in the deploration of our fallen nature. As we read of the philosophic Samivel, the pathetic Mr. Swiveller, the broad-grinning John Browdie, and the jolly Mark, our philanthropy is inversely as the number of our vest buttons. As we are moved by the goodness of Kit, the steadfast and loyal old Varden, those twin angels in round hats, the Cheeryble brothers, glorious Captain Cuttle and a score of others, we have indelibly impressed upon our minds the fact that noble hearts beat beneath rough jackets, and that god-like words are oft spoken by untutored lips. And while the human heart responds to excellence and truth, it shall ever be quickened in its rough life's journey and be strengthened to a higher purpose and more unfaltering effort by the remembrance of the child-wisdom of Nell, the quaintly merry Ruth, the patient and uncomplaining spirit of Florence, and the gentle sufferance of the kind and generous Agnes.

W. C. F.

The Snow.*

January 18th, 1852.

Peacefully, dreamily, slowly,
It comes through the halls of the air,
And bows its head like a spirit
That kneels in its beauty at prayer.

'Mid the sere leaves it layeth its forehead,
While the winds are murmuring low,
And telling the beads she has brought them,
The beautiful spirit, the snow.

* Found written in the fly-leaf of a Chapel Hymn Book.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

DOINGS OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

SUNDAY, (July 24th,) the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Pres. Woolsey in the College Chapel. Subject—*The Spirit of Self-sacrifice*. Text, John 12: 24, 25.

Tuesday, the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society, which convened this year at Yale, held a public meeting, at which a Poem was delivered by C. T. Lewis of the graduating class, and an Oration upon *Russia* by W. H. Richards of N. Y.

Tuesday afternoon, the first Regatta of the Yale Navy came off. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, a large concourse of spectators assembled along the shore, near the Pavilion, to witness the race. At three and three-quarters, P. M., the Ariel, manned by "Scientifics," the Halcyon and Thulia, belonging to and manned by clubs from the Class of '54, and the Nepenthe, owned by members of the Class of '55, shot out from the starting point. The distance, one mile and a quarter out and back—two miles and a half in all—was made, according to a statement furnished the Journal and Courier, in the following times:

Thulia, 15m. 32a.
Halcyon, 16m.
Ariel, 16m. 45s.
Nepenthe, 18m. 15s.

The prizes offered by the liberality of the Class of 1853 were then presented to W. B. Dwight and A. H. Stevens, Captains of the Thulia and Halcyon, by W. W. Winthrop of the Class of '51, on behalf of the Race Committee. The first prize was a silver cup and salver of the value of twenty dollars, bearing the following inscription:

Presented by the Class of 1853,
Thulia 1st Prize,
Yale College, July 26th, 1853.

The second, a blue and white silk jack and ensign valued at ten dollars, was awarded to the Halcyon. This relaxation from the mental exercises being over, the "thread of discourse" was resumed.

Tuesday evening, the *Concio ad Clerum* was preached by Dr. Fitch. Subject—*The true doctrine of divine inspiration*. Text—Hebrews, 1: 1, and 2d Timothy, 2: 16.

Wednesday morning, at a business meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Hon. W. H. Seward was elected Orator, with Hon. J. G. Lumpkin as substitute, and J. R. Lowell, Poet, with J. G. Saxe as substitute, for the Commencement of 1854.

At eight o'clock the meeting of Alumni was convened in the new Linonian Hall. Hon. A. N. Skinner, Class of '23, was called to the Chair, and H. White, Class of '21, appointed Assistant Secretary. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, Class of '97. The Chairman having made an opening address, the annual obituary was read by the Permanent Secretary, Rev. S. W. S. Dutton, Class of '33. This we have already published. Prof. Benjamin Silliman, Class of '96, eulogized the late Prof. Kingsley. Prof. Olmsted, Class of '13, followed with a tribute to the

memory of Prof. Stanley. Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., Class of '37, spoke in eulogy of the late Prof. J. T. Norton. The following resolution was offered by Prof. Olmsted:

Resolved, That the Alumni of Yale College have heard with deep concern of the resignation of Prof. Silliman; that they cherish the warmest attachment to his person, and entertain the highest appreciation of his labors for this College and for the promotion of knowledge and virtue throughout the world.

In sustaining the Resolution he gave a sketch of the scientific and professional labors of Prof. Silliman.

Prof. Worthington Hooker, Class of '25, offered the following Resolution:

Resolved, That Dr. Eli Ives, who has recently resigned his Professorship in the Medical Department of Yale College, deserves from the assembled Alumni an honorable and grateful notice for the active part which he took in the founding of the Medical College, and for the services which he has rendered to Medical Science, especially to the department of Materia Medica, and also for a long career of usefulness as the beloved Physician of a large portion of this community.

Daniel Lord, Class of '14, then addressed the Alumni on the present position of the College as to endowments, and introduced the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That the Alumni now met, most cordially approve the endeavor of the College to enlarge its permanent fund, as a measure necessary to maintaining its rank as a College, and to enable it to enlarge and advance its means of instruction, according to the advancing progress of science and knowledge.

Resolved, That we will heartily coöperate in the endeavor, and recommend it to our fellow Alumni and to the friends of learning.

Several other speeches were made advocating the Resolutions.

Immediately after the adjournment of the meeting of the Alumni, a procession was formed under the direction of Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., and moved towards the North Church to attend the literary exercises of the Centennial Celebration of the Linonian Society. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. T. Dwight, D. D., Class of '18. An Oration was then delivered by W. M. Evarts, Class of '37. Subject, "*Public Life in this age and country.*" A Poem, by F. M. Finch, Class of '49, succeeded. Subject, "*Linonia.*" Both of these, together with a full report of the whole celebration, will shortly be published.

The literary exercises concluded, the procession returned to Alumni Hall, which had been finely decorated for the occasion by ladies of New Haven. Festoons of pink, blue and yellow, the badges of the Societies, adorned the walls with four shields enveloped in green, pink, blue and yellow, as representing Yale, Linonia, Brothers in Unity and Calliope. Over the entrance hung the great portrait of Gov. Yale, and opposite was the name of William Wickham, the first member of the Society, and the Society's motto, "*Linonia quiescit in perfecto.*" In the Southwest corner was seen the word "Constitution," and a representation of the Scales of Justice, together with the name of Kent, and the portraits of Sherman and Dagget. In the Northwest corner was the word "Library," with the portraits of Dwight and Hillhouse, and the name of Hale. In the Northeast corner were the American Arms, with the inscription, "Statesmen," and the names of Calhoun, Grimke, Mason and Griswold. In the Southeast corner was a lyre of evergreen, with the names of Brainard, Colton, Pierpont and Willis, and a portrait of Hillhouse. Along the eastern wall might be seen the names of Stuart, Nettleton, Emmons and

Buckminster, opposite which were the portraits of Ex-President Day and Eli Whitney. Here the tables had been set, and seven hundred persons, including undergraduate members, distinguished guests, and a delegation from the sister Society, sat down to dinner. Daniel Lord, Class of '14, presided. A blessing having been asked by Ex-President Day, Class of '95, a full discussion of the viands ensued, succeeded by a feast of reason and flow of soul in the after-dinner speeches, which was even better. Dr. Bacon, Dr. Cox, Prof. Silliman and Hon. H. E. Peck, were among the speakers. Much good feeling and cordiality prevailed, and Brothers and Linonians made common cause in having a good time.

Wednesday evening, the Phi Beta Kappa Oration was delivered in the North Church, by Prof. H. B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary of New York. Subject, "*Philosophy of History*."

Thursday, the usual exercises of Commencement came off. The day was fine and the speeches good. We subjoin a scheme.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

FORENOON.

1. PRAYER by the President.
2. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by JAMES MORRIS WHITON, *Boston, Mass.*
3. Dissertation, "American Characteristics," by THEODORE JAMES HOLMES, *Cleveland, Ohio.*
4. Dissertation, "The highest Development of Intellect favorable to Humanity," by HENRY ISAAC BLISS, *Hartford.*
5. Oration, "Christian Virtue the only sure Basis of Civil Liberty," by CORNELIUS HEDGES, *Westfield, Mass.*
6. Dissertation, "The Spirit of Inquiry," by HENRY RICHARDSON BOND, *Norwich.*
7. Oration, "The Heroic of Common Life," by GEORGE SHIRAS, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
8. Dissertation, "Cacoethes Scribendi," by JOSHUA COIT, *New London.*
9. Oration, "Custom and Law," by JAMES RAYMOND GOODRICH, *Wethersfield.*
10. Dissertation, "Joan of Arc," by WILLIAM RANKIN WEBB, *Georgetown, Ky.*
11. Dissertation, "The Christian Statesmen," by GEORGE PALFREY, *New Orleans, La.*
12. Oration, "Observation and Thought," by JOSHUA ANDERSON, *Buckingham, Pa.*
13. Oration, "The Civilization and Destiny of the Sandwich Islands," by HIRAM BINGHAM, *Honolulu, Oahu, S. Isl.*
14. Oration, "The Contest of Ideas in the Seventeenth Century," by OLIVER ELLSWORTH COBB, *Tarrytown, N. Y.*
15. Oration, "The Elements of a Perfect National Education," by BENJAMIN KINSMAN PHELPS, *Groton, Mass.*
16. Dissertation, "The Great Religious Reformation of the Eighteenth Century," by WILLIAM THACHER GILBERT, *New Haven.*
17. Oration, "American Nobility," by CHARLES BROOKS, *Townsend, Mass.*
18. Oration, "Responsibility of the Legal Profession," by GEORGE HENRY WATROUS, *Conklin Center, N. Y.*

19. Philosophical Oration, "The Philosophy of History," by CHARLES GARDINER McCULLY, *Oneego, N. Y.*

AFTERNOON.

1. Oration, "Government as a Means of Popular Education," by KINSLEY TWINING, *New Haven.*

2. Dissertation, "The Revolutionist in Science," by LYNDE ALEXANDER CATLIN, *Brooklyn, L. I.*

3. Dissertation, "La St. Barthélemi," by JAMES McCORMICK, *Harrisburg, Pa.*

4. Oration, "Controversy as advancing the Progress of Truth," by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BAER, *Lancaster, Pa.**

5. Oration, "Authors Read, and Seen," by HENRY CORNELIUS ROBINSON, *Hartford.*

6. Dissertation, "John Huss," by ALBERT FARLEY HEARD, *Ipswich, Mass.*

7. Dissertation, "The Mortality of Nature, and the Immortality of Mind," by GEORGE WASHINGTON KLINE, *Lebanon, Pa.*

8. Oration, "English History," by WILLIAM HENRY GLEASON, *Sag Harbor, N. Y.**

9. Dissertation, "Genius and Skepticism," by ANDREW JACKSON WILLARD, *New Haven.*

10. Oration, "True National Development," by ISAAC WAYNE McVEAGH, *Phoenixville, Pa.*

11. Poem, "Nineveh," by THEODORE BACON, *New Haven.*

12. Dissertation, "Ancient and Modern Oracles," by ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

13. Oration, "Milton Iconoclastes," by CHARLTON THOMAS LEWIS, *West Chester, Pa.*

14. Philosophical Oration, "American Statesmanship," by EDWARD COKE BILLINGS, *Hatfield, Mass.*

15. Oration, "Self-Reliance," with the Valedictory Address, by ISAAC HOLT HOGAN, *Middleport, N. Y.*

16. DEGREES CONFERRED.

17. PRAYER by the President.

The degrees of the year are as follows:

A. B. 102 in course, 1 honorary; A. M. 29 in course, 5 honorary, 7 out of course; M. D. 16 in course, 1 honorary; LL. B. 13 in course; Ph. B. 7 in course; LL. D. 1.

The honorary M. D., was John Wortaber, of Hasbeier. President Walker, of Harvard, received the LL. D.

* Excused.

Editor's Table.

"It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects."—*As You Like It*.

"Hoc opus hic labor est."—*Virgil*.

If you ever undertook the task, dear reader, you know very well the difficulty of forcing wit, an exotic which the hot-houses incidental to dog days, in contradiction to the common laws of nature, do not advance but retard. But you cannot appreciate the bother of writing an Editor's Table a thousand miles or so from New Haven, with no vestiges of the *genius loci* about you, save a "Liddell and Scott," and a "Yale Banger." We must therefore define our position and give you an anomaly in the way of tables.

It must be premised, that under a course of voluntary rustication, we have not trod College ground for many a day, but amid "the beauties of the country," (which unlike Mr. Doolittle down in Maine, we expect to admire *after marriage*,) have been pleased

"To watch the blooming pea and new pertatur,
And recreate our soul with smilin' natur,"

whilst our colleagues have been doing themselves what is pleasantly termed the honor of turning out such specimens of mental furniture as the present. Wherefore by the inexorable advice of our Windsor-chairman, we have been doing a two weeks' penance for our previous sins of omission by making ready for an early issue of the "Lit." and have now reached the "last but not least" labor of being "as funny as we can." The result of which is that at the present moment we might be seen on the afternoon of a latter day of August,—the very verge of summer and autumn,—whilst leaves begin to drop from aridity and the foliage grows dull in the fulness of its summer time, in a sanctum "just twelve feet by nine," in the "Prairie State," (which we parenthetically remark is the "greatest State in the Union,") some eighteen degrees westward of New Haven and about ninety above zero after a despairing search of a precedent among two years' of editors' tables suddenly struck with the bright thought of trying something original.

As a most striking example of originality, we will neither use nor give a dissertation on puns except in an incidental way, but use what Shakspeare would very correctly call "the *fierce endeavor* of our wit" in other directions. We only wish to take you by the button and have a little pleasant converse which shall no way affect the muscles of your countenance or the fastenings of your waistcoat; but which will we trust leave you in as comfortable frame of mind as a violent cacinatory spasm whereunto the professed joker is apt to lead you. We hope you have had a pleasant vacation and seen many pleasant faces in many pleasant homes and have brought away such a host of good recollections of parents, sisters, pretty cousins and *others* as shall keep you intact amid our college temptations another year, and at its end make home the same dear place as ever. But speaking of home reminds us of children and a few anecdotes which in a Knickerbockerian way we "took a note of." One was of a little niece of ours hardly old enough to

talk, who, being taken out riding at sunset, and seeing the golden orb just resting on the horizon, pointed it out with her tiny hand and exclaimed "pitty fower!" Quite a poetical idea, was n't it? Another was concerning a bright little fellow, whose parent was a resident teacher of a young ladies' boarding school, who, hearing one night a long roll of thunder, which reminded him of some of the daily disturbances of the establishment, asked his mother if that was n't the angels sitting down to supper." He may have had a confused idea of the distinction between angels and young ladies. A great many do.

We have been greatly edified lately by reading "An evening contemplation in a College," which as you may not have seen, we must give you one of its "touches of nature," which is done with a master-hand and betokens a close observation of men and things:

"Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, 'Each morn unchilled by frosts he ran,
With hose ungartered o'er yon turfy bed,
To reach the chapel ere the psalms began.'"

The following may remind you of an occurrence not yet forgotten by the Class of fifty-four:

"One morn we missed him at the hour of prayer,
Nor in the hall, nor on his favorite green:
Another came: nor yet within the chair,
Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.

"The next we heard that in a neighboring shire,
That day to church he led a blushing bride,
A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear,
Improved her beauty while the knot was tied."

Among the young oaks, which, reaching out into the prairie uplands from the heavy timber of the banks of the Upper Mississippi, graduate the transition from forest into plain, stands the dwelling of an old Scotchman, famous in the country round about for his large collection of old books and antiquarian ware of time indefinite. We once paid the good old man a visit and were favored with a sight of rare old works of the last century; of a fragment from one of the ships of the Spanish armada, sunk (if we remember rightly) in the harbor of Inverness, and worn-eaten before its raising until perforated like sponge; and more than all of an autograph letter of Burns. The old gentleman was a great admirer of the poet, and had in his possession two effusions of his which we have never seen in any edition of his poems, and may be new to most of our readers. The first, now in possession of a gentleman in Dumfries, Burns wrote upon the back of an old letter, upon seeing from his window a gentleman kiss a lady. This was a short time before his death.

"Humid seal of soft affection,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connection—
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss—
Speaking silence, dumb confession,

Passion's birth and infant's play,
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
 Glowing dawn of brightest day—
 Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
 While lingering lips no more must join,
 What words can ever speak affection
 So thrilling and sincere as thine."

The following was "written by Burns, with a pencil on a window shutter of an Inn at Stewartown, Ayrshire, where he arrived much fatigued from the wretched state of the roads:"

"I'm here arrived, thanks to the Gods;
 Through roads, rough deep and muddie :
 A certain proof that making roads
 Is not the public study.

"Although I'm not with scripture cramm'd,
 The gospel plainly says,
 The people surely shall be d—d,
 That do not mend their ways."

* * * * *

The scene changes. Three days and nights behind the chariots of fire, and on a pleasant evening at twilight we are set down in the Elm City. We stroll up around the colleges. The long line of buildings is solitary with closed blinds, and reëchos hardly a passing footstep. The night shadows of the old elms lie heavy upon the sward, and the distant band on the green is pouring forth a mellow pensive air on "the drowsy ear of night." College in vacation is a very sad place. So we seek our room which looks more natural, and there we will continue our talk. Of course you staid at Commencement, and saw and heard everything from the Baccalaureate to the Degrees Conferred. You were at that Regatta, where the Yale navy "came out strong," and *our* boat did such wonders. We are glad to know that *rowing* is now confined to the water, and there gaining in favor. Muscular development is too little attended to with us, and a frequent pull at an oar is (as a facetious colored gentleman remarked) like low tide—it develops de mussels. You attended the Linonian Centennial and heard some good things, we dare say, especially that *stupendous* triangular pun, which reminds one of Midshipman Easy's duel, and the comparative pun of the orator of the day, of the Americans' first desire to *get on*, the second to *get honor*, and their third to *get honest*. You attended the exercises of the graduating class, and bade farewell to another century of our College legions. God speed them! The Commencement has forcibly reminded us too, of the changes which have taken place among our College Faculty since the last anniversary. Kingsley, Stanley and Norton are dead, Silliman and Ives have retired, and Profs. Silliman, Jr., Porter and Bronson have come in. Especially shall we feel the loss of the venerable and beloved Professor of Chemistry, who, after fifty-four years of service retires so much regretted, even in anticipation of so worthy a successor.

"Serus in coelum redeas."

The approach of another Collegiate year, suggesting a new class, another statement of facts and another "army with Banners" marching across the green, also

suggests a new order of advanced responsibility to each of us that might justify a little ethical reflection; but as good advice is often heeded by those who do not need it, and neglected by those who would be benefited, we spare you the infliction in consideration of its inutility.

Our Maga is just eighteen; childhood and youth are gone; womanhood has come, and there is something pleasant in the idea that she has grown up among us to fullness of years, and has become an actual and palpable part of the little world around her. But we would carry the analogy no farther. We would never have Maga grow old and unsightly, but wish that from the half-a-thousand active minds and warm hearts which are here a veritable Fountain of perpetual Youth and Beauty might well such as should make her "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

Maga, having attained her majority, proposes to support herself. To this project we give most hearty assent, and have used all means in our power to forward the design. We make the subscription payable *with* the first number, that there may be no temptation for those who pay, and no opportunity for those who cheat. That a host of you will commend and sustain this foiling of the few mean, we confidently hope and expect. We ask no favor but simple justice. If any be not enough *literati*, or lacking this, not Yalensian enough to value the Magazine two dollars, as a transcript of College mind and events, we do not ask them to subscribe. But if you have, as we believe most of you do, a proud feeling to encourage and support whatever gives voice and tone to the feelings of Yale,—if you love to lay up memorials of these halcyon days which in years to come shall be priceless treasures,—if you would keep these Sybilline Leaves, whereon in the present aspiration the future action of Classmates and friends may be dimly traced, you will come over and help us.

We hope to hear from all of you, ("the lower classes" especially, as being less known,) through the Post-Office. We hope to have a goodly number of competitors for the annual Gold Medal, in view of the quality which has sometimes taken it.

The "visual dentals" of our Editorial life are cut, and we may not profanely bid this remarkable production to go to the devil. But we must first congratulate our College community upon the completion of the new building on College ground for the use of the two Societies and public purposes. In an æsthetic point of view we might find fault with pine-boards capping-stone towers; but practically, there is much to commend in the spirit which has done so much in furtherance of the interests of our Societies, by providing suitable and permanent places of meeting.

EXCHANGES.—We have received copies of "Dwight's Journal of Music," Boston, Mass.; "The Independent," La Salle, Ill.; "Scientific American," New York City, and "Ladies' Christian Annual," Philadelphia. The Georgia University Magazine for August, and The North Carolina University Magazine for August and September, have come to hand and been duly discussed and commended. We have received also a prospectus of "The Collegiate Magazine," to be published at Amherst. We bid it God speed.

THE
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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '54.

W. C. FLAGG,
W. S. MAPLES,

J. W. HOOKER,
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Spirit Rappings.

THIS is an age of progress, men say ; and they speak the truth. Progress is the chief feature, the principal characteristic of our age and country. Science, religion, politics, all exhibit it. Singular progress, too, it is in some cases. Imagination gets the start of reason. Common sense is outstripped in the race with folly. Wisdom is compelled to fall behind ignorance. The radical pushes on the unwilling conservative. Knavishness and trickery steal a march on unsuspecting innocence and take advantage of credulity. In accordance with this healthy and salutary progress, there has come on to the stage, among other creations of those whose business it is to make men and communities objects of merchandise, the grand spiritual doctrine—the modern system of modern ghosts. Of late the spiritual has almost entirely engrossed the public mind. The “beggarly elements,” &c., have really been quite neglected. The voice from the pulpit, urging men to turn their attention to spiritual affairs, seems not to have been breath spent in vain. The general mind has been literally wrapped up in the subject. Spirits have filled the great mouth of the public. Flesh and blood have been compelled to yield, in point of interest, to shadowy forms and spectral images. So far has this fancy run, that, in many instances, men have

exchanged sound, substantial ideas and beliefs for shadowy and unsubstantial speculations. To be possessed with spirits, which in Scriptural times was esteemed a deep misfortune and curse—is, at the present day, a matter of considerable gratulation to the one thus possessed. It is by no means an unprofitable possession. To be a medium and have the power to conduct manifestations, to declare and interpret the sentiments of the world of spirits—is an accomplishment indeed valuable—to be showman and exhibitor of spiritual phenomena, and to enjoy the profits of such an office, is not a bad thing. The denizens of unknown worlds (not unknown, however, in the present advanced state of knowledge; but rather worlds untried by mortal experience) are the counselors, teachers, prophets, and preachers of our age. Those who once walked the earth but went the way of all flesh, are summoned back to earthly scenes in their etherealized state. Respectable old gentlemen and ladies, who have calmly reposed for years beneath the sod, are waked up from their long sleep and exhumed before the eyes of astonished men, like the ancient prophet Samuel before Saul of biblical renown. Spectral hands make havoc in the furniture line. Invisible fingers beat tattoos upon walls. Chairs, tables, &c., like certain swine, possessed with spirits, act in just as unnatural a manner. The deeds of the past are recalled, the affairs of the present directed, the events of the future foretold by raps. The great and heretofore impenetrable vail, which has hid the future, is raised by spiritual influence, and the panoramic view thus disclosed presents each event as it is to occur, and robs time to come of its uncertainty. The spirits adopt raps as the mode of conveying their astonishing revelations. Raps form, no doubt, one of the most forcible means of expression. So we have many times been constrained to think. It is a question of a good deal of interest to us how spirits perform the operation of making audible, sensible raps. What do they make them with? We know well enough of the capability of a bunch of knuckles on a hand of bone and flesh to perform in this manner, but cannot readily conceive of an ethereal spirit, expressing itself in such an earthly way. But that is one of the hidden mysteries of the system. Thus far uninitiated—no farther:

By the magic influence of a half dollar, one may be put into communication with the spirit world, and listen intelligently to the mysterious spirit raps. A half dollar! Money in connection with spirits! Do the spirits allow their gifts in the way of revelation to be retailed at fifty cents? Yes. Spirits cost money. But this is easily explained. The spiritual universe, no doubt, beheld with pity a large class of our com-

munities in want of business and suffering from shallow resources. At loss what next to take up in their particular sphere of operation, the spirits magnanimously come to their aid, and to enable them to raise the wind, vulgarly speaking, make them repositories of the revelations of airy beings and agents for the same.

Rap—rap—rap. Walk in. Open your purse and your ears, your eyes will not do you much good. Rap—rap—rap. Ah! here raps your friend who left your side one day to meet the claims of the grim destroyer. Speak to him. He answers; tells you he is at peace and enjoying himself; gives directions and advice in regard to the things of time, as one who stands on a point of eternity, and looks back with more than mortal vision. He hopes to meet you some day or other, and gradually subsides in faint raps. He is happy. Yes. And so call up any or all of your friends, if you happen to be flush, and they will tell you the same story. They are all happy. The ocean of eternity is an ocean of bliss.

Rap—rap—rap. Here comes one of the spiritual corps of detective police. A ghostly Tukey. Just spiritually cross his spiritual palm with a silver dollar, there being, by no means, anything spiritual about the last, and you are straightway able to discover the perpetrator of any crime, you can unravel the most nicely woven plot of villainy. His wand will cause the earth to gape and pour out its buried treasure; will light up dark holes and crevices, and show their secret contents; will burst strong locks and bars; unroof the haunts of vice and crime and expose their guilty operations; will unlock the human breast, tear away the secret watched by sleepless guards, and give it to the winds. Let rogues and villains tremble and beware.

Rap—rap—rap. The imagination may now picture the bald head and snow white beard of an aged prophet, peering over the cloud which serves to separate the visible from the invisible world. He is ready to rap unborn ages and predict events still in the womb of time. His eye pierces far into the future and roams over wide domains. What heeds he of time, of long intervals, of far stretches? The remoter the time, the longer the intervals, the better is it for a display of his wondrous gift of prophesy. But the performance closes, the curtain of the future drops, and after fifty cents worth of time to come, we suddenly find ourselves back again in the present.

Rap—rap—rap. Here comes the mighty spirit of the great Webster. Mourn no more that he died before your eyes were permitted to behold him. You cannot now, to be sure, gaze on the majestic figure, the fire-

lit eye, the noble expanse of brow, but you can commune with the great man's spirit, listen to his expressive raps, and gain a nearer access to him than you ever could have obtained when he walked the earth, a mortal man. And to you who have known the illustrious dead when living, what recollections will the sound of his spiritual knuckles awaken in your minds! How vividly will your imagination paint him as he was, in all his majesty and power! How delightful to renew the intercourse, broken by death, on closer and more intimate terms! Rap—rap—rap. Here follow in the wake of the illustrious statesman other spirits of distinguished dead. Clay, Calhoun, Washington, Franklin, and many others of whom our country may well be proud. But there are also representatives from other quarters of the globe and from other periods of time. Milton, Shakespeare, Cromwell, and many other notables from Mother England. The great Emperor walks in his last sleep. The classic days are also represented, and Demosthenes and Cicero manifest their august presence. O, it is glorious thus to be able to hold communion with the disembodied spirits of the mighty dead. Rap—rap—rap. Well, rap away my unearthly friends, but we must leave you now.

It is astonishing how much and what men will believe. This spiritual system, which bears the impress of humbug on its very front, lacks not believers, and firm believers too. Not only in the ranks of the ignorant and uneducated are they found, but also from the intelligent and educated we catch the incoherent ravings of the spiritually blinded and spiritually crazed. There is much skill and much science in the conducting of manifestations. Strange and curious are the performances many times, but so are the deceptions of the juggler. This is simply the perfection of jugglery. The only difference in the two cases is this: The common juggler informs the public that it is his purpose to deceive them; these uncommon spiritual jugglers sport a banner of truth around which many misguided individuals rally. Truth in such an outrageous, barefaced deception! This whole spiritual concern is full of falsehood and error. And it is no small error, no petty humbug which vanishes at the first touch of ridicule. Ridiculous as the thing is, it has already made many victims. It is with its accompaniments and consequents dangerous indeed. The tendency of the ideas and doctrines it embraces are subversive of truth and religion. Filling the mind with extravagant speculations and false ideas, it drives out sound judgment; when exerting its full influence, it makes men crazy infidels. Such has been its effect in many instances.

But there are spirit rappings which each man must hear. There live

within the breast, active, restless spirits; which continually make manifestations of their presence. They rap unceasingly upon the walls of the heart. Now it is this spirit, now that, and many times the confused raps and uncertain beatings betoken a contest among the tenants of the soul. Of these spirits some are good, some evil. The salutary promptings of the former class it were well to heed and obey; the alluring, but danger-fraught suggestions of the latter to heed and conquer.

Now we hear noisy, irregular rappings of strong, fierce spirits, restless to prevail. The spirits of ambition, of anger, of revenge, many times speak in urgent tones. The great spirit, selfishness, has a large family resident in the human breast. They are powerful and therefore dangerous. They are not always loud and boisterous in their manifestations, often quite the contrary. They speak with insidious raps, and gain the ear and heart. Exorcise these evil spirits if you are able. If not, seek to curb and restrain them. Add chain on chain and fetter on fetter, and their power, if it be not wholly crushed, will at least be restricted and lessened.

But there are other and better spirits living in the breast. Some speak in impetuous tones urging to action. Their rappings betoken impulse and energy. Their instructions say onward and still onward. But their action is healthy and safe. Their fire does not burn and scorch the soul, its rays warm and illumine all around. They point to the rugged, uphill road of life, and to the genuine banner of right and truth, and bid you hasten onward. They shed an extra charm upon the straggling flowers which deck the side of the rough and tortuous way, and brilliantly illumine the crowning rewards of victory upon the summit.

There are gentler rappings. Those holier and more sacred spirits speak. Their messages are messages of hope and love. Their alphabet forms naught but happy combinations. Urging the right, dissuading from the wrong, their gentle but firm and steady rappings are ever heard; the noisy manifestation of other and boisterous spirits cannot drown their soft echoes. But continual neglect of their promptings and indifference to their instructions make fainter and fainter the signs of their presence. Yet they never die altogether. They never desert the heart, black as that heart may be. Though unable to dwell in communion with other tenants, and forced to take refuge in the farthest recesses and thus live in seclusion, they still remain, and at times manifest their presence above the din and confusion of other and evil-spirits.

Neglect not these promptings of a better nature. Crush not the swelling buds of goodness in your soul, but let them grow, blossom, and

end in fruit. Listen with faith and hope to such spiritual manifestations. Let them aid in forming your doctrines and beliefs. Do thus, and you will not be in danger of infidelity and scepticism. You will have more faith in what is good and true, and you will prove unfaithful neither to your God, yourself, or your fellow men.

J. W. H.

Stanzas.

SUNNY and bright this Summer morn
Gleams o'er the fields of waving corn ;
Sunny and bright, as if no cloud
Ever its beauties could enshroud ;
Yet is the day but precursor of night,
Shadows must follow each gleam of light.
Clouds may be gathering in the sky—
Even this beautiful day must die.

The dreams of youth must pass away—
Bright hopes may fade and joys decay ;
The spark of friendship cease to glow,
The flame of love be burning low,
The friends who circle round our hearth,
May leave this fair and blooming earth :
And of that bright and shining chain,
Only some scattered links remain.

As when the shades of night are gone,
Most fair and lovely breaks the morn,
So when our every grief is o'er,
And earthly storms can beat no more,
Bright o'er our souls shall break the ray
That welcomes in a heavenly day ;
Most fair that morning hour shall come,
That wakes us in our other home.

1875.

A Classical Journey of Eighty Tightly, Esq. into a far Distant Country.

UNDERTAKEN AND FAITHFULLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF AND NOBODY ELSE.

“Quaeque ipse vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.”

WE started in a big wagon. The sun having set the night before, was now about to rise, and the East looked as red as a blister. I mention this phenomenon for the sake of truth; not because I regard it as very singular, for I find that it has attracted the attention of many, and been embalmed in their writings as well as my own. For instance, a living poet says in describing the same:

“Morn breaketh in the East. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet.”

And again:

“’Twas daybreak, and the fingers of the dawn
Drew the night’s curtain.

Old Homer too was awake in the morning, and sung over and over again:

“Ἦμος δ’ ἡριγένεια φανη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως.”
“Ἥως μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ’ αἶαν.”
“Ἥως δ’ ἐκ λεχέων παρ’ ἀγонуῦ Τιθωνοῖο
Ὠρυσθ’ ἰν’ ἀθανάτοισι φῶως φέροι ἡδὲ βροτοῖσιν.”
“Ἡέλιος δ’ ἀνέρουσε λιπῶν περικαλλέα λίμνην
Οὐρανὸν ἐς πολέχαλκον.”

Catullus and Lucretius—hear them:

“Oris aurei Sol radiantibus oculis
Lustravit aethera album, sola dura, mare ferum,
Pepulitque noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus.”

“Aurora novo quom spargit lumine terras.”

Matuta per oras
Aetheris Auroram defert et lumina pandit.”

Spencer too—in faith I begin to be ashamed of my own description of the scene. I will try again after these specimens cease to crowd upon my memory, which to do justice to myself, is an excellent one, and it

grieves me to think that it will be so long before the vivid and ineffaceable remembrance of my journey is fully laid before my readers :

“At last the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre ;
And Phœbus fresh as brydegroome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.”
“Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming east
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme
Ne reared above the earth his flaming creast,” &c.

Very much like Chaucer :

“Whan that Phœbus his chaire of gold so hie
Had whirled up the sterry sky aloft.”

Hear again the delightful asthmatic Virgil :

“Phœbeâ lustrabat lampade terras
Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram.”
“Jamque rubescebat radiis mare et aethera ab alto
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis.”

And finally, for do not suppose I am forgetful of our journey, listen to Milton :

“Morn
Waked by the circling hours with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light.”
“Now Morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime,
Advancing sowed the earth with orient pearl.”

I retract my notion of the comparative merit of my own feeble attempt at description. All this poetry sounds very well, but notice one fact. Two of the poets I have quoted were blind, and perchance some of the rest were guilty of blind imitation, but with me the case was very different. As I looked, over my shoulder I saw distinctly with my eyes—“ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἐμοῖσιν,” as H. says—and there was no Phœbus in sight ; no torch belonging to him or anybody else, (indeed there was no occasion for one,) and it was hardly possible to see even Aurora herself—but her chariot—Giminy ! I should certainly have seen *that* if there'd been any. These glowing pictures are all lacking in point of fact, unless we saw different things which is also contrary to fact. And then to talk of “saffron” even in Greek in such a connection, and Tithonus, that old man who forsooth is father of the “grey dawn”—but such was not the dawn I saw.

I have said that "*we* started," &c. Now do not misunderstand me. I am not a married man—I am not an editor. I therefore do not mean myself and my wife, nor my wife and myself, nor do I mean myself and my scissors. I mean the subjective ego in the wagon-body, and the objective non-ego or equus in the thills. Nor need this familiarity excite surprise when Horace has immortalized his mule in the following graphic strains :

"Nunc mihi curto
Ire licet mulo, vel si libet usque Tarentum;
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret atque eques armos."

Peruse this last line and see if your compassionate heart is not exercised with the most intense emotions at the unfortunate condition of the animal who was performing such an obliging service for the equestrian bard. Could I suffer my fellow-being to receive such treatment? Never. Therefore we started in a big *wagon*. Nor need I omit to mention that the ideas of personal convenience and safety entered largely into the formation of the wagon-plan.

Think of Hudibras—the immense inconvenience to which he was put in the very act of starting—always a critical period. See how he managed it:

"—After many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigor, strength and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over,
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein."

Now I found no such difficulty in getting into my wagon. Then who knows what will become of a man when he entrusts himself bodily to a brute? How beautifully Ovid describes the sad and solitary journey of Europa who was similarly situated.

"Ausa est quoque regia virgo
Nescia quem premeret, tergo considerare tauri
Tum Deus a terrâ siccoque a litore sensim,
Falsa pedum primis vestigia ponit in undis,
Inde abit ulterius mediique per aequora ponti
Fert praedam: pavet haec; litusque ablata relictum
Respicit: et dextra cornum tenet, altera dorso
Imposita est; tremulae sinuantur flamine vestes."

That journey too of the brother and sister on the golden-fleeced ram—
Poor Helle. She fell off. How Phryxus felt at the loss of his dear traveling companion! In the words of Seneca in the "Troades:"

"Questus est Hellen cecidisse Phryxus
Quum gregis ductor, radianti villo,
Aureo fratrem simul et sororem
Sustulit tergo medioque jactum
Fecit in ponto."

Yes, it was with a praiseworthy feeling of *security* that I took my seat. I on horseback? Never. The Gods never rode on horseback or dove back, or peacock-back, but they always "harnessed up," except when they "bound under their feet,"

"καλὰ πίδιλα
'Αμβρόσια, χρόσια τὰ μιν φέρον ἡμῖν ἐφ' ἑγγερν
'Ἢς' ἐκτίονα γαῖαν,"

and so did I.

In the future portions of my narrative, I shall exhibit greater length of travel—less of discourse, unless the connection of thought absolutely requires indefinite expansion. How sweet to clothe our reminiscences in classic drapery. So then we started at dawn in a big wagon.

THE YALE LITERARY PRIZE COMPOSITION.

Melancholy.

BY ISAAC EDWARDS CLARK, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

ANALYSIS.

A Human Soul.

- (a) Ideal.
- (b) Actual—its imperfections and capabilities.

A. Melancholy.

Defined.

Characterised.

I. *Causes*—Physical—disease. Mental—crime, affliction, disappointment, &c.

II. *Phases*—Variety and Interchange.

III. *Influences*—Extent and Permanence.

B. Philosophical melancholy.

Characteristics.

Influences upon mental character and achievements.

- (a) General—to *originate, apply, and correct ideas*.
- (b) Particular.

I. To *individualise* character.

(a) Indiscernibility of mind—contrasted with divisibility of matter; developed by uniformity of action.

(b) Independence and progress,—the results of retirement.

II. To *intensify* mental action.

(a) Intensity as a quality of mental action.

(b) Secured by Attention.

(c) Evincing in Invention and Reformation.

III. To *substitute Principle for Impulse in moral conduct*.

(a) Relation of Principle to Impulse.

(b) Substitution of Principle for Impulse enforced by Conscience and Reason.

(c) Illustrated by Philosophic Repose of Character.

"Hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy."

Il Penseroso.

A HUMAN soul is in itself the greatest proof of a Divine Creator. In every soul is placed the standard of perfection; and could there appear on earth one, whose simple grandeur and matchless beauty should equal that ideal, we should acknowledge and reverence the very "image of God." But no human mind is perfect. Malformation, that dark trial of faith, dwarfs; disease, the strange herald of release, blights; and guilt, that silent but dreadful shadow of sin, tortures. Afflicted and aspiring man, during his earthly existence busily solving the painful problem of probation, shows but a faint gleam of that "inner light," which hereafter shall shoot wherever truth and its relations exist, quenchless and unconfined. Still dwarfed, blighted and tortured as it is, it retains traces of its divine origin and exhibits resources of illimitable power. Like the Torso at the Vatican, this sin-shattered fragment, though dismembered and despoiled, still stands in its unsurpassed strength and symmetry.

Whether considered as a phase of human character or as a fact of probation; preëminent among the problems of life is "Divinest Melancholy." Melancholy may be defined as a state of mind in which the elements of joy in human life are obscured and all earth's events and influences are tinged with gloom. It is without the wild passions of madness in which the human mind becomes so deep an abyss of misery. It is without the crushing weight of grief, when over the grave of the loved the affections wrestle with life; it is without the nameless stings of remorse, the lacerator and reformer of guilt; but it is a subdued calm of soul, a serene twilight of thought and feeling, when though joy is hushed and hope dim, reason is still enthroned, judgment active: life is still a duty: friends are still dear.

Melancholy may be the result of mental or physical causes. It may

be hereditary and develop itself by a slow and imperceptible process, gradually tinging and deepening the hues in which all objects appear, until life becomes a wearisome task and thought spontaneous sorrow—until the future, which should stretch away in its azure beauty, impends like the darkness of an eternal night, and the soul, shrinking from companionship, from action, from itself, finds no cause of regret in change, no object of fear in death. It may be entailed by disease or crime and accordingly will be sombre or bitter; for the blight of disease causes a charmed sorrow, and hardened crime is the precursor of unmitigated hatred. It may be the effect of some sudden loss or affliction. Reputation may fall before the concealed attacks of envious and aspiring baseness, and character assailed and buffeted, capitulate to a world of wickedness and retire within itself. Disappointed affection may render life—valuable only when cheered by confidence and sympathy—a dreary desolation. Disinterested enthusiasm, kindled by love of truth and man, and finding no food in the selfish atmosphere of life, may expire and give place to the smouldering ashes of disappointment. Undue religious excitement may conduct the mind into the dark labyrinth of skepticism, where faith is palsied and hope chilled.

Melancholy when organic oppresses the mind, until dissolution sets it free; when purely a mental affection, it may be relieved or cured by any discipline or treatment, which diverts attention, which rectifies the judgment, or which elevates the aims. Foreign aids may be valuable, but the most hopeful source of improvement is found in self-determination.

The Phases of Melancholy are not less numerous or less distinguishable than its causes. Indeed mental peculiarities are united in such strange contrariety, and personal experiences are so varied and dissimilar, that the variety in the degrees and sorts of depression is only equaled by the rapidity of the changes by which one species of depression succeeds another. The mind resembles the ocean, not only in its grand expansion, but in its ceaseless fluctuations. The tides of thought ever ebb and flow, the waves of feeling follow each other in rapid and endless succession. It is a phenomenon not of fickleness but of change. But there is a prevailing habit of thought which, arising from a uniformity in the action of the outward world, a consistency in the succession of ideas, and a continuance of constitutional biases, constitutes a state of mind. This state of mind ranges from thoughtlessness to despair. Despondency is darkened expectation; and gloom is extinguished hope. Joy is the combined result of present or prospective gratification of

desire and the absence of annoyance. The tenor of feeling of any individual depends upon the character of his hopes and the means he possesses for their realization.

But the Influences of a melancholy habit of mind, surviving the transient causes which produced it, as the mouldering ruins outlive the consuming ebullition of the volcano, destroy pleasure, mar happiness, and quench desire. They poison the very fountains of life. The calmest and most excited experiences are alike affected by them. Occupation, which by banishing regret and supplanting sorrow cheers and invigorates the struggling and weary soul, becomes torture, or mere mechanic effort. Solitude is vocal desolation. Reflection, which in health is synonymous with luxurious enjoyment, which arranges the pleasing cabinet of experience and builds the gay dome of hope, becomes but a wanderer in a strange and tangled wilderness, a traveler through wilds parched by the fierce heat of despair. Variety becomes unrelieved monotony; harmony, dissonance. Such melancholy, such a drooping existence, where all that was intended to moisten and irrigate is exhaled and becomes a dark floating mass in the mental sky, continually frowning, having the gloom of the storm cloud without its majesty; reduces the soul to a fearful alternative; either to fling away the mysterious gift of probation, to breast the thick array of horrors which encompass the suicide's grave and tread the appalling path which lies beyond it, or to hold on to life, when every incident is an infliction, every pulsation a tributary, and every thought a phenomenon of anguish,—to endure

"Lethe's gloom without its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death."

I have thus attempted to describe the causes, phases and effects of Melancholy. It is a subject fraught with mystery and sadness. It discloses one channel in which the dark waters of sin, flowing from the fount of disobedience, and ending in the abyss of hopeless sorrow, still roll, resisting all restraint, save that of repentant faith. But there is a "silver lining" to this dark cloud. There is a species of Melancholy, which, while presenting the aspect of despondency, is without its poignancy,—while possessing the calmness, is destitute of the listlessness of despair. It is Philosophic Meditation: that "deeper madness of the wise,"—a retiring, reflecting habit of mind,—the habit of a mind in which passion slumbers, impulse is chastened, and hope purified; from which trifles are banished that thought may reign. It is not stoicism

for it allows the keenest sensibility. It is not misanthropy, for it is compatible with the warmest attachments. It is the subordination of passion to intellect; a devotion of all the energies of the mind to uninterrupted thought. Our object will be to show the influence of this form of melancholy upon mental character and mental achievements. In the great laboratory of thought there have been three classes of workmen whose aims have been to originate, apply and correct ideas. Thus Philosophy, Politics and Ethics have ever tended towards practicality and perfection. Originating is but little more than wide induction; correcting is the modification of institutions and principles according to better determined data; and application is the union of single principles and general classes of facts. This three fold process, the result of ingenuity, research and reasoning, gives progress; the laborious earning of the few and the rich inheritance of the many. It is by this process that art culminates, science widens, and religion satisfies. It is by this process that the unfoldings of consciousness, and the operations of nature, are reduced to distinct classifications and traced to definite principles. Therefore that habit of mind which is most fruitful in suggestion, best adapted to induction, and best calculated to give just and comprehensive views of mankind, must be most instrumental in furthering individual and social progress. That these are the exact characteristics of Philosophic Melancholy, we shall attempt to show.

Philosophic Melancholy individualizes human character. Every mind is the focus of innumerable external influences. But character is a development, not a structure. Identity, Responsibility and Destiny are all personal. The liveliest sympathy is after all the affection, and the most expanded generosity the act of the individual. In this view matter affords no analogy or parallel for mind. The visible universe is a great theatre for reciprocal action and interchange of parts. Plurality and Divisibility are the material monarchs. But the human soul is incapable to dissolve or to combine. It is forever single or it ceases to exist. While thus indivisible in its nature, the human soul is, when rightly developed, concentrated, individual, in its action. It should gravitate towards a definite and changeless centre. There are no asteroids from shattered human minds. Greatness is not histrionic. It is a fact. It has its inception and its progress. Its growth is as much conformed to established laws as that of a tree. Now, one great law of mental attainment is uniformity in aim and action, not the blind regularity which characterizes the operations of nature; but the conscious, active uniformity which follows consistency in volition, permanency of expectation, and

unity of effort, in mind. The perplexities of public life, the tumult and turbulence of the thoughtless crowd, the constant cares and interruptions which society imposes, are poor aids to that completeness of thought, that almost inspired cognition, which is the necessity of the philosopher and the reward of a voluntary exile from the pleasures and annoyances of society. The old astrologer did not in vain withdraw to the secrecy and silence of his dark chamber; for though his knowledge was a deception, it was a true indication of the cyphers in which wisdom is written, of the mystery in which real knowledge is veiled. The retirement of the philosopher is undisturbed by the annoyances of passion, for he has subjected self that he may serve truth; the realm of dreams over which ambition presides, has no charms for him, for his penetrating vision has detected its hollowness. Apart from the world, hemmed in by the barriers which choice has erected, he learns and develops himself. He turns from the sycophancy of the creature to learn the supremacy of the Creator. Mental characteristics which alone of all our possessions are eternal, he perfects, and in the pages which he transmits to posterity, delineates the process, and gives the results of that noblest effort—independent thought. He traces occult causes and deduces intricate consequences. By subtle analysis, by bold inference, by calm and patient investigation, he binds to the consecrated achievements of past ages his own conclusions, themselves worthy of reverence; and thus in his hermit cell, with a heroism which military prowess cannot nurture, an ecstasy which renown cannot bestow, and a devotion which martyrdom cannot exceed, he studies the deep mysteries of his own being and the harmonies of truth, and places himself in that long succession of glorious spirits, who have been benefactors of man and co-workers with God.

Intensity is the great quality of mental action which gives it power and permanence; which diffuses its influence and prolongs its fame. One disquisition matured in retirement and containing the evidence of the energies, and the result of the researches of a life time, has gained victories over serried foes, better panoplied and surer steeled than eastern warriors; has given the succession to lines of loyalty more exalted than eastern potentates. Motion is a philosophical enigma, involving inexplicable conditions and comprehended only as a fact; yet the laws which govern its increments are clear and certain. So mental action, the first and fundamental fact of mind, while defying consciousness to ascertain its mode and nature, is controlled by uniform and simple principles. Attention is the condition of fruitful thought: attention not so much an act as a habit; not so much an accidental and imported addition as a

necessary and organic development. Intense mental action has been followed by two classes of results; by the instantaneous creation of gigantic systems of ideas, or the patient perfection of old and the laborious evolution of recondite systems. To effect either is the high prerogative of genius. Invention and reformation, the Promethean and Herculean labors, do not so much surprise by the suddenness with which they are performed, as by the intensity of purpose with which they are conceived. Melancholy affords the favorable mode of access to truth, of the monastery without its foul hypocrisy. It lays open the broad field of discovery and bids the anchorite enter, unbiassed by partisan zeal, and fired with a love of truth which is pure and ever increasing. It gives him a motive as disinterested as philanthropy, an implement as efficient as constant, candid thought, and a reward as rich as the palm of the hero-philosopher.

But the most salutary influence of melancholy is upon the moral nature. It substitutes principle for impulse in moral action, as truly as in mental, it makes thought take the place of revery. Impulse is an instinctive, unreflecting affection of mind by which kindness is entertained or expressed. It is a sinless passion, purely emotional and almost destitute of moral qualities. Principle is a settled law of conduct, adopted upon mature reflection and adhered to from a high sense of duty. It is the noble result of the subjugation of self to right, of the sacrifice of pleasure for excellence; it is the restoration of the mind to its primal rule, the recognition of the great and enduring hope of the world, an intelligent, active faith. But moral principle as the rule of human action is not only dictated by conscience, but urged by far-sighted reason, that uninspired but impressive prophet of the soul. And it is this wide ranging reason, whose conclusions melancholy would elicit, whose power it would evoke. It divorces man from interest, that he may wed truth; presents to him the deformities of time, that he may be more captivated with the foreshadowed glories of Eternity.

And here should be considered that philosophical repose in character which so ennobles the possessor and charms the beholder. It is the result of assent, not to the blindness of fate but to the omniscience of God. It is based, not upon the fictions of mythology, which are but the embodiments of the depravity and curiosity of man, but upon the promises of revelation: the sweet and sure consolations vouchsafed by Infinite Tenderness.

This repose is both lofty and humble, for it springs from an aspiring trust. It is not the groveling abjectness of him who is willfully blind to im-

pending dangers ; but it is the simplicity of wisdom, the implicitness of faith ; and the submission of independence, which philosophy and religion inculcate. To one possessing this repose the future is a delightful expanse ; existence is a glorious destiny and action is an instructive pleasure. It is a state of progress towards an ideal of minds, active because of duty, hopeful because of heaven, sad because of sin.

Melancholy seems to have been a frequent companion of the muses, and to have "marked" many of the children of genius "for her own." By some law of mind, perhaps only by a sad succession of coincidences, learning has been frequently synonymous with sorrow and suffering. Many of the world's mental masters have "led lives of thought with sorrow beside them." Poets and Philosophers have felt the power of "passion's sad sublime." Egeria hath been often wooed. Solitude sought or enforced seems a necessary concomitant of mental effort. A prison oftener than a palace hath been the birth place of immortal works. Thus literature, child of retirement, has ever worn the garb of a recluse : —the poet and the philosopher have been anchorites, not dreamers but thinkers.

Melancholy, though sometimes sombre in its hues and forbidding in its aspect, is nevertheless a mighty influence, impelling to the grandeur of independence and individuality ; a powerful chain, binding the soul to the capital advantages of concentrated action : —an irresistible charmer to the force, the exaltation, and the elysium of moral goodness. Scorn not melancholy ; for it may be the gloom of bereaved affection, it may be the drapery of a purpose wise as excellence and noble as truth ; it may be the night which "sits brooding" upon the now chaotic elements of philosophy, of science, of progress.

True Freedom.

TRUE freedom is a perfected state of activity ; activity *as* an end ; not activity *for* an end. In true freedom, activity supersedes all ends and aims. It is itself its own motive power : it is itself its own end. The great distinction between bondage and true freedom is that in the one, the law of action has the mastery over action itself ; while in the other, action has the mastery over the law of action. In the former, activity is

under the law : in the latter, activity *in* the law : the one may be said to be an out-law condition ; the other, an in-law condition ; the one out of system ; the other systematized ; hence true freedom may be defined to be *action systemized*.

True freedom, whether manifested in the muscular, in the mental, or in the moral life, is a phenomenon of a regular shape, of a logical mould ; it is a state of being necessitated in, and wrought out of an, established principle—OBEDIENCE TO LAW. This is its basis. Wherever this is, there true freedom is.

In the attainment of true freedom, obedience to law consists in and necessitates the fulfillment of three stages of activity ; first, the *Mechanical* ; second, the *Philosophic* ; third, the *Poetic* stage. These are the necessary steps to that state of being, in which activity itself is its own joy ; in which activity itself is its own end.

The first stage of activity, necessary to the development of true freedom, is the *MECHANICAL*. This is so called because the gracefulness, the philosophy and the joy of activity, are as yet above the measure of the new worker. Every effort of his, whether muscular or mental, penetrates into the depths of his consciousness, by virtue of impediments ; his efforts are measures of sweat and toil, rather than that of self-satisfaction in activity ; for he enters this stage ignorant of the adaption of means to ends, and labors under a painful sense of the want of power. As yet, he lacks *power* ; power such as derived from experience, science, virtue, goodness ; and again, he lacks *devotion to truth* ; that inspiration which creates in his soul new life and new beauty. It is the peculiar character of this stage of activity to empower the new worker, and to clothe him with the worship, such as all free souls offer at the shrine of Eternal Truth. If he be weak, power makes him strong ; if strong, power makes him stronger ; so that whether weak or strong, power arms him with authority. Or if he be cold, devotion to truth enkindles within him warm sensibilities as with fire from its own majestic altar ; if he be warm, this heightens his ardor ; so that again, whether he be cold or warm, devotion to truth enables his soul to burn with a purer light before Divine Purity. As *then*, the new worker entered this stage with impotency, so *now*, having passed through the pangs, and throes, that mechanical toil begets, in its struggle after power and devotion, he comes forth with potency. Timidity gives way to confidence ; prudential considerations in the choice of means to ends, succeeds blind application of force ; motion assumes the appearance of gracefulness, and activity, that of philosophic method ; in short, he is born anew of

toil; he breathes the breath of outward might, of muscular strength; or of inward valor, of mental and moral vigor.

The next stage necessary to the development of true freedom, is the PHILOSOPHIC. From his *passive*, the worker comes to the *active* state. Conscious of power, he now seeks for its development, and its efficacy. He finds in this stage, three conditions of activity: the *manner* how; the *place* where; and the *time* when, he must act. It is clear, that he must act logically: his power must follow a *logical mode* of development; for in striving after the highest state of activity, or in the attainment of a higher science of nature, and thus of a higher power, the truest mode is the logical; all others are illegitimate, for all others lead either to no consequence, or to error, and hence to tyranny. The logical mode is as sure in its result as it is true, because it works by laws and systems arranged, and shaped into geometrical exactness and precision. Now the great distinction between a man of consequence and a man of no consequence, is, that the one has wrought out a definite, the other, an indefinite purpose of life. This comes to pass, owing, not always essentially to the inequality of original force of mind, character, learning, experience, but chiefly to power, whether native or derivative, to learning, and to experience, being logically systematized. In a word, the one is a logical, and the other an illogical worker. If, therefore, the new worker be truly a consequential worker, a man of consequence, he must needs be a logical worker; it must needs that a logical method should inline, as well as outline, his being; so that his feelings, principles, thoughts, and all his powers, might fall into a living line of order, as birds of migration, and press steadily on to that highest state of activity—true freedom.

Again, there must needs be a *sphere* for his activity. It is not necessary that this should always be great, or notable, or prominent, but it is enough that it be suitable. It is required that his outward sphere should be proportional to his inward measure. If he be spare in inward valor, or in inspiration, to play the cottager is not playing out of tune with nature; for in that, he has fulfilled his mission; he has filled that local sphere to the fullest of his extent. But if there indwells in his soul the power of a Shakespeare, or of a Chancellor Bacon, or of a Webster, he acts out of place; out of the sphere of true freedom, if he acts not cosmically: for great powers, like great bodies, are destined to gravitate and vivify systems of *worldlings* along their train; while small powers, like small bodies, are scattered abroad through space and time, for the sake of equilibrium. It is not an uncommon thing, in the social sys-

tem, that small men try to be great men; that the social grapplings, whose true sphere of freedom lies in best knitting the social parts into a contiguous and consistent whole, aspire to be the pillars and piles upon which the whole social fabric collectively rests. This is also true in the intellectual system, where men are eager to be called geniuses, profound thinkers, philosophers, and seers of their age; whereas, they mistake ambition for talent, talent for genius, and genius for inspiration. The worker, therefore, must not work out of his place, otherwise he works out of his individuality.

And lastly, he must not mistake the *time* when to act. As there must needs be a suitable sphere, so must there be a convenient season for him to act. In the order of things, there is an old, and there is a new time; if he be in either, as he must, he must act up to its demands. He must watch its every day facts to deduce new principles, or its every day principles, to recreate new facts, for in them are often wrapt up some old truths that have served their time, or some new, that have never served, and are only waiting for some humble citizen, or some master spirit, to place them in new relations, and thus give them a renewed consequence. He must, too, study its wants, its maxims, and, in a word, its signs, and thus draw from them a silent calling which shall find response to his inward calling; for the old may find him too precocious, too far advanced of his age; and for this reason it may not appreciate him; while in the new, he may, by virtue of foresight and farsight, become its brightest light and its oracle. As, therefore, there is an appointed time for every thing: as trees do not unfold in Winter, nor fruits ripen in Spring; as songs are harsh without measure, and music is outlandish when out of time; so must the worker observe his time.

Passing through the Philosophic, with its three conditions of activity, he arrives now to the last, the Poetic stage, an experienced worker. The painstaking and toil of the first, together with the rigid coldness and prudential considerations of the second stage, now give way to a higher state of activity, for now the worker is said to be *artistically skilled* in the appliance of power. But artistic skill, in wielding power, is not the highest display of activity; the loftiest, and by far the sublimest state, which the soul endeavors after, is *autonomic Spontaneity*. Through exercise, artistic skill is transmuted into this state. Here, every muscular effort, or every exertion of the will, is beyond consciousness. Activity is as free as the spring that gushes forth from its rocky cavern; as free as the birds that sail in the upper sky, and as free as the stars that pursue their onward march through eternal space. Being thus

free, activity is to the worker an indwelling joy, for then it costs him no struggle, no effort. It is its own motive power; it is its own end. When activity becomes autonomically (if we are allowed to use the expression) spontaneous, then the grand aim of these three stages of activity is achieved, then *law is obeyed*. Then it is that the worker passes out of work into pure liberty; for the end and aim of these stages is to work the worker into perfect obedience to law: that he may live *in* the law; breathe it at every breath: that law may become the elements of his being; that it may comprehend his soul. Previous to these stages of activity, all his powers needed arrangement and unity, and the worker was unfit for effective action. Now, his powers are systematized; he, himself, is in a system; a worthy, and a necessary part. Previous to these stages, he was not in harmony with law; because he had not entered into a system of law; he was not a part of a whole, and therefore was out of system. Law was a burden to his soul; obedience to law, incompatible with his being: he was therefore an out-law, and hence, too, out of the domain of true freedom. Now that he is systematized, he is in harmony with law; he keeps place and time with law; when law sings, for there is music in the harmony of law, he sings; he chimes, when law chimes; in short, he is so *in* the law, that there appears to be no law. Such is the theory of true freedom.

Now let us first trace out the real existence of these stages of activity in the development of muscular and mental freedom; and then apply them in that of moral freedom. And though the subordinate conditions, *place and time*, may not find their existence in the developments of particular faculties of the mind; nor may they even be found, when we apply these stages to the development of moral freedom; yet the outlines of the three stages themselves, are both discoverable in the development of mental freedom as a whole; as well as visible in their application to the attainment of true moral freedom.

Commencing, then, with the outward, the *muscular life*. There is the athlete, polished by Grecian training, or the gladiator, fresh from his Roman discipline; his arm brawny in might, his eye glowing with a scornful pride; to and fro in the arena, with conscious excellence, he moves; and he stands there, the embodiment of ideal strength, of swiftness and of grace. Now it is evident that he is not born so, either of nature, or of chance, for the elements that constitute his proportion, evince a regular mould; first, his *stability of attitude* argues strength; strength must needs have been born of toil, hence of the mechanical stage. Again, *surety in aim* bespeaks a patient practice, and an unceasing

study of the manner of dealing the blow ; of knowing where and when to strike ; but here again, from a closer point of view, are recognized the essential conditions of the Philosophic stage ; and, finally, *swiftness in the race* without exhaustion, or rather when exhaustion in the race passes the cognizance of consciousness, this, too, traces its origin to an economic expenditure of strength ; an artistic skill in the appliance of power, and hence the Poetic stage.

Passing from the outward life to the inward, we find *true mental*, like its material type, true muscular freedom, to show like traces of these stages. Follow, in the first place, the various changes which *memory* undergoes, previous to its free, spontaneous life. Within the university walls, you will find it sweating and toiling, that there may be inwrought into its native power retentiveness and tenacity ; there it struggles to master symbols, facts, or mathematical truths, and, at last, succeeds in drawing forth from these, mnemonic strength. It now carries this newly-acquired element with it to another stage of activity. It is no longer a passive instrument, a negative force, striving for the acquisition of a new power to change its passive character, but emphatically an active one. In this stage, it apparently follows a *logical* mode of activity ; for, while at one time it acts upon certain circumstances, at another, it seizes upon analogies and relations of facts, as aids to remembrance ; and in calling up the past, or in reviving apparently oblivious experiences, it moves too cautiously, lest the place and the time of its recollection, through its medium, should suffer refraction. But through practice, it enters into a third stage, where work becomes play, and painstaking inward joy ; for it has now the mastery of its own power, it is skilled in its use ; finally, remembrance, and recollective skill, cast off their systems of artificial mnemonics, and are thus transmuted into its free, spontaneous life.

In like manner the first stage in the development of the *freedom of reason*, is characterized by the same severe discipline, as in the freedom of memory. This severity, this toiling for strength, and this knitting into its energies consistence, power and truthfulness, rests not entirely in training reason to be skilled in the logical conventionalities of the times but in schooling itself in a higher logic, as that of the mathematics. In the logic of the mathematics, therefore, it derives strength ; for what had power to burst open the gates of space, and to conduct a Newton, or a Kepler, from sphere to sphere, would also have power to open the gates of the domain of truth, and transport reason from one world of truth to another. Girt with this new impulse, and this new power, it enters its

active stage. Here, labor and toil are none the less relaxing, for, in its endeavor after conviction, or in its aspiration after a higher science of nature, there are pangs and throes, springing from illogical reasoning, it may be, or else from reasoning out of place and time; or possibly from want of candor, of disinterestedness, and of sincere devotion in search for truth, it may be beclouded by thick mists of doubt. But emerging from this state, our spiritual engine finds its lawful, logical track; whether reasoning directly or indirectly, it moves with precision, steadiness, and skill. With stout shafts of argumentation, as with the bolts of Jove, stroke by stroke it dashes through mists and clouds of doubt, and bathes itself in the fulness of Eternal light. This may be called its poetic stage; one of poetic joy in the appliance of power. Far transcending this, succeeds another; this is its state of autonomic Spontaneity. Here, laborious processes of argumentation are not felt as such, but truths and conclusions are, as it were, attained by intuition, and it is here that its enunciations are axiomatic, simple, and pregnant with oracular meaning; and it is here that we find the true philosopher and the Seer.

But what is true of the logical power, is true of *imagination*, for the history of its endeavors after true freedom, manifests the same distinctive stages of activity. Accordingly, we find that it aims at first to centralize power; power of penetration, of conception, and of expression; for power in these is essential to sublimity in art, poetry, and philosophy. No sooner is power *centralized*, than power is *exercised*. In the manifold forms of its activity, is traceable the idea of *truthfulness*. In statuaries of fame, or in paintings, in poems, or in systems of philosophy, all these are radiant with this idea, because *truthfulness* is and should be the logic of all the forms of its development. But the conditions of place and time are none the less visible in its activity; for we see that it at times prefers the sphere of the orator to that of the poet; or, perchance, when the times are less earthly, and more spiritual, it plays the minstrel and not the demagogue. Again, from a continued appliance of its powers, it enters into a new life, a life of joy and not of toil; for activity here springs from artistic skill, and not from premeditation; premeditation argues consciousness of effort, while artistic skill is a second nature. Finally, it reaches that state of activity which transcends even its second nature, and one that is its own end—true freedom. It is here that it acts in no vain show; it puts on no mask, but it penetrates through majestic seemings, and strikes for majestic truths.

Thus far, we see that the three stages of activity, call them by whatever name you please, whether Mechanical or Passive, Philosophic or

Active, Poetic or Skillful; all have their real existence in the development of both muscular and mental freedom. Now let us test the truth of this theory by the *application* of its principle to the development of true *moral* freedom. Accordingly, let our moral nature, that is, desires, will, and conscience, enter the first, the *Mechanical stage*: and let it toil there, in the study of first principles, or of whatever tends to give it power and tone. The result is manifest; it becomes strong, powerful and authoritative. What, it may be asked, if it should, on that account, act illegitimately, unlawfully? Simply do this: As soon as it is capable of effective action; as soon as action carries with it the moral character of the agent and determines his moral destiny, then let this moral nature enter the second, the *Philosophic stage*. Here let desires and will (we leave a powerful conscience out of the question, because a powerful conscience always acts legitimately) be curbed by the logic of the highest, and the most perfect system of morality, (and there is no other system more perfect than Divine Revelation,) let our moral nature search out and define its being in all its dimensions and relations to *space* and to *time*. What then follows? Moral legitimacy; in other words, desires and will which are finite, will harmonize with Desires and Will Infinite: for as long as there is an antagonism of wills, so long will there be no moral legitimacy, but moral confusion in the moral government. By passing through the Philosophic stage then, our moral nature, however powerful, and wayward is rectified: hence comes moral rectitude. Again, let this moral rectitude continue its activity and the result is plain; for that cannot be anything else than moral joy; a subjective moral delight in well doing. This is what is called its Poetic stage. Forth from these stages of moral activity naturally springs that state of being in which our moral powers are no longer under the law of the moral government, but in the law. They then find their proper station and their rightful position in the system of Divine Providence. Feeling, volition, and moral perception, all keep place and time with law; when law sings, they sing, they chime when law chimes; in short, they are so *in* the law, that there appears to be no law.

Y. W. ING

The Song of Life's Voyager.

GENTLE river, hastening ever
 To that clime no mortal knows,
 Musically through the valley
 Lying in its still repose ;
 Onward daily, bright and gaily,
 Ceaselessly thy current flows.

Good betide us, angels guide us,
 Travelers to that unseen land ;
 Soft and palmy breezes balmy,
 That the orange trees have fanned,
 Waft us soothly safe and smoothly,
 Till we reach the welcome strand.

We are speeding, thou receding ,
 In the distance from the view ;
 Time hath hid thee—now we bid thee
 Early home, a last adieu.
 Vain is yearning—ne'er returning,
 May we trace our course anew.

And thou olden land of golden
 Promise in the times of yore,—
 Regions airy, gladsome, fairy,
 Say, what good have ye in store ?
 Speak ye swelling voices, telling
 Of the myriads gone before.

No replying, sound or sighing,
 Sends the silent future back,—
 Dim, uncertain, hangs the curtain
 Over all our coming track,
 Yet confiding still abiding,
 Let no joys the present lack.

Trusting, cheerful then, nor fearful,
 Press we on our onward way ;
 Streaming lightly, fair and brightly,
 Floats above our pennon gay ;
 Voices singing, sweetly ringing,
 Words of hope and promise say.

L. E. L. HUBBARD

Les Feuilletons.

1. The Yale Banner.
2. Supplement to the Yale Banner.
3. Gloria Sophomorum Fuma est, by a Freshman.
4. Laws of the Foot Ball Game, by a Graduate.
5. The Battle of the Ball, a Lay done about the Year of our Lord MDCCCLIII, by a Freshman.
6. A revised edition of the "Battle of the Ball," by a Sophomore.
7. The Arbiter, "Be just and fear not."
8. The Bawl of the Battle, by a Sophomore and a Freshman.
9. The Yale Gallinipper.

"THE melancholy autumn days" have brought down an unusual number of dry leaves. An extensive series of effusions rhymed, unrhymed and prosaic has been added this year to Yalensian literature, so extensive, indeed, that with due regard for our own pence and the characters of those writing and written of, we are constrained to say that the lay of the *last* minstrel is a consummation devoutly to be wished. In the spirit of pure philanthropy, therefore, we conceive it to be our duty, even at this late hour, to exhort these unhappy victims of the *cacoethes scribendi* to spare their own self-respect, the characters and feelings of their subjects, and the cash of the College community. "Live and let live."

How such an accumulation of "poems" and papers has come about is more easily imagined than described. The first two were to meet the usual wants of the students. The remainder must be referred, in what ratio respectively we know not, to the huge enterprise of publishers, the literary ambition of some among us, or, perhaps, as most of them are of a polemic nature, to a reversal of the principle contained in that ancient proverb concerning the non-mordacious propensities of a noisy mastiff. But whatever may have been the originating motives the fact remains but too palpable, whilst the trunks of our old elms are daily proclaiming in huge letters, on huge placards, the advent of some small phoenix, engendered in the ashes of the old.

It is now high time to protest against any farther demand on our patience and good nature, and we shall endeavor to give a few cogent reasons for the suppression of these ebullitions of over-heated class-feeling and personal malice. In so doing we do not denounce bad individuals but bad qualities, which we all more or less possess. It is not our

desire to deny the real talent evinced in several of these productions, but to show that it is misdirected. It is not our design to decry that spirit which is jealous of, and defends stoutly the class honor. It is not unknown to us that there are many of us such peculiarly happy subjects of wit and humor, as to be great stumbling blocks to those who have a keen sense of the ridiculous. But that classes, societies and individuals, should be made the butts of public ridicule and abuse, does not at all follow.

In the first place, it provokes the wrong kind of class feeling. That this sentiment, so admirably developed in the hearty sympathy of classmates and the earnest effort to sustain by word and action the honor and reputation of one and all, should degenerate to a clannish enmity towards others, is something so undesirable that anything tending that way should be immediately put down. But such causes do exist. The applying to the members of a rival class such elegant appellatives as "asses," "sheep," "dogs," is no more conciliating than in good taste, and can only be excelled in the latter particular by the rather remarkable assertion of another bard, that the fame of the class to which he had the honor of belonging, would last "a thousand years." We would suggest, too, that such expressions as "infamous scheme," "downright falsehood of sneaking and contemptible inferiority," are rather too strongly alkaline to come under the name of Attic Salt; and, indeed, have so much of the base in their nature, as to be "words that burn" in a very different sense from the original meaning of the poet. We have read language very similar in the partisan papers of the "fierce democracie," and heard it from stump orators without surprise, but have always supposed that collegians might assume the appearance at least of gentler manners.

In the second place, there is too much individual abuse, too many ungenerous allusions, and too much sly hinting and implication. There are some who can receive this abuse with callousness or at least indifference. There are more who seem to and yet do not. Others are keenly sensitive to it. Perhaps if thoughtless partisanship and volatile ill-nature knew better the depth of the wounds which some of their thrusts make, and that while there may be brief laughter on many faces there shall be long suffering in the mind of one, their better feelings would soon triumph. It should be remembered that those among us who have laughable points of personal appearance or character are quite as apt to feel, and feel deeply, as other men. We cannot of course here give instances of those who have suffered in this way, but it is sufficiently evident that there are many of them. We must confess to not being sufficiently con-

crete in our ideas to wish to see the individual anatomized. We like to see shams cut up and all false pretension put down, but we hope the mental mince-meat of our metaphorical sausage makers will not be made from the "indivisum porcum" of any *one* of the common herd.

A third objection is the amount of untruth told. It is bad to ridicule real failings. It is worse, although perhaps less stinging, to assert that which is not true of a man or a body of men. It is equally bad to prevaricate and make the good seem bad—to sneer at anything well done in pointing out some ulterior object of the doer—to insinuate his honors are borrowed or bought—to insinuate his conduct savors of favoritism towards his society and, in general, to make him a wretch most intensely concentrated on the welfare of himself and his. In view of this very general characteristic of these papers we are tempted to quote their own words against them at each successive appearance.

"If every lie that was told that day,
Took a hogshead of water to wash it away,
'Twould take the whole of New Haven bay,
And perceptibly lower the Atlantic."

An alternative objection may be added. If we must have these documents do let us have a little more stamina that they may not wilt down so quickly. If you must get off ill-natured jokes let there be as much point to them as their bad temper will allow. And as a gentleman once remarked to his tall clerk, we "don't want you any longer."

"For brevity is very good,
If w' are, or are not, understood."

And, to leave effects and go back to sources, we would finally protest against this vice of "Insincerity" among us as evil in itself. It is unhealthy and ungenerous. Those who take these periodical means of giving vent to it are exposing springs of action as evil to themselves as to those calumniated. Good fellows may soil their fingers with dirty business and be not much defiled, but so far forth as they have the heart to do it we must reckon them bad fellows. Whilst we see so much written out in the spirit of good nature and genuine fun, but in a style of humor ill-natured and malicious, we, as every one else, shall believe there is something wrong in the mind and heart of the writer. Any farther than this it is not province to go.

But to a reform of this spirit and a suppression of the printed manifestations of it we hope all lovers of fairness and truth will give their efforts. It is beneath the dignity of collegians to engage in a war of paper bullets with pop-guns of such small calibre as the present quality

of our college bulletins. And it is yet farther beneath the aspiration of sensible fellows and honorable to bandy epithets, and be emulous in rancorous dispute and the mention of unpleasant truths. The true cause of Momus it behooves to stand up manfully for and in the true spirit of fun cast off these Scribes and Pharisees of a corrupted dispensation who make broad their phylacteries, and would have us believe that they are the veritable priests.

"Tis good to be merry and wise,
"Tis good to be *honest* and true."

The Great Men of College.

"Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps their triumph."

THERE are two distinct classes of College Great Men, each unmistakable in its individuality. The one embraces those who stand high in intellect, in genius or in manners, from a true estimate of their character. The other, those who stand equally high, but only in their own estimation. The first are self-evident Great Men, objectively speaking; the second, subjectively. For the one, a triumph is reserved till active life tests the steel of their character; with the other a burnish of superficiality passes for the brilliancy of native talent, and they enjoy a present imaginary triumph, which experience will serve but to dampen and destroy. Leaving the former to a self-consciousness of greatness, which present neglect or misappreciation cannot even startle, much less undermine, we will now, without even asking their leave, anoint the mental optics of the latter class, with a little of the eye-salve of ridicule, that they may "see themselves as others see them," and we beg that none will accuse us of remarking upon their peculiarities, for the gratification of personal malice or for mere amusement, as it is solely in a spirit of philanthropy and self-sacrifice, that we attempt the thankless task. The sketches we offer, perhaps, are drawn from immediate personal observation, perhaps not. If they are, they are true; if drawn from other sources, they are true only so far forth as their application can be discerned; and, kind reader, if any of these pictures, duplicate lineaments of your own portrait, are discernible, pray do not, for your own sake, tell any one of it,

since the writer, being *incognito*, can certainly have no interest in the matter. We shall enumerate the characteristics of these Great Men, each one by itself. This arrangement does not however preclude the possibility of finding two or more varieties in one individual character, as is often the case. We appropriate a paragraph to each trait, merely by way of clearness. First, then, in the catalogue, is that descendant of some great hero or statesman. He may not even bear the honored family name, but his great grandfather's greatness has in some way, he thinks, become his legacy, and he rests in this pride of ancestry, demanding respect, yea even deference. He may be a mere intellectual cypher, may fill his pocket with hands oftener than his head with an idea, (two would more than fill it;) but with a certain class, heraldic passes for specific reputation, and with them does he sit apart from the base-born crowd, chewing the cud of dignity; sometimes, either by way of solace or because he has nothing better to do, he condescends to chew another sort of cud, less dignified but considerably more expensive. We introduce a second class by a story of Daniel Webster's boyhood. His father, on returning from a day's absence, asked his son Ezekiel what he had been doing through the day: "Nothing, Sir," answered Ezekiel. "Daniel, what have *you* been about?" "Helping 'Zeke!" answered Daniel. Now in College there are many who are like the great Webster only in the one thing that they are always "helping 'Zeke," and yet they conjure up a greatness hardly surpassed in their estimation, by the college days of that Great Man. Their very laziness keeps them from hearing the ridicule others bestow upon them. Such are the sluggards, who feel a consciousness of great ability within: who imagine themselves to conceive vast ideas in their own brain, but are never known to allow expression to their bright thoughts. They feel a might in themselves, but are the discretionary heroes, who, on some far off hill-top, survey the fight, and feel a generalship which they hardly care to test in action. They are afraid to undeceive themselves; their companions, however, do not need to be undeceived in regard to them. Again, another variety! A man is accidentally chosen to some petty office in a really valuable College Society, as the Treasuryship of Beethoven, for example. He immediately becomes the main prop of the Society, its prominent man. He talks for its interest, (and his own;) loudly too, (for he loves the sound of his own voice;) and if by chance he leaves that Society, it must (says he) ultimately decline. He now attributes its imperfections to his own departure, and feels a self-importance which he never fails to make evident to all around. We come now to speak of an intellectual

clique of Great Men, whose greatness actually lies in their mind. Those wonderful study machines, like the Hindoo praying mills, which accumulate knowledge tremendously. Their minds are receptacles, into which authors and philosophers unconsciously shovel ideas for safe keeping. They wonder "that one small head can carry all they know," till finally each incorporates the greatness of every author he has read into his own personality, and is henceforth a Great Man. It is something like a miscellaneous mass of writing, extracts from authors of every description, bound most inconsistently in calf-skin; nobody mistakes the binding for the contents. Would you see the likeness of such a man,

"Go to his study; on the nearest shelf
Stands a mosaic portrait of himself"

And here come in properly the Great Writers of College. One spans the confines of Eternity, while another is content with circumnavigating the globe. Now what is more fitted to make Great Men, than abundant travel in foreign parts, and how can mind thrive better, than by such extensive roamings, even though they be but freaks of the imagination upon parchment. We say then to such, get astride the lightning, if you will; look over the edge of some star up and down into space, if it seems good, but always bear in mind the fate of that rocket which went *up* well enough, but came down like a stick. Beware also of that step, and a short one it is too, between the sublime and the ridiculous. Again, some of our writers here are so familiar with the leading essayists of the day that, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps not, the mantles of those literary Elijahs have fallen upon these Elishas, though considerably soiled and torn in the descent. When these imitators are under weigh, however, in the division room or elsewhere, the whisper, "Where now is the good old Elijah," is sure to be passed along the amused columns of listeners. One word only of caution to these aspirants. If you must plagiarize either a style or whole paragraphs, pray execute the theft in a workman-like manner, that you may not disgust the hearers with the thief. Even a lie well told, you know, sounds better than a bungling one. Let me introduce one more class of great writers. Those who have a perfect mill-race of words, with ideas, however, at a premium. Their essays remind us of a big pyramid, inhabited by a single man who occasionally becomes visible in the doorway. So far do their lofty periods rise among the clouds, that the little bit of an idea, hermiting amid the high-flown exaggerations, when it does appear is hardly recognizable. Let us now pause a moment to stare at several varieties of accidental Great Men in

the literary line. Some unforeseen hit in a speech, say on the subject of America and its symbolic bird, places a man at a giddy height. His head swims, and he actually comes very near breaking the neck of his common sense. In time to come that man's greatness is established to his entire satisfaction. One cannot room in the same entry with this Great Man, without feeling an involuntary respect for him. If doubted, try it by all means, my friend! Another has a peculiarly ironical (so he thinks) mode of expressing himself. Perchance in a speech or essay, he tries to make the imaginary skeptic, or his fancied opponent, "bite off the head of a nail." He raises a laugh throughout the entire audience; whether at *him* or his *wit*, he stops not to think, but considers his reputation now, about as high as the average run of reputations in College, and *he* is henceforward an insufferable incubus on the community. "Ego, mihi, me!" is his Latin vocabulary, with the frequent modification "Egomet," and an occasional "Egomet ipse."

There is another group of "accidentals," confined however to the Senior Class, who will feel slighted, should we pass them by unnoticed. These may always be known by the "brass" with which they assert their claims to notoriety, for they all wear (for some reason or other) huge watch keys; whether they have watches to wind with them or not, is another question. You can always distinguish this group by the insignia, and this is often the only way in which they distinguish themselves. Reader! always avoid these men! Take off your hat and step from the side-walk while they pass! In this case, virtue will be its own reward. I will not point out the hall in which these men meet for mutual admiration, neither will I discuss the entertainment enjoyed in that "Cradle of Great Men," as being perhaps myself a Φ . B. K., it becomes me not to divulge the internal economy of that society. But now turn the attention to our Great Political Man! He sways the "vast majority" of a Freshman society, or holds "unlimited influence" over some six or eight of his fellow students; knows every society badge at first sight, and can repeat the names of all the college societies without a blunder. He is always drawing comparisons between the statesmen of America and the Society men in this, (as he calls it,) the nursery of Congress. The oracle of a few weak minded admirers, he revels in the consciousness of one "who makes or ruins with a smile or frown." You will recognize this man, by his abstracted air and meditative demeanor; also by his utter inattention to the regular college studies; quite often too, by a sickly growth on the upper lip. He never rises to speak in public, till loudly called for, and then is sure to commence an elaborate speech by

saying that he has not thought on the question under consideration ; "really did not know what it was till he entered the hall : " while at the same time, studied notes on the subject are snugly hid away in his coat-tail. Will these men, think you, ever represent our nation, in its Halls of Legislation ? They *may* ! Let us here mention another species under the genus, Great Men. They who wish to be great, and who to this end, put their trust in their tailors, though frequently their tailor fails to put his trust in them. They never have a spec of dust on their velvet, or a superfluous brain in their head. Such have often the Shanghai peculiarities of a strut and large stomach. If perchance a knot of these Great Men associate together, and a title to distinguish their parvenuism is applied, they immediately appropriate the same with a slight modification perhaps, and think themselves honored by the distinction. These men are excellent however for one thing, viz., as signs on which to hang dry goods ; walking advertisements for their clothiers. Such are often the satellite Great Men, priding themselves on being the companions of one or two talented fellows, who tolerate, either because they cannot get rid of them, or as the alligators do the wrens who pick their teeth, because they are good enough after-dinner acquaintances. It requires no laborious astronomical process to take the mean diameter of the brains of this class, who notwithstanding, often make themselves positively disagreeable, so that one hates to have them about. The fact that they associate with superior men, makes them suppose themselves Great also ; like the boy who drank cat-nip tea, till he could do nothing but mew. At prayers on Sabbath evening, these men imagining, like the vain man mounted on an elephant at a caravan, that the people have congregated to feast their eyes on them, forgetting that they have come merely to "see the Elephant."

Then the dignified Great Men ! So high up in their own estimation that they fear to let go a particle of that assumed dignity, lest they drop to a level with their classmates, whom they regard at a vast distance below them. These are in the position of the man caught by robbers and hung by his hands on the edge of a cliff, where he remained all night in anxious suspense, fearing to let go only to find at day dawn, that he had been clinging to the rim of a chalk-pit, but a few feet deep. Such in like manner only await the dawn of some accidental occurrence, to discover what a very short distance it is possible for them to fall. Their dignity is like the piece of looking glass which some of them (a fact) carry in their hats, a source of vanity to themselves, but a fund for ridicule to everybody else. Often class distinction makes men great in

self-consequence. If Sophomores, they pity the poor Freshmen; one year more, and they speak of the "lower classes" with the utmost contempt, and if such men get to be Seniors, (which we are sorry to say is often the case,) they look down upon the rest of College as poor toiling inch-worms, crawling up, measure by measure, to the immense elevation *they* have attained. We come now to a very inferior class of Great Men, almost beneath notice; however, being somewhat notorious and rather scarce, we venture to put one mark upon them. We mean those fractional parts of men, who are always busy in College, about little things, accomplishing nothing.

"*Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.*" Such attach the utmost importance to a few trifling studies, and memorizing a few large-sounding technicals in each branch, use them on every occasion. Such in Senior year almost invariably enter the Laboratory, that they may there have a grand field to fuss; and the remarks upon blow-pipes and test-tubes which they inflict on their friends, would lead a stranger to imagine them the most perfect masters of Analytical Chemistry in College, while the truth is, they are perfect nuisances *in* the shop, and absolutely unbearable out. These men are well versed in the "noisy laugh which speaks the vacant mind." Like a drum, they make a good deal of sound from mere emptiness. Next we find a few straggling Great Men. One falls back on the reputation of some near relative in a former Class, who was considered talented. Though such an one may clothe himself in a lion robe reputation, skinned even from a brother, the ass' ears will be sure to overtop in some way or other; some little hole, a word, or an act, will let out at least the tips of the ears. Now, my friend, allow a single word of advice from Addison, who says, "the very best way to seem to be anything, is really to be what you would seem." Another is the man of Universal talent; a huge contradiction of that law of nature which assigns to individuals particular spheres of activity. He considers himself "Jack of all trades," while everybody else adds, "good at none." He has a way of telling all he knows at once, but cannot conceal his ignorance of what he does n't know. Of course he can rhyme; so he comes out early as Class-poet, and heralds in a Latin title on the College elms, his coming reputation; or, perchance, he transcribes the Macaulaian style of versification into the more classic College dialect; all this merely to show what he can do if necessary. In fine, this Great Man is a most officious intermeddler with everything; we wish there were fewer such in College! Our limits forbid mention of many other characteristics, which a careful observation has pointed out in the Great Men

among us. The *roué* student and his opposite, the delicate ladies' man; these, otherwise called the "Hards and Softs" of the College world, each an extreme of inevitable greatness. The would-be witty man, at whose jokes respect for old age forbids us to laugh. The independent man, who continually treads on everybody's toes, and expects the owners of the toes to ask his pardon. Passing by all these, and many more *cjui-dem generis*, we conclude with a brief paragraph on those who leave College, Great Men. This class contains many of the Dignitaries, or, (to use the shortened form,) the "Digs" of College. Men who never allow their mental shoe-strings to be untied. Some of these, a limited number, however, in the same year, take a valedictory, which leaves them usually, as the small pox does *its* victims, to be pitied for the rest of their lives. Others of them take high orations, and make their first College speech at Commencement. Their elbows, knees and thumbs, are all the while describing various angles, and their speaking apparatus does, to be sure, need a little more of Professor North's oily instruction, but yet, in all cases, they never fail of making a very high oration. The Dissertation men and the Colloquial speakers are very seldom Great Men. These leave College honest and upright, never having soiled their integrity in seeking distinction.

Having judged College honors in themselves not worth the price of a broken constitution and a stretched conscience, they go forth into the world wearing a pair of "mens' sibi conscia recti" shoes, to plod along as far up the hill of Fame as they can honestly go, and no further! Are these the ones who make the mistake? Again, in this class we find a few (more or less) who graduate by a special vote of the Faculty a little ahead of their class, and thus prematurely become great. Whether they are escorted to the depot by a few admiring classmates and a band of music, or not; whether they address their constituents (including cab men and porters) at the depot, from an accidental butter tub, turned bottom upwards, or not, is of no consequence; they have attained notoriety and are henceforth Great Men. Perhaps they graduated thus early, as editors of a libelous paper; perchance, on account of breaking a score or two of windows, frames and all; or because of a violent antipathy to praying in public at early dawn; no matter for what cause, they were smart enough to get the start of their classmates, and thus claim a niche in the Temple of College Renown. You may see these Great Men every now and then revisiting the scenes of their youthful glory. They sit conspicuous in the gallery with an air of conscious superiority, and looking through the eye-glasses of a warped imagination at the well filled

Chapel seats, are certain that for the moment the hardness of the benches is forgotten by the students, in their eagerness to contemplate their old glorious companions in arms.

Thus we might follow these sketches much further—the material is ready at our hand. One or two good subjects are sitting in our room as we write; but we forbear, lest even now, a misstep may prove the writer to be but another Boswell, etching his own features, while attempting to draw the likenesses of his fellow-students.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINES.

NO. I.—"LITERARY CABINET."

WHAT is the history of Yalensian Literature? We propose to give a partial answer to this question by publishing brief notices of the periodicals which preceded the Yale Lit. There were four, the first of which, The Literary Cabinet, was commenced in the year 1806, by the Class of 1807. Its Editors were

LEONARD E. WALES, *New Haven.*

THOMAS S. GRIMKE, *Charleston, S. C.*

JACOB SUTHERLAND, *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

None of these are now living. Mr. Wales commenced the practice of law with the most flattering prospects of eminence, but died in 1823. Mr. Grimke, whose writings are widely known, and who received from his Alma Mater the degree of LL. D., died in 1834. Dr. Sutherland, late Judge of the Supreme Court in New York, died in 1845. These are the only persons who appear in the paper as responsible Editors, but there seem to have been others of the Senior Class engaged as contributors, of whom Dr. Taylor, of this College, was one.

The following is a copy of the "Conditions" published in the first No.

"I. This Paper will be under the direction of Editors chosen from the Senior Class.

"II. It will be published once a fortnight, on a half-sheet, in the octavo form.

"III. Its price will be one dollar per annum—fifty cents to be paid in advance."

The first No., comprising eight pages of nearly the size of those of the present Lit., was issued November 15th, under the following motto from Cicero: "Si non tantus fructus perciperetur ex studiis, quantum percipi constat, sed ex his delectatio sola peteretur; tamen haec animi remissio judicanda esset libero homine dignissima." It contained as prose-matter the prospectus and one other article. From the former we make a few extracts. It commences: "In recommending this paper to the patronage of the public, the Editors are actuated by no selfish motives. The pecuniary profit which may be derived from an extensive circulation is, by an unal-

terable resolve, to be *appropriated to the education of poor Students in this Seminary.* * * * * "The Literary Cabinet, it is probable, will exist for many years to come and future students will zealously contend for the honor of contributing the best pieces to furnish its columns. The papers which we now publish will not only be read by persons at present on the stage, but they will be *searched into many ages hence by our successors* who may want them for the purpose of guides or beacons in their course. Who knows but on the foundation which we now establish, there may hereafter be raised a superstructure more grand and more useful than we can at present conceive of?" * * * * "It is feared by a few individuals that the Literary Cabinet is the offspring of an hour, and will perish with the other ephemerals of the day. *Disgraceful would it be to this College should such be its fate.*"

The disgrace, however, was actually incurred, for the last No. of the Cabinet is dated Oct. 1807.

We do not propose to criticise the Magazine, nor at present to make selections from it. Its divisions were, the department of prose and "The Bower," which, considered as a collection of poetry, if we *were* going to criticise, we should pronounce rather unsatisfactory. A large portion of it was occupied with translations, riddles, charades, &c. Of the prose we have made a summary index as follows:

The Essayist,	in 14 Nos.	Sir Malcolm, in 2 Nos.
Profession of Law,	9 "	Beauty,
Immortality of the Soul,	5 "	Cowper,
Rhyme,	5 "	Reverence for Antiquity,
Taste for Beauties of Nature,	8 "	Style of Virgil's Pastorals,
Human Prescience,	8 "	Wit.
Origin and formation of Yale College,	2 "	

We find no Editor's Tables, but of course circumstances required that they should occasionally appear in brief notices. We copy one, which seems to be directed at an undesirable contributor.

"NOTE.—Mr. C. C., who showed his head, or, (speaking more correctly,) his hand, in the last number of the CABINET, is requested for two reasons not to oblige the Editors with farther communications. First, because he is not able to produce anything worthy of notice; and secondly, because what he does produce we fear will be plagiarized."

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Society elections taking place upon the evening of Oct. 12th, resulted as follows:

LINONIA.		BROTHERS.
	<i>President.</i>	
J. W. HOOKER.		C. E. TRUMBULL.
	<i>Vice-President.</i>	
W. W. GORDON.		S. WALKER.
	<i>Secretary.</i>	
T. S. STRONG.		L. H. TUCKER.
	<i>Vice-Secretary.</i>	
J. T. PRICE.		G. P. BARKER.

On the same evening an Oration and a Poem were delivered before the Linonian Society—the Oration by Mr. J. E. Rains, of the Senior Class, and the Poem by Mr. J. M. Burrall, of the Sophomore Class.

ANNUAL FOOT BALL CONTEST.

[CHALLENGE.]

"Let them come on, the base-born crew,
Each soil-stained churl, alack!
What gain they but a splitten skull,
A sod for their base back."

SOPHOMORES!

The Class of '57 challenge the Class of '56 to a game of *Foot-Ball*. Best three in five.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE,
AUG. H. STRONG,
JNO. M. HOLMES,

JOSEPH C. JACKSON,
CHAS. H. SLATE,
J. LEDYARD SMITH.

Yale, Oct. 19th, 1853.

[ACCEPTANCE.]

The Class of '56 hereby accept the *late* challenge of the Class of '57 to play at *Foot-Ball*, and will meet them on the usual ground, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, Oct. 22d.

In behalf of the Class of '56,

W. H. ARNOT,
D. M. MEAD, } *Committee.*
F. F. MARSHAL,

The contest took place upon the appointed day and terminated after the *first* game; both Classes being dissatisfied with the decision of the Umpires. For particulars, see *small bills*.

BURIAL OF EUCLID.

The funeral rites of the far-famed Euclid were solemnized with becoming (!) exercises on the evening of Friday, the 11th inst., by the Sophomore Class, in the presence of a large attendance of sympathizing friends.

 Editor's Table.

"I've just come out before you."—*Old Song*.

Just come out. For several weeks we have daily heard the question asked, "Who gets out the next No. of the Yale Lit.?" "We are the unfortunate one," is the reply. "When is it coming out?" is the next question. Unfortunate we respond, "As soon as we get ready for it; probably in a week or so." "Laziness personified," ejaculates the questioner, and turns upon his heel. How much impudence and ingratitude there is in this world! We have treated such remarks with as much coolness and indifference as an Irishman, we heard of, treated abusive language which was used towards him. He was in the employ of the superintendent of a large manufacturing establishment, whom we shall call "the Major." The Major set Pat (of course that was the Irishman's name) to work, one morning, on

a particular job, and told him to keep at it until he finished it. Pat had not been at work long, before an overseer of the establishment came along, and having different ideas than those of the Major about the feasibility of this work being done, ordered the Irishman to stop—"I shall not do so without the Major's orders, Sir," says Pat. The order was repeated several times and invariably received the same answer. Finally, the overseer waxed very angry, "Go to the Devil!" says he. "I shall not do so without the Major's orders, Sir," responds Pat, as he very coolly continued his work.

Dear Readers,—We come before you with tears in our eyes. We are suffering from one of the evils which flesh is peculiarly heir to. We have a cold in our Editorial head. It is not at all necessary to expatiate at length upon the inconveniences and disagreeabilities of this malady. Everybody, who is not acephalous, *knows* what it is and how it acts, and you can all, therefore, sympathize with us in our affliction. Our ideas are so conglomerated by its influence that it is hard work to do the last duty of an Editor and be "as funny as we can" in an Editor's Table, O heu (or O-catch-eu) me miserum! Now colds are the usual concomitants of winter, and so is snow. It has looked a very little like snow several times during the last few days, and it may not be amiss at the present time to give you a piece of poetry on the above mentioned article, which fell into our hands like one of those "gently gushing flakes" which the poet speaks of. We did not find it on the fly-leaf of a Chapel hymn book, (would that our seat owned one of those productive hymn books!) nor did we pick it up in the street. We have it, that is sufficient, and we give it to you. The writer of these "Few lines suggested by the presence of Snow," we believe, transcribed his emotions on paper last winter under the inspiration of a heavy fall of snow. His natural modesty has made him hesitate about having it published to the world in the Yale Lit. until now, when he at last consents to appear in print. It might be a good exercise for some of our Sophomores or Freshmen friends to try and discover to which of the Horatian stanzas the metre corresponds.

A FEW LINES SUGGESTED BY THE PRESENCE OF SNOW.

Snow! snow! jolly, jolly snow!
'Aint I glad that you've come? O no!
Down in the drifts over boots you go,
And then, my goodness, how you do get your feet wet!

Whenever you may happen to go into the street,
You find the red-brick pavements so covered o'er with sleet,
That it's often quite impossible to keep upon your feet,
Without slipping and sliding in a most undignified and improper manner.

And as you pass the corners, picking your way along,
Unless you're very lucky, you're sure to meet a throng
Of ragged little urchins, who, thinking it no wrong,
Very much to your annoyance, insist on knocking off your hat, hitting you in the eye or some
other equally sensitive part of your person.

But you must mind and recollect (for fear of accidents)
If you throw the smallest snow-ball within the College fence,
They'll tack on to your term bill a fine of fifty cents,
Which I'm sure you'll all agree is a most unjust and unwarrantable proceeding.

And, at last, the thaws come; the snow and mingled slush
 Go tearing through the gutters with a perfect rush,
 To form a puddle at the crossing, into which you go c—splush,
 Just when you're on the point of bowing to the prettiest young lady of your acquaintance.

There is a great deal of truth as well as poetry in these lines. They appeal to every one's experience. We heard the other day of an extremely neat and graceful way in which a gentleman extricated himself from an embarrassing situation. He was walking out on a very slippery morning, (or rather on a very slippery walk,) when he met a lady of his acquaintance. He raised his hand to tip his tile, when the walk some how slid from under him, and over went his equilibrium and himself. He raised himself to a kneeling posture and looked up into her face with "Your most obedient servant, Madam." We would tell you, *sub rosa*, that we once fell into a scrape of that kind (only she wasn't a madam) from which we did not come off with as much *éclat*. It causes a blush to mantle our Editorial face to think of it even now. It dates far back in our juvenile days. It—but we won't tell it. That word 'juvenile' suggests a story. It is highly illustrative of the precocity of Young America. In a certain town of this State, there lived a very religious, strictly conscientious, very worthy, but withal rather pompous man called Deacon Day. This piousness of manner, united with a very perceptible inclination to rotundity in the Deacon's physical contour, usually created quite an impression on beholders. The religious sect to which the good man belonged, worshiped in a church which sported a large porch in front, something in the style of the elegant white marble edifice which decorates our New Haven Green. This porch formed the theatre for Sunday 'pow-wows' on the part of the young sprouts who could not sit easily in church. One Sabbath, the usual exercises were going on both inside and outside of the church. The outside performances were attended with a good deal of noise which seriously interrupted this Deacon's devotional thought. He bore it for some time, but finally walked out of Church and presented himself before the urchins. "Boys," said he, drawing himself up very solemnly, and speaking with great dignity, "boys, do you know what day it is?" "I guess its Deacon Day," sung out a youngster with a twinkle in his eye and mischief in his voice.

The stream of College affairs usually flows with calm and steady current. Once and awhile only, in its course, does it meet with any thing to disturb its placidity, or ruffle its surface. Commencement, Junior Exhibition, Elections of Phi Beta Kappa, Meetings of the Temperance Society, occur but once a year. The Missionary Society holds its meetings but once a month and the Yale Lit. you know, comes out but once during that period. In the interims between these stirring and exciting events, monotony generally prevails. The last few weeks, however, have been unusually pregnant. The programme first exhibits the great contest of American Athletes, the grand event about which Freshmen talked incessantly for weeks before, have talked for weeks since, and will talk, probably, until time and experience modify their ideas. We give the order of exercises of this performance.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Running, howling, wrangling, rushing,
 Pulling, tearing, stripping, crushing,
 Swearing, blowing, no concession,
 Fighting, splurging, long procession—
 This protracted several hours—
 Then the usual bunch of flowers.

The game turned out a regular *game*. We trust we shall not be considered pedantic if we quote, in reference to it, from Catullus,

"Magnus clamor—parva lana."

We would make a suggestion with regard to this annual foot-ball contest. It has come to such a pass that reform is very necessary. Why not send to New York, every fall, for Yankee Sullivan, Dublin Tricks and others of this respectable class of society, and hire them to do the battling for the classes? They would do the matter up in less time, no danger would accrue to the lives, limbs, or garments of any member of College, and, besides, there would be a fair opportunity for betting small change. Anxious parents would then have their fears quelled in reference to their impetuous and hot-headed sons, and all parties concerned would be much better satisfied.

What a literary flood we have recently witnessed! Rivers of thought seemed to have swelled, burst their bounds, overflowed their banks, and reveled in their liberty. Poetry has run down our streets. Wit and eloquence have met us at every corner. The rights of mankind and of Freshmen, in particular, have been feelingly asserted; the wickedness of sinners, and of Sophomores especially, has been most terrifically set forth. The one common failing of all Freshmen has been discarded on, and the past, present, and future glories and victories of the Sophomore class most graphically painted. What a prodigious *tail* did this great foot-ball game drag in its rear! We would here recommend our readers to "mark, read, and inwardly digest" the piece entitled 'Les Feuilletons,' in our present No.

The annual Masquerade, too, has come on to this term's stage, and gone off again. With music, and torch light, and fantastic performances, has the great enemy of College been interred. Peace to his lively ashes.

There is one feature among the phases of College which we cannot forbear noticing. We heard once quite an amusing account of the appearance of a Southern city, after such an unusual thing as a fall of snow, and of the manner in which the inhabitants received it. Everybody must have a sleigh-ride. Everybody rigs up a team. Of course there is quite a variety, and an amusing variety, in the style and build of the vehicles. There are all sorts, sizes, and styles according to each man's means, from the handsomest carriage on runners, down to a mounted dry-goods box. Every thing that can be made to run is brought out. Now look at the physiognomies of the Senior Class. Since Senior year has suddenly come upon them, they are all coming out in the greatest variety of face ornaments imaginable, each according to his several means and ability. Every stray, modest hair is brought into requisition and not suffered to remain idle. It is highly amusing for one who is a connoisseur in such things, to behold the different sizes, color, cuts and styles. The toga virilis of Seniority appears to be the most extensive develop-

ment which one can induce in this quarter. Whether manliness of expression in Lithographs is desired or not, we cannot say. There is some hidden reason for this united effort at growth. The prevailing spirit has penetrated even into the Editorial Sanctum. The board have all tried it; but at present they support only one representative in the whisker way. He has the prayers and good wishes of the remaining four. Those whose "spirit is willing, but flesh weak" we would refer to the advertisement of one Graham, in the New York Times, and from the hopes there held out, this may lay quite a flattering unction to their soul.

An old College text book, whose acquaintance we made a short time since, exhibited among illuminations and notes the following verses, which we publish for the sake of Seniors who have lately been engaged largely in contemplating the heavens, and studying the starry constellations which deck the azure expanse.

"Midnight strikes from Loomis' towers,
Olmstead hears it in his bowers.
'Tis the signal for the students
To observe, with care and prudence,
Shooting stars and meteors race,
Through immensity of space.

"Now the Gamma of the Lion
Every man doth fix his eye on,
When athwart the Empyrean
Meets the awe struck gaze of Fearo,
Meteor primus—'twas a rare 'un,
Steering straight for Aldibaran.

"Hereupon a Senior laughed,
And I looked and saw 'twas Taft.
He had seen a meteor sail
Calmly down the throat of Whale,
While another from the Cancer
Carried billets down to Anser.

"Another star of great calibre
Goes to weigh himself on Libra.
Now two, of rather more renown,
Are fighting for the Northern Crown;
Now a pert one greets with kisses,
The singularly awkward Pisces.

"Now from the milky way, a rag
A meteor tears—'tis for a flag,
And on it writes, for so said Hawes,
'Meteor's rights! and Kepler's Laws!'

"Now in the chair of Cassiopeia
Sits a lazy meteor—see her—
And reclining, nothing loth,
Lights her pipe from Alioth.

"Look where Auriga, ugly fellow,
Is running off with young Capella—
But retribution follows nigh—
A meteor's burnt out his eye.

"What is that sickly meteor doing?
Is the eternal being spueing?
Yes, yes, I see the sad disaster,
He drank, alas, the oil of Castor."

We find that our Magazine not only meets the appreciation of a large list of paying subscribers here at home, but that its fame has spread, and its worth is known and appreciated all over our land. Even the tall grass of the Western prairies gives us a nod of praise and approbation. We have received a newspaper from Illinois, in which we noticed two extracts from the Yale Lit., and some very flattering remarks from the Editor. No doubt, one of our corps, when out West last Summer, scattered some seeds in that rich soil, which are now springing up. This Editor in noticing one of the pieces extracted, a poem entitled "Indian Summer," made a remark something like this, "We scarce expected anything so fresh, sparkling, and unaffected from out that old gloomy row of brick buildings, that seat of conservatism, conventionalism, and old-fogyism—Yale." This smacks of the West most decidedly.

Thanksgiving is with us. Its savory odor has preceded it and has been tickling the sensitive nostrils of students for some time. They generally smell such battles afar off. We wish you all, dear Readers, a pleasant Thanksgiving. May you taste of joy unmingled with sadness, and drink from a brimming cup of happiness. Who thinks of Thanksgiving, without thinking of Turkey. What a Thanksgiving dinner the Czar Nicholas is preparing to have, some of these days! The regular theme for Thanksgiving sermons, which generally take in the state of the nations of the globe, will be very appropriate this year.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The "Vision of Leonidas," is respectfully declined. The next time that "Tyro" attempts to sing the praises of his "Julia, at fifteen years of age," he is recommended to put a curb-bit on his feelings—a snaffle won't answer.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of Knickerbocker for Nov.; North Carolina University Magazine for Nov.; Stylus for Nov.; Ladies' Christian Annual for Nov.; Georgia University Magazine for Oct.; Nassau Literary Magazine for Oct.; "The Cadet" for Nov., with which we shall be happy exchange.

THE AWARD.

THE Editors having elected JAMES DANA, LL. D., of the Class of 1833, and Rev. WILLIAM T. EUSTIS, Jr., of the Class of 1841, as graduate members of the Committee to award the Medal, have received the following report:

“TO THE EDITORS:

“The undersigned, having been appointed a Committee to adjudge the Yale Literary Prize, would report, that they have decided the essay on MELANCHOLY to be most worthy of the Prize.

JAMES D. DANA,
WM. T. EUSTIS, JR.
L. S. POTWIN.”

The envelope accompanying “Melancholy” being opened, was found to contain the name of

“ISAAC EDWARDS CLARKE,”

and to him accordingly the Medal is awarded.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '54.

W. C. FLAGG,
W. S. MAPLES,

J. W. HOOKER,
L. S. POTWIN,

J

C. T. FURNELL.

18

"The Classic and the Romantic."

THE Drama, in its original principle, comprehends all Art. Whatever may be said of the free inspiration of Nature on an expanding imagination and a devotional heart isolated from social influence, yet we almost invariably find that the first complete effort of imitation, the first full exercise of Art, is embodied in a Dramatic form. Evidence, if evidence be needed, of this fact, is found in the Indian drama, the *Sakontala*; evidence may also be seen in the rough plays of the North American Indian, who dramatized passion before he could interpret beauty. Whatever of these effects may be attributed to force of original constitution or of necessary habits, does not affect the truth which is their cause. It may be that character, under these circumstances, took a bolder place and had freer scope for development, where every impulse is a motive and every passion is action. But if we look narrowly at the facts, we shall not fail to trace a natural connection between the first step in social progress and the first conception of Art.

Leaving, however, the question of the origin of Art, waiving the inquiry into the comparative claims of the social and the æsthetic elements to precedence, yet urging the truth that in the natural progress of mind passion precedes thought, that social relations generate passion, and

passion demands action ; that the first interest in society must depend on the first principles it calls forth and the first interest, whether moral or intellectual, must be the basis of the first form of Art, we have the clue to the native power of the Drama. This power, too, is *progressive*. Not confined to the mere social stage, it takes possession of the mind in its highest forms of refinement. As its fundamental principle is the expression of *relations*, so in all Art, the ideal is not an abstract truth, but an *active, determined relation*. This ideal, whether springing from the native social, or the native religious principle, whether from the intercourse of man with his fellows, or from his relations to God, may be referred to the same source of relation, the common object and the common material of all classes of Art. The Drama, then, as primitive and generic, as accompanying and comprehending all relations, moral or social, *comprehends in original principle, all Art*.

The progress, then, of every kind of Art is referable to the progress of the Drama. Though much in the history of a nation's Art may be due to cultivation, yet, as far as the operation of the principle may be clearly traced, its influence is great. England, France, and Germany, are the highest exemplars of European civilization, and there the Drama has attained its greatest progress. And though an advanced stage of civilization is necessary to the cultivation of the Fine Arts, yet we will find each of these countries inferior in the kindred arts to countries below them in social progress. Italy is superior to England and France in music ; to all in sculpture and painting. Wherever civilization shows its most brilliant triumphs, there is found, whether or not accompanied by the "lesser lights," illumining a sky blank from the want of that light which its own excess has blinded, eclipsed at some odd period in its orbit and showing by its absence what its presence awes, or riding amid the shining hosts which its borrowed light and surrounding darkness have brightened,—whether in the day or the night of Art, the Drama is a true index and a source of progress.

Whatever *classification*, then, the Drama will admit, and whatever *rules* it obeys will be the same for every Art. Such is the object of the epithets, "Classic and Romantic." Like many classifications by critics and philosophers, they serve to give a *name* rather than a *cause*. They seem well adapted, however, to give the Drama those distinctions which civilization has stamped on it. "The Classic" calls to mind the elegant refinement of Greek taste, and the sensuous harmony of the Greek mind. "The Romantic" presents at once that confusion of luxury and rudeness, of politics and morals, of ignorance and barbarism, which followed the

decay of the Roman Empire—the fall of old religions and the rise of a new religion with new principles—that memorable era in which, in the language of a great dramatist,

"Un grand destin commence, un grand destin s'acheve."

Although, however, our critical analysis may apply to these periods in history, and we must not forget their particular force and design in reference to the Drama. The Greek Drama employed its own resources in acting on its own principles. Naturally following Dramatic Art came Dramatic Science. Following the practice of principles, even then not acknowledged as an invariable standard of authority, came the theory, close in its analysis and despotic in its laws. This succeeded the Golden Age of the Greek Drama, living in the subsequent history of Greek Art to no great extent, now living only in the fame and the philosophy of Aristotle.

It was not surprising that after so long a night of society in the Dark Ages, men should awake to admire the past. Art and Literature dead, it was natural that men should find in ancient models what they did not understand and could not imitate. The rules of these models, enforced by an authority supreme in philosophy, naturally commended themselves to those who, knowing no others, did not pause to trace their origin. Hence has sprung that servile submission to the rules of the ancients and the philosophy of Aristotle which characterized the age of the Revival of Learning. From this blind cultivation of the ancients, to which all Europe was self-condemned, *Spain* was rescued by peculiar agencies. The Spanish Universities retained among their numerous privileges the right of resisting the progress of science and learning, acting on an established principle of their patron religion. Hence we find that Spain was free from that zealous cultivation of ancient learning and poetry which became so general in the sixteenth century. Hence, too, the remarkable progress of the ideas of Chivalry in Spain, and hence that peculiar delicacy of honor which has always been remarkable both in her literature and her people. Hence, too, there comes a truth kindred to so many others in the progress of nations, full of hope, that Spain was reserved, after losing all that was worth retaining in national greatness, to bequeath to mankind a New Drama as well as a New World.

Spain was the first by situation and by nature to reject the old dramatic rules. And hence her Drama matured at a date earlier than even the birth of a Drama in other nations of modern Europe, and since, as a consequence, her Drama became, to some extent, a model of taste as well as

a reservoir of subject, its influence must have been great. The earliest English tragedy has a Spanish subject, and was produced in 1561; in the following year, Lopez de Vega, whose works compose the greater part of the Spanish Drama, died. The first and perhaps the best tragedy of Corneille, was the *Cid*. It is due, in some measure, to Spanish influence, that the English Drama has been comparatively free from the usurped authority of ancient rules, since it is well known that for many years the English Dramatists borrowed much of their material from the Spanish stage. It is to France, however, that we are to look for the narrowest interpretation of these old rules. It was her misfortune to be ruled, during the formation of her Drama, by a splendid monarch surrounded by a splendid court. It was her misfortune that the Academy usurped the place of a central school of criticism. It was, then, the interest of the Dramatist to please the taste of the Academy and the court, sacrificing that of his proper school, the people. We can find no greater difference than this between the Drama of England and that of France.

The Rules to which we refer were early insisted on by French critics and are embodied in a treatise of Aristotle obscure, and, as many believe, spurious—at all events, a fragment. The Rules are those which require the observance of the three Unities of Action, Time and Place.

Aside from the consideration of these rules themselves, it has been satisfactorily shown that the Greek Dramatists did not obey them as an invariable standard of Art. In the nature of their Drama, they had need of few rules, though they were bound by these from the very character of their subjects, the style of their composition, the caste of their characters, and the form of their stage. It remains then, only to consider the value of the Unities as rules.

By Unity of Action is meant nothing more than the progressive development of a character. The hero should be conceived as embodying this character, and forming and executing in the plot by the choice and force of his own will, plans and acts corresponding to the character. There should be, then, no plots within plots independent of the central idea; they should all bear an intimate relation, and contribute their action to the general effect. By action we do not mean the mere execution of deeds, or the mere formation of purposes with acts corresponding, nor is it admissible that the resolutions of the hero should be predetermined independently of his *relations* as a character; but by action, we understand a character perfect in its outline and true to its native powers, yet with purposes and destiny developed by the circum-

stances in which the author places him. In the ancient tragedies, we have two elements in this unity of action, the free-will of the hero, and the will of Fate. Even in plays where the gods are actors, the will of the Three Sisters is paramount—destiny is the prevailing idea in their religion, and to it beauty, sympathy, power, all, must bow. Hence the only hope that cheers the lonely desolation of Prometheus is hope in Fate. The element, then, in the character itself which insured unity of action is free-will. But does Unity of Action require only the accomplishment of a single purpose. Is it not *improbable* that there should be, in a society of varied characters and complex interests, an *isolated* event, one in which many characters are not engaged, and many interests are not affected? The truth is obvious. This then will serve to mark one grand distinction between the Ancient and the Modern Drama; the former, in a simple state of society represented a simple event; the latter, in a complex state of society, represents complex, yet consistent events. In the single play of Hamlet, we have a variety of events; the love and abandonment of Ophelia, the awful apparition, the death of Polonius, the death of the King, and the fight with Laertes; inconsistent, it is true, with this law of unity, but possessing in itself a higher, more comprehensive, universal unity of character and interest.

The Unity of Time strictly interpreted, requires that the event selected for representation shall occupy a certain space of time, suited by its length to the probability of representation on the stage. Aristotle gives twenty-four hours as the duration of the event, while Corneille extended it to thirty hours. The ground of the rule being probability, we see rather a subtle distinction between twenty-four and thirty hours as the prescribed duration of an event. Besides, in giving the rule a greater latitude, it ceases to be a rule, except it be shown that this latitude may not be still further extended. The Romantic Drama, then, will have a right as far as probability or the force of the rule is concerned, to compress an age into a Drama of five acts. Calderon may represent the conversion of Peru to Christianity, Shakspeare the life of Macbeth. It is this very capacity for compression of time and energy of interest, that the Romantic dramatist most industriously cultivates, and this contributes most to his aim, *popularity*. There is no danger that the judicious author will be led into any ridiculous violation of probability by an extension of this rule, however great. He will not allow the time which elapses between the different Acts, to be so long as to work material changes in the actors, or to include a change in national fashions or customs.

The Unity of Place is not mentioned at all by the Stagyrice, and has been insisted on only by French critics. It was a general *practice* of the Greek stage, but was a necessary practice, not an established *rule*. The stage of the Greeks was never vacated. Hence they had no real division of plays into Acts, but the intervals were occupied by the moral reflections of the Chorus designed to deepen the impression of the Act, or to prepare the imagination of the hearer for the sequel. It would have been a palpable violation of probability, if the poet should change his scene while the Chorus was present, and yet there are instances in which even this was done. The rule itself evidently arose from this peculiarity in the stage. Its operation, when applied to the form of the stage and the presence of the Chorus, might have been easy to a Greek author and agreeable to a Greek audience, but applied to the modern stage and the modern author, would be supremely ridiculous. This will be abundantly illustrated by noting the numerous inconsistencies and the variety of incongruous events that occur in the palace of *Cato*, at Utica. They need no exposition. The *object* of the rule is probability, but this probability is founded on the supposed illusion produced by the Drama. The Greek audience seated at a great distance from the stage, and the actors masked in order to represent *perfectly* their respective characters, the illusion may have been to the excitable fancy of the Greeks, far greater than with us it can ever be. Indeed, illusion would not be desirable, even if it could be secured. There is no pleasure in real horror, real ruin, real death, no pleasure in any of the primary passions or acts of tragedy, if real. There may be those who, like the simple countryman of Fielding, may tremble with an emotion which they know to be artificially excited, who may imitate the shaking knees, and feel the instinctive dread of other Hamlets than Partridge's inimitable Garrick, and yet they will never spend a moment in convincing themselves that the scene is merely *represented*. The ground of the rule, then, too narrow for dramatic propriety, considered universally, or even generally, *the rule itself is therefore useless*.

The authority of the Unities, however, will be gradually undermined by the liberalizing influences of progressing criticism. Even in France, though they occupied the highest position in the critical code of the Academy and the Court, yet they never took deep and permanent hold on the taste of the *people*. It has become, too, a maxim among critics in the Drama, at least, if not in all works whose aim is the portraiture of manners, passions, and the principles of human character, that whatever is popular is good. It only remains, then, for the critic to supply that

discrimination which the people need. With the *progress of criticism*, then, all blind worship of old Genius, because it is old, and all blind adherence to old rules on the simple ground of authority, must be entirely removed from the pathway of Art and the Artist.

Besides the consideration of dramatic rules, our subject suggests other topics, such as the contrasted influence of the Pagan and the Christian religion on the nature and history of the Classic and Romantic Dramas, respectively, and the contrasted influence of the two different forms of civilization. But a full consideration of these subjects, though growing immediately out of our theme, would extend this article far beyond its proper length. These divisions of the subject will be interesting at some more favorable opportunity. Meanwhile, though silent on those parts of our subject, which are by far the most interesting, we take refuge in the license universally accorded to the Magazine, and the Magazine-writer. "The Magazine is a delightful invention for a very idle or a very busy man. He is not compelled to complete his plan, or to adhere to his subject. He may ramble as far as he is inclined, and stop as soon as he is tired. No one takes the trouble to recollect his contradictory opinions, or his unredeemed pledges. He may be as superficial, as inconsistent, and as careless as he chooses. Magazines resemble those little angels, who, according to the pretty Rabinical tradition, are generated every morning by the brook which rolls over the flowers of Paradise—whose life is a song—who warble till sunset, and then sink back without regret into nothingness. Such spirits have nothing to do with the detecting spear of Ithuriel, or the victorious sword of Michael. It is enough for them to please and be forgotten."

W. S. M.

Romance—A Fragment.

IN some far sea beneath a dreamy sky,
The fabled Isle of Old Romance doth lie.
O'er its calm groves and sleeping castles plays
The drowsy air of Indian Summer days;
And mystic streams melodiously glide,
Old classic hills and ivied walls beside.
The lost and lovely bard has ever sung,
There live in loveliness forever young:

The singing waves toss music on its shores,
 Where mellowed light its chastened radiance pours,
 Soft'ning all sight with that deep nameless cast,
 Which hallows all the Absent and the Past.
 No mortal eye hath seen this charmed Isle,
 Where sun and skies and seasons ever smile;
 No mortal ear drunk in the mystic strains
 That float harmonious o'er its waving plains,
 But unseen messengers on silent wing
 To list'ning ears, their tales enchanted bring;
 The One her feebler pinions gently dips
 In the light foam that tracks Historic ships,
 Which grandly sweeping down the Sea of Time,
 Have caught some echoes from that fabled chime—
 From these Gay Fancy fashions at command,
 Her tales of Olden Time and Fairy Land.

Her "elder sister," plumed for loftier flight,
 Herself would woo this Island of Delight,
 Fly far beyond where Fancy ever roves,
 To quaff the nectar of its dewey groves;
 Dream on that beach where dim traditions throng,
 Seek grottoed caves and ruins gray in song;
 Each storied mount, and legend haunted glen,
 Where gods together walk with mortal men,
 Or far above the starry portals soar,
 On some rapt bard the light of Heaven to pour.

These twin-born messengers of Royal Thought,
 His kingliest gems from yon far Isle have brought—
 Nor yet alone their flashing wreath they bind
 Around the Crowns and "Coronets of mind;"
 They charm and cheer the lonely and distressed,
 And wake new life in many a drooping breast:
 Such watching whispers to young ears they bear
 The Future glows with "Castles in the air."

Young Thoughts building,
 Bright Hopes gilding,
 Fairy mansions rich and rare!
 What can life so gorgeous offer,
 What the wealth of Indus proffer,
 That in Glory can compare
 With those scaffoldings of Fancy—
 Childhood's Castles in the air?

Ever in the wistful seeming
 Of the pensive maiden's dreaming,
 Some fair Youth in golden hair,
 Treads with her the magic palace,
 Draining Pleasure's lustrous chalice;
 All so bright and debonair—
 Alas! that all her shining visions
 Are but Castles in the air!

Eagerly the boy-chief gazes,
 As his young ambition raises
 Tower and turret firm and fair;
 And he walks at once as kingly,
 As though he alone and singly,
 All its fancied foes would dare;
 Never to behold the Real, of the fleeting frail Ideal
 Of his Castles in the air.

Not alone to Youth the vision
 Of these Palaces Elysian;
 In them, *all* at times must share,
 And will still be ever rearing—
 Though perchance with more of fearing—
 In this world of Toil and Care,
 What our sober reason tells us
 Are but Castles in the air.

Oh! Joy of Life and life of mortal joys,
 Which 'mid all wrecks the sinking spirit buoys,
 That thus Lethean we can ever trance
 Our weary souls in slumbers of Romance.

B.

Alumni Hall.

Recent completion of the building designed for the use of our two societies, and its prospective occupation, is the only excuse which is necessary for inflicting upon our readers a brief description, in a literary way. The intrinsic value of our societies at Yale, and the daily portion of student affection which they elicit, will give, we are interested which, with a worse text, we might despair of exciting. Alumni Hall stands upon the northwest corner of the College

grounds, in a direct line northward from the Library, and west of Divinity College, with the left wing and rear looking on Elm and High streets, and, consequently, with its main front looking eastward, and into the quadrangle partially formed by the older buildings of the University.

It is built of Portland freestone, in the castellated Gothic style. The length of the building is one hundred feet; its depth, exclusive of projections, fifty-two feet; and its height, to the top of the corner parapets, fifty feet. Thirty feet from either end of the front two hexagonal towers, each fifteen feet in diameter, projecting the same distance from the main wall, and carried up to a height of sixty feet, support between a heavy arch overshadowing a deep galilee, or porch, through which is the main entrance. Three windows are seen from the front; one in either wing thirty-two feet in height by nine feet in width, heavily mullioned and transomed, and a third above the portal, of same width, but of less height, is surmounted in turn by a circular window near the top of the building. The north and south ends have each two large windows of the same size as those mentioned above, with an intervening space of only five feet. In the rear, a projection of forty feet in length and fifteen in depth takes the place of the towers seen in front. In the centre of this western projection is a large window of nine feet in width and about thirty-five feet in height; and in either wing are windows corresponding to those in front, already mentioned.

As regards the interior, beginning at the foundation and ascending upward, we have first a cellar (excavated six feet below the surface) nine feet in height, designed to contain the fuel and furnaces for warming the rooms above, by means of hot air flues carried up in the inner wall of the western projection, ventilation being afforded by ventilating flues in the corner walls of the edifice. Brick piers, resting on stone, support the first floor, which is reached by means of steps under the western projection.

Entering through the main portal between the two towers, or by a door in the south end of the western projection, the Alumni Hall, occupying the whole of the first floor, is reached. This is ninety-eight feet in length, forty-six in breadth, and twenty-four in height, with a ceiling deeply paneled by the three feet trusses and heavy beams supporting the second floor. It has been proposed to adorn these compartments, twenty-four in number, with the initials of presidents, professors, and distinguished alumni of the college, surrounded by wreaths of oak, with leaves of the same in the intersections of the angles. Four pilasters, two

on either side, afford the only support to the upper floor, given within the walls. These pilasters are ornamented with shields, which may be inscribed with suitable mottoes. A small gallery in the rear projection overlooks the hall, behind which is seen the great window of the west. This room is to be used for the meetings of the Alumni, and other collegiate gatherings, among which may be enumerated our Biennial Examinations, as the two essential conditions of the *tabula novæ* are isolation and observation, here easily fulfilled.

The ascents to the upper rooms are three: one in each of the towers in front, which are continued to the roof, with landings opposite the doors of the respective halls, and one in the south end of the western projection.

The second story is divided into three rooms by deafened partitions, placed over the pilasters of the lower hall, and concealing iron rods, which extend to the frame-work of the roof and complete the support of the second floor. The rooms in the north and south wings are each forty-six feet eight inches by thirty-five feet four inches, and nineteen feet in height, finished exactly alike, with wainscoting and doors grained in imitation of old oak, and suitably provided with ventilators, registers, and gas. The northern room has by lot been assigned to the Linonian Society, and the southern to the Brothers in Unity. It was at one time proposed, and, it is much to be wished, may yet be determined upon, to furnish the halls exactly alike, and turn all future competition to the more profitable account of enlarging libraries and improving society organization. Between these halls is a third of the same length, and twenty-six feet in width, with vaulted roof, showing ribs finished with corbels. This was to have been occupied by the Calliopean Society, but since its dissolution remains undisposed of. The two towers furnish separate staircases for the two societies, and permit entire isolation; but free communication may at any time be had through doors and lobbies in the rear.

As some details of the work may be interesting, we subjoin a few. The foundation walls are four feet thick at bottom, diminishing at three feet above the surface to three feet in width. The walls of the first story are thirty-four inches in thickness; those of the second, twenty. Truss rock has been used in building the foundation, and the copings of the battlements, as well as the towers, are of wood, painted and sanded in imitation of sandstone. Brick, too, has been used in some of the inner portions of the walls; but, with these few exceptions, sandstone, rough-dressed, is the prevailing material. The windows are each nine feet in

width by thirty-two feet nine inches in height, with two mullions twelve inches in breadth, and five transoms of six inches each; giving eighteen compartments of five feet in length and two feet width. Nine of these compartments light the lower hall: three at the intersection of the second floor are closed and ornamented with shields, and six light the upper story. The panes are rhomboids nineteen inches by eleven, six in each compartment. The unusual size of the windows, whilst, on account of the heavy mullions and transoms, it detracts nothing from that massive effect, so essential to this style of architecture, affords abundant light in all parts of the building. The entire cost has been not far from \$25,000.

As a whole, and in its details, the new building may well be a matter of pride to the College, and especially so to those who, having exerted themselves in behalf of the societies, now see them at last provided with permanent places of meeting on College ground. It may be liable to criticisms. It is not free, as its pine battlements and copings attest, from the spirit of sham and incompleteness which marks nearly every building in America; but it is a stout structure, nevertheless; and we may be pardoned in indulging the hope that, when in future "sixty-eight's and fifty-three's" future generations shall celebrate the natal day of each ancient fraternity, the Alumni Hall, then old and gray, may still be the loved gathering-place of the present, and a perpetual memorial of society enterprise and energy in the good old days of 1854. W. C. F.

Midnight Musings amid Musty Mummies.

* * * * *

I stood among the relics of a by-gone age, and gazed as much in sadness as in wonder at the mouldering fragments and uncoffined secrets of the mighty dead. For, in visiting the fine collection of Antiquities gathered in Egypt, by the care of Abbot, I was carried back, unconsciously, to the days of that enlightened and mysterious people. Here lay the war-worn helmet of the conquering Shishak, and there the signet-ring of Cheops, prescient with the fate of thousands; in yonder case gleamed in dull lustre the same necklace which had graced the throat of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, while close guarding it the grim mummy of a

Priest, glared hideously upon me; all around were strewn the curious ornament and carvings which had once adorned their temples,—the strange embroidered and painted products of their loom;—triumphs of art, and things of reverence.

The mummied forms around me seemed more ghastly in the glimmering twilight, and with glassy eyes to chide me in reproachful sadness for this mockery of their ruin.

More than three thousand years had passed since they had been consigned to the embalmer's care,—thirty dread centuries, pregnant with change and fertile with the destinies of nations, had swiftly glided by, crushing the pride of Empires, and crumbling into dust their mighty monuments. Egypt, their much-loved,—mighty Egypt, was no more,—and her vast works served as themes of wonder to the curious of nations, at her time unborn,—her massive temples buried, her fear inspiring Gods, the gazing-stock of rude barbarians and scoffing strangers;—they, her mightiest nobles, and high-priests, torn from their ruined sepulchres and carried by the hand of strangers to an unknown land,—stood exiles in the centre of a mighty city—the pride and glory of a mighty people. Around them lay the relics of their greatness—the fragments of an unwrapt age; before them lay the sacred form of their loved Deity, worshiped no longer, but despised, and valued only for its undue age, as a connecting link with an almost unknown generation.

“A fine field for archæologists!”

I turned instantly to view the speaker; his bent, attenuated figure, and marked, intellectual countenance, portrayed the man of thought and study, a certain wildness gleaming in the eye—mental enthusiasm. The well-brushed, thread-bare clothing and coarse linen, spoke of poverty; yet the gold spectacles, white hand, and something indefinable in carriage, gave undoubted evidence of days more fortunate.

“A fine field for archæologists!”—he again repeated.

“Yes,” I replied, “one affording intense interest and pleasure to those appreciating links familiarizing all with the existence of an age so interesting, though so little known.”

“What a world of light could yonder mummy cast on our investigations, could he open those dried lips of his, in revelations of the past, though but a single hour? I have often gazed upon them, pondering thus, until I almost fancied that I saw them move, and heard the low, mysterious whispers of the fearful dead!” * * * *

I was alone! Thick, shadowy mists, seemed gathering their folds around me: confused murmurs, and low, sullen moanings, rose in air;

the suggestive language of my late companion rang with thrilling clearness through my ear; dread, shapeless forms, fitted before me, casting by their presence gloom and dread solemnity upon my soul!

* * * * *

"Twelve o'clock!" thundered the deep tones of an Egyptian warrior, as the last stroke of the bell died mournfully away, its echoes quivering through the sullen shadows of the dim hall—fearful with grotesque shapes and fancies—while, as he spoke, with a loud crash he burst the ponderous casing which enclosed him, and stepped forth, haggard and ghastly, in the flickering beams of moonlight. "Aye! twelve *Shardesis*!" cried a voice musically sweet, and parting with a gentle violence the folds of gilded linen which enswathed her. Hanakopha, daughter of the great King Thmothes, glided towards him. "Twelve! is 't twelve!" murmured the priest Amunoph. "Twelve! Guardian of Erment!" answered Athronopha, Ruler of Phath, and Keeper of the Sandal, as the rich painted casing, slowly unfolding, showed behind its gaudy tinsel and high coloring, the wrinkled, care-worn visage of the proud Egyptian noble.

"Twelve!" "Twelve!" chimed in, in quick succession, two shrill voices—those of the court-dwarf Athor, and child-prince Bubastes, as springing up—joining, they completed the strange group, assembled round the ghostly form of Apis, hideous in many folds of linen, quaint in their gildings, and their mouldering bands.

Thicker grow the mists! blacker! heavier! until like a waving pall they part, and in the open vista rise new shapes and fancies.

* * * * *

Through yon maze of granite columns and colossal statues, winds a slow procession; clashing cymbals, trampling hoofs, and the sullen rumble of war-chariots proclaim it a triumphal march. Proud warriors are passing, fierce eyes flashing, fearless souls exulting, as the high enthusiasm of the moment is excited by the plaudits and wild chants of the frenzied priesthood. List to the murmuring admiration of the crowd, lost now in tremulous confusion and now rising in triumphal pæans, till the very arch of Heaven seems to quiver and reply in sympathy. Erect in yonder chariot, gorgeous in its bronze paneling and gilded fastenings, its purple canopy and ivory ornaments, guiding with firm hand the championing war-steeds, while he checks their ardor, stands the conquering leader, the proud victor—*Shardesis*, the famed warrior!—bravest of the brave! Now is the hour of triumph; but ere long shall come the hour of death! Now the bright day; but ere long the evening shades!

* * * * *

Through a low casement which overlooked the royal gardens, gilding the summit of the distant Pyramids, and dancing in glad light on granite column and carved symbol, shone the sun. But the apartment needed not its light; gold and silver lamps gave forth their radiance, and diffused a fragrance from their perfumed oils; embroidered linens hung in graceful folds on the rich painted walls; couches and tables of dark wood, inlaid with ivory and pearl; hieroglyphic paintings, curiously carved vases, and bronzed images adorned the room.

The soft strains of the timbrel, flute, and harp mingled their melodies through the agency of unseen hands; finely flavored wines in porcelain goblets, and rich food and fruit on golden service, graced the table. Amid this luxury and magnificence reclined upon a couch the *Princess*! A jeweled girdle clasped her fine linen robes; precious stones glittered on her fingers, and, amid the jet-black braids of glossy hair, a priceless amulet rested on her bosom, rising and falling as an index of her hopes and fears. Fair girls, in gold embroidered tunics, their tresses crowned with garlands, and wrists hung with silvery bells, move lightly in attendance, keeping time, with graceful motion and low voices, to the distant music.

Fades the fair vision into darkness, and, amid its gloomy shadows, rise the spectral outlines of a tomb! Proud Egyptian, reveling in the pomp of pride and wealth, its dark portals end thy day-dream! Its drear confines hold the frail, earth-born casket of thy soul! Swiftly flies Life's shuttle, weaving busily the pall of Death.

* * * * *

Great Osiris, fear-inspiring,
Iron-breasted, mystic God!
Lo! thy children, thee desiring,
Kneel, and tremble at thy nod.
Hear, Osiris!—
Apis, hear!
Hark! the pealing thunder crashes—
See, the lurid lightning flashes!
Lo!—He comes—the God!—the God!
Widely waves His conquering rod!
Trouble ceasing—
Joy increasing—
Sound the anthem!—swell the chorus!
Hail, Osiris!—
Apis, hail!

The thrilling chant died echoing away—the smoking incense rolled in misty waves, veiling the uncouth carving, where it wreathed around the

giant columns—priests swung their fragrant censers, gliding with noiseless step among the prostrate people. Far amid the shadows rose the Temple in its vast proportions, awe-inspiring with its emblematic and mysterious symbols. Thickly twined around strange forms, crept the lotus; peering from beneath some hideous combination of glares, the sun's disc with its serpent wings. Fearful shadows! dusky phantoms!—in thy unreality more dread. Hark! for the deep silence now is broken by the voice of one in solemn admonition. Proud he stands before the sacrificial altar, curled his haughty lip, scorn in his pallid features, as he scans the superstitious multitude. *Amunoph*, thou false priest!—self-deceiving leader!—though infatuated bigots trust thee, and thy power is great—thou, too, must enter the drear wilderness of death!—thou, too, mourn o'er ruined hopes!

* * * * *

Still another vision, and the triumphs of the *warrior* and *priest* are forgotten in the splendor of the royal court.

In an area, girt by massive walls, roofed by the azure canopy of heaven, sit the councilors of Egypt. 'Tis the hour of audience, and her mightiest sons assemble in the kingly presence. Giant monsters guard and decorate the open porch; variously colored marbles coat the ponderous sides; hieroglyphic sculptures of red granite perpetuate the fame of former kings, and tell the glory of the present. On yon side, where the facade rises in majestic splendor, with quaint ornament and bold carving, sits enthroned the mighty monarch of the land. Proud kings hold the golden canopy above his head; chosen warriors gird the royal presence; priests and statesmen bow the head in silence.

List! for from distant multitudes rises a faint hum of admiration, swelling louder, and still louder, till it rings forth in a joyous peal of praise, "Live the noble Ruler!—Live Anthronophra!" And, behold, he comes—the favorite and the wisest of Egyptian nobles. Nubian slaves bear on a crimson cushion the gold sandal, the insignia of his power; richly clothed attendants follow in a glittering train; thronging parasites enhance eagerly his glory. Now ambition triumphs.

Revel in thy fevered dreams, O, mortal! Gaze on visionary bubbles, gleaming in their gilded, rainbow splendor, till, as time rolls on, bursting, they vanish with thy hopes and leave thee withering despair!

* * * * *

Darkness again shades the vision—hiding all things in its gloomy mantle. From the black mist breaks a solemn warning: *Thou hast*

seen removed the veil o'ershadowing the features of the Past ; remember that it is in some degree the mirror of the Future : let not present greatness lead thee to unseemly pride !

W. H. T.

The Influence of War on Human Progress.

HUMAN progress is a condition of human nature. An age of the world, which should leave upon the record of its history no indication of any improved condition, would be an unnatural age. This progress of mankind results from no single cause, which exists alike in every period, and which may be pointed to as its grand motor ; it is rather the production of all causes ; it is the mighty current to which all human actions, and all the accidents of our existence, are tributary.

The connection between the cause and the effect is here, as elsewhere, not always an apparent connection. It is only by profound reflection and earnest study, that the historian is enabled to trace, in the revealed twilight of the past, the germ of light, which has developed into the fuller refulgence of the present. Often he encounters facts which, at first sight, seem obstacles to this development ; but, on closer analysis, he finds, for every such fact, its proper relative place in that long line of causes which connects the past with the present.

Prominent among facts of this class is *war*. The truth-seeker, as he stations himself in the back-ground of centuries, and looks out upon the great facts of each, sees many battle-fields scattered everywhere over the earth. He finds that war has been an ever-present reality among men. He is unwilling to believe, that an instrumentality so mighty in itself, has been forever militating against that progress, which meanwhile has steadily advanced. He looks in vain, however, for the advantages of war, to its immediate and cotemporary influence. Every victory implies also a defeat. The advantages of the one are balanced by the evils of the other. The shrewdest philosophy finds itself at fault, where it would defend war, on the principle of immediate good.

But there exists in the economy of the world a *remunerative* principle which is never idle. This principle was recognized by the ancients, and formed the basis of a doctrine called *compensation*. They ascribed to its influence the keener hearing and the refined touch of the blind ; the

augmented strength of an eye whose fellow is destroyed; the increased power of an arm when the other has been amputated.

A principle somewhat similar to this seems to influence the affairs and fortunes of men and nations; and to make subservient to the cause of human progress actions and accidents, whose *apparent* tendency is a far different one. We sometimes see a whole nation bowed down at the loss of some great pillar of her existence—of a statesman, it may be, in whom has been centered much of the reliance, and many of the hopes, of his country. Men die, but principles live. When the statesman is in a great measure forgotten, the state finds the compensation for his loss in the posthumous power of his influence; in the respect which men show for the measures which he advocated; in the final adoption of that line of policy, which, while he lived, his enemies opposed.

It is to this *remunerative* principle that the true value of war must be ascribed. Like the lightning and the tempest, which purify while they destroy, war is often made the promoting cause of some great reform—the instrument of some mighty moral or political advancement.

As the promoter of *moral* progress, war generates high national character. Long continued peace is unfavorable to strong, positive morality in a nation, as constant prosperity is adverse to individual rectitude. It might exhibit growing wealth, undisturbed tranquillity, and material health; but it would cherish also the most dangerous passions of the human breast. Pleasure, and interest, and cupidity would erect their shrines, and corrupt their respective votaries; moral and physical effeminacy would characterize its duration. The English character, which is the symbol everywhere of graceful proportion and highest strength, received its form and mould from the wars which, for five long centuries, drenched England in blood. Apparently a destroyer alone, war proved itself a reformer also. It awakened from the slumber of ages the patriotic and unselfish affections of the people; it called into action their high and heroic feelings; it evoked a spirit of self-sacrifice, and purified the national heart by national suffering.

All war is a *contest of ideas*. Victory establishes the one, and destroys the other, or so fuses the two together as to produce a new resultant system. Thus, the different civilizations, which mark the history of human progress, are each the result of one idea, triumphant over another. War is the condition in which these hostile ideas have met and struggled—the contest in which contending armies have unwittingly become the instruments of great moral reforms. Marathon gave birth to the first epoch of progress, when it supplanted Oriental effeminacy by

Grecian energy. Race absorbed race. The weaker either lost all individuality, in the impression of a foreign element, or, incapable of taking in higher elements, dwindled away and was forgotten. The force, too, which brought the Grecian and the Roman character into contrast, and, by supplanting the one for the other, marked the second era of civilization, was war. The world again changed hands, as it were, not by the slow process of successive changes, but by the spasmodic influence of actual conflict. Race was again merged in race. The Grecian became an element of the Roman mind. The genius and poetry of the one was brought into union with the strong practical sense of the other; the one contributed beauty, the other power, to a new national character superior, in its qualities, to either of its components.

But human progress was soon to receive a new impetus. The Teutonic nation—the regenerating element of the modern world—was the motor of an era in civilization, of which the present is a part. The man who, of all others, has embodied the spirit of this era, was William the Conqueror. Immoral in character himself, he still stands out in history as a great moral reformer. *His* history, indeed, is written in the English character, in its refinement, its practical grandeur, and its world-wide influence.

War is the condition under which all these successive eras have transpired. It is the force which has given vitality and power to the new ideas of successive centuries. In a majority of the changes which war has thus wrought, in the moral aspect of the world, we can detect a constant progress of the Right—a final victory of Truth.

War is a *political* reformer also. When thus applied, its tendency is to establish *truth in government*. Error in government is the oldest of all errors. To reform this, some mighty power is needed, which may reverse the machinery of habit, and illustrate the value of new theories. This power is physical force, one of the mainsprings of the world. Thought supplies ideas, force applies them. The world is full of examples of force applied to uphold error; the political reformer need not weaken this force, but must transpose it. The instruments of oppression must be made the means of resistance.

Men long for freedom, as for immortality—instinctively; but with the mass of men, this wish suggests no idea of action. It is rather their day-dream, crude, fanciful, transient in effect, though constant in recurrence. Government is the object of their awe—not their love. It bears heavily upon them, but the power of habit, and the prolific conservatism of character, which they inherit, has made them patient of misrule.

The Reformer *acts*. He strips from the dream the vanity of fancy and gives it the reality of fact. Reform gives to ideal aspirations a tangible shape, and like the pencil of the painter, or the chisel of the sculptor, embodies vague conceptions. It points men to force as their resort, and changes the general wish into the general hope. Then come revolutions, in which force meets force. The ideas which are thus brought to conflict, are, on the one hand, truth in government, on the other, error. The truth may triumph, or it may not, for the movement for reform may be premature, or ill-concerted. In either case error is doomed, and the cause of truth strengthened.

But war has a *conservative*, as well as a constructive value. In this capacity, its office is to preserve a just balance between governments. The state, like the individual, has a double life; the one the outward, the other the inward life; the one seen in its dealings with other states, the other in its dealings with itself. The two great regulating powers of this outward life, are, diplomacy and war. By the one or the other of these, every state must preserve its proper relative position among the nations of the earth—must maintain that *equilibrium* which is the law of national existence. Occasionally a spirit of aggression or a love of power begets error of equilibrium. The graceful drapery in which diplomacy arrays herself, fails to conceal the overreaching purpose of the one party, or the consequent indignation of the other. War, under such circumstances, is a struggle for principle, and every earnest defense of principle strengthens it.

The history of diplomacy is much shorter than that of war. A few great thoughts have made it the medium of utterance, and a few great achievements mark its influence. But the mass of men look to it rather as the high ground of national etiquette, than the every-day resource of an injured state. War is *action*, and action is intelligible to every one. The qualities displayed in it are those which, by an irresistible instinct, we are most led to admire. History has recorded the wars of every period with the utmost care. The historian finds them the turning points of human progress, and is forced to recognize their influence in every great political change which the world has witnessed.

To properly estimate any important fact, we must consider it in its relation to other facts, and to the ultimate result of their united influence. Cotemporary judgment, whether of men or of things, is often illiberal and unjust. Joan of Arc was regarded by the Englishmen of the fifteenth century, as little better than an incarnate evil spirit; now she is remembered as a heroine alone. Time gives to many things an acci-

dental value; to others it gives their only true worth. Especially is this the case with the facts of history, and our judgment of them must have reference to their prospective, rather than their immediate results. The economy of the world is not so ordered, that we can estimate the value of influences which affect the destinies of mankind at large, from their apparent tendency alone.

The historian must be the *philosopher* also. He must possess not only a profound, accurate, and extensive knowledge of facts, but he must be able to detect the mutual relations of these facts. He must have a deep and penetrating knowledge of the human heart. He must be able to distinguish between motives and their results—means, and their ends. He must have a glowing appreciation, and hearty sympathy for greatness; a keen perception of the subtle influence of mind upon mind, of fact upon fact. He must be able to follow the process by which national character has been formed and new governments established. He must, as it were, acclimate himself to the changing atmosphere of successive ages, and fearlessly ferret out the facts of each. He must possess an intelligence broad enough, and a purpose honest enough, to realize the truth, that permanent good may more than compensate for transient evil. Thus only can be comprehended the true value of war, and history fulfill its high office of “philosophy teaching by example.” S. T. W.

College Conservatism.

WEBSTER defines conservatism as “the desire and effort of preserving what is established.” There exists in every human breast a veneration for the antique. We shrink from destroying that which is ancient; a feeling of respect and awe forbids us rashly to lift our hand against the work of other ages. This we take to be the leading moral element in conservatism. Of course, where antiquities abound a conservative spirit should naturally pervade the people. Now, where are America’s antiquities? Greece has her ruined Athens, Italy her Rome, Egypt her Thebes and Memphis. There is nothing to be dreaded from radicalism in such countries as these. The danger is that a spirit of sluggish apathy should prevail; that the people, looking ever backwards at the glorious past, should forget the active present and the untried future. France has her ancient cities, her famous battle-grounds; Germany her staunch

old burghs and castled ruins; England her glorious history, her fertile stores of rich traditional lore—her time-honored holidays, sports, and customs. But where are America's antiquities? Where those nuclei about which fond and holy memories cluster—those stand-points upon which pure conservatism may find a firmer foot-hold? She has, in the South and West, ruined cities, even in decay stupendous and magnificent; but their builders passed away so long ago that the voice of tradition itself is hushed concerning them. She has her broad prairies—her grand old mountains, standing now in as beautiful sublimity as when the waters of the flood rolled back—her primitive forests, more ancient than aught the old world can show; but the race that peopled them have passed away like their own brown autumn foliage. She has her memories of maternal England; but years of oppression and bitter strife have severed the ties that bound her, and, at best, the broad Atlantic rolls between. She has her battle-grounds and spots hallowed by patriotic blood and suffering; but the sod is scarcely green upon their graves who fought the Revolution, and scarce four score years have elapsed since she became a nation. The supports of conservatism are indeed few, and, on the other hand, the encouragements to radicalism are numerous. Where, then, must America look for her conservatism? Where expect those champions who are to defend it against a host of adverse influences? The only two powers in this country that can be brought to oppose the all-pervading spirit of self-aggrandizement—the overgrown love of political station and wealth—are religion and literature. But religion is not, in the words of another, “*actually* what it is *potentially*.” It is itself in danger from this same spirit of radicalism, as its past history abundantly shows. She must look to her literary men; but we have among us no “*learned order*”—no caste, distinct from every other class, and devoted to the pursuits of literature, science, and philosophy. It is impossible, at least, it seems impossible, with our present economical system of government, that such a class should exist. Our College graduates, who are yearly entering into all ranks, pursuits, and avocations of life, must supply its place. Let us examine, then, the tendency of a College education with regard to this matter.

In the first place, it is vastly easier, in the case of governmental institutions, as well as in every other, to discern faults than excellences. A higher order of intellect is required to perceive the good than the evil. Stand in a picture-gallery before some magnificent production of art, embodying, amid a thousand beauties, a single defect, and note the countenances and remarks of casual observers. The ignorant, the dull, even

children, will perceive and criticise the error. Those who cannot, perchance, tell exactly where the fault lies, will still observe a something wrong. But let an artist look at the picture. His experienced eye, it is true, at a glance catches the fault, and separates it, as it were, from its general design; but he perceives also a hundred points of artistic beauty and perfection. He forgives the single defect because he is lost in admiration of a crowd of excellences, which had escaped the vulgar gaze. Just so it is in regard to governments; the work of human hands, they must ever be imperfect. Their imperfections stand out clearly and distinctly. They are dwelt upon, reiterated, and magnified, till the excited public mind forgets a thousand beauties, in morbid contemplation of a single defect, and, in eagerness to destroy the tares, the wheat is too frequently rooted up also. But the student has disciplined his powers of observation—has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and learned to discern good and evil. The history of the world has been spread out, as a map, for his inspection, and if, as says the poet,

“’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,”

how priceless must be his wisdom who has held converse with past ages. There seems to be a sort of *fatalism* creeping into American popular feeling. There is a cry of “Manifest Destiny,” a belief that our freedom, our greatness and power, are destined to go on increasing in stability and extent, by some strange necessity, even though the conditions upon which we hold them are forfeited. But the student has seen mighty nations—and magnificent cities—powerful dynasties, pass almost out of memory. Has traced the working of those secret causes, seemingly slight, which affected slowly, but surely, the downfall of governments, whose foundations were laid deep, and strong, and wide; whose power and splendor spread over the known world. Has marked the superiority of our own not perfect system, and learned to prize stability in governmental affairs as the one thing needful to national prosperity; to guard existing institutions jealously; to respect custom; to be tolerant toward unavoidable evils. Knowing how dangerous it is, rashly and ignorantly, to tamper with that which is so fragile in its nature, and with which so great interests are involved.

Again, men of cultivated, powerful, and discerning intellect, are necessary to carry on the work of Reform. “Conservatism has no more faithful friend; Radicalism no more deadly enemy, than a wise and judicious Reform. But Reformation is no work for an excited, head-strong mob. It must operate not on the “Guy Fawkes” principle, who would have blown

the Parliament to atoms with vaults of gunpowder; but after the manner of the "little leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." Ignorance is not favorable to order and Conservatism. The French despots thought so, and held down the people in ignorance and degradation. The dam was strong and solid; but the black and stagnant pool, finding no outlet, gradually, imperceptibly widened and deepened, till at length the whole massive structure was swept away by the resistless, rushing waters, and France was submerged in an ocean of horror.

A true Conservatism has no wish to diminish "one jot or one tittle" of our National Freedom, for Freedom is of all things most necessary to be conserved. It is the oldest principle we recognize. It came with our father's across the Atlantic; landed with them on Plymouth Rock; for it they bled and suffered, and gave it as a precious legacy to us, to hand down in turn to our descendents perfect and entire. But what is Freedom? It is not independence from social obligation. That which tends to develop the higher powers; to expand the intellectual capacities; to enlarge the sphere of thought and action, bestows a truer freedom than the mere removal of all restraint. Now one of our distinguished Political theorists thus defines Conservatism: "The Conservative principle of all societies is one. It is that which unfolds the higher faculties of man over its lower; which creates the rest of the physical without its enervation; and the activity of the spiritual upon objects beyond the reach of accident." Hence, it appears that the development of true Freedom is the aim of Conservatism. And for the advancement of the same ends with those above mentioned, our system of Collegiate Education was founded and is perpetuated.

Again. Ignorance is proud. Knowledge is humble. The more Knowledge one acquires, the more thoroughly is he convinced of his own short-sightedness and ignorance. The well-educated classes are not they who are most eager to destroy existing institutions and substitute for them plans of their own invention,

"But *Fools* rush in where angels fear to tread."

Educated men will not suffer themselves to be led about by those noisy utilitarian Radicalists, who, having seized upon a few commonplace principles, would govern the world by them, and making no allowance for the thousand items to be taken into the account, would work upon humanity as with a square and compass, and lead silly multitudes astray with their quadrangular Edens and schemes for mechanical regeneration.

Lastly. The general tendency of a Collegiate course is to develop a reverence for antiquity. The books in use among us are relics of by-gone ages. While mighty cities have crumbled into dust, while dynasties have passed away and been forgotten, while powerful nations have become memories, generation after generation have pondered those same pages, and given them down to us as inestimable, indestructible relics of antiquity. We lay again with Euclid its foundations of Science; hang upon the lips of Cicero; con the glowing pages which Lysurgus and Solon commanded to be read continually to the people; follow the subtle windings of the human soul with Socrates and Plato; or gather wisdom from the solemn warnings of the "old man eloquent," which were almost the salvation of Republican Athens. He who has imbibed knowledge from such sources as these cannot lightly sneer at the past.

The studies, the customs, even the sports, light and trivial as they may seem, have been many of them handed down from generation to generation for scores of years. They call to mind most vividly names which have become "household-words" among us. We move amid scenes which were familiar to Daggett and Sherman, and to Hale; find scrawled upon some old desk and title-page the name of Calhoun, of Kent, or of Clayton. New buildings have been erected, old ones rejuvenated; but we walk still beneath the same old Elms, that a hundred times have dropped their foliage in sadness as another Class went forth into the world, and we cluster still at the sound of the evening bell upon the Chapel steps, just as they clustered a hundred years ago, who grew gray in their country's service and long ago were gathered to their final rest. And we feel that after all our Colleges do embody something of antiquity, for they are mementos of our country's infancy. Wisely did our Puritan fathers, amid privation, discouragement, and opposition, lay the cornerstone of a College to perpetuate their name and their doctrines to future generations.

As amid wars and rumors of wars, dissension, anarchy, and confusion, which convulsed the world during the dark ages in monkish, scholastic seclusion, concealed 'mid carefully hoarded stores of antiquity was carefully preserved from destruction; so in this utilitarian, unromantic, "machine" age, the principles of pure Conservatism are preserved from utter extinction within our American Colleges. And while a thousand dangers are threatening our matchless form of government, and the world is looking on with interest for the result of the experiment, year by

year our Colleges are sending forth a host of trusty champions to defend our faith, our institutions, and our liberty, against Socialism, Abolitionism, Radicalism, and the thousand and one other "isms" which, thank God, find but slim foot-hold and few converts within our College walls. C. E. T.

Where are the Enemies of Truth?

THE idea that all things are controlled by antagonistic influences, is every day confirmed, is never denied, by our increasing knowledge of laws that govern the universe. We are able to discern that these agencies, though conflicting, arrive at harmonious results; that, between forces positive and negative, centripetal and centrifugal, nature establishes universal equilibrium.

But when we attempt to investigate the character and aim of forces that have been, or are, influencing the human race and its organizations, we find nothing determinate and resolute; for the lives of nations are but illustrations of God's eternal verities—means to attain ends unexplained to, and inexplicable by man. Conscious of native weakness, our sagacity dares not essay relief of perplexity. We only know that this principle of antagonism is ubiquitous and potent. We only see that the rise and decline of political structures are to be traced, like caravans over Eastern deserts, by the mouldered bodies of the dead. Like them, too, when the pursuing storm sweeps away all other vestige of their presence, these bleached memorials of suffering and misery remain, telling the oft-repeated story of an oft-reacted scene.

Physical force—that ready and effective logic of ambition and envy, tyranny and rebellion—has been suffered by these stern masters to relax. The reign of Numa, or the Golden Age of Augustus, can be forgotten never; for in their times alone, of all Rome's vicissitudes, the Temple of Janus was silent and deserted, and the dust left to gather on the impetuous sacrifices of the state-warriors. So Europe, the birthplace of revolutions, and now shaken with the birth-throes of future ones, found time to rest the wearied muscle of her armies, and recruit exhausted finance, when Napoleon, and Francis, and the Russian Autocrat met to discuss alliance and friendship. But in that world where thoughts are sole forces, and minds are thrones and empires, the conflict has at no

time bustled ; for the immortal flags not where the mortal faints in weariness ; Stoic and Epicurean never were seen to stroll along the ways of Athens, reasoning with a concordant faith. The men of the Academe and they of the Stagyrice Grove ceased not an hour from contentious talk. And no less in Christian than in philosophic eras, has the world been agitated by the same great mind-wrestle, with but a single distinction, that in the old time, it was on either side vague in its tendencies. In the new time its results are directly good or positively bad. It has been, and is, the combat of old fallacies with their expositors ; of old institutions with those radically purer and better ; of old processes of thought with the innovations and revulsions consequent on experience and revelation. Bad habits, willfully maintained, or sluggish repose in the wrong and false, wrestling with or dragging down the efforts of great souls, have perpetuated the conflict. The position of the combatants has been always relatively the same. Error has armed itself for resistance ; it has been in state of siege, defensive. Truth has equipped itself for attack, and made its attitude offensive. The one has been supported by authorities invoked ; the other by enthusiasm, born of love for its glorious realities. The one has had all to lose ; the other everything to gain. The one has come from battle, weakened of time, strengthened at no time ; the other, like the fabled giant, has risen from earth after each discomfiture, endowed with ten-fold vigor for a fresh encounter. Motion, for the one, has resulted in retrogradation ; for the other it has been irresistible advance—though sometime, to despairing human vision, that hopes to behold realized progress, it has seemed to repose. So the systems of worlds, wheeling their silent march through space, seem to the short-sighted spectator to be shining in motionless beauty.

The race is old enough, and is made like enough, to render it easy to determine who are the errorists, what and where the errors. The classes to which they may be assigned are singularly few. The swollen lists teach sad lessons and contain multiplied warnings.

Nations have been, and are, enemies to truth of government, of religion, of sciences ; not always willful, more often stultified foes. They have been such, because old habits, as a sort of fortress, have enveloped them. Self-condemned to unfold no native power, prevented by ridiculous pride, or shameful cowardice, from imbibing external nutriment, they cease to desire improvement, and will not believe in a resultant excellence. Of true national life they have no conception ; existence is to them not an actuality, but a lumbering dream and torpor. The huge,

sullen form is seen, but the principle of soul which animates has no manifestation. If they have a conviction that nations, enfranchised from like slavish lethargy, gain glory external and strength internal, they are not quickened to reform by it, but are scandalized at it. Conviction is unable to convince; and still fondly believing themselves exempt from the bonds of passion and illusion, are in fact slaves of prejudice. Giant paralytics, they would deny humanity the faculty of motion. Monstrous, blinded Cyclopes, they do declare that no sun shines, because no beams are shed upon their twilight path. The cannon and the sword are the only cures for the paralytic and the blind Polyphemus. The domestic history, the commercial and diplomatic relations of China and Japan prove the existence of this class of truth-enemies.

Moral judgment, or faith, depends upon the ultimate decisions of reason. Now, all reason resting not upon, and emanating not from, that center of truth which has been revealed in Christianity, is erring reason. And all faith, building itself on the revelations of such reason, is useless, nay, is dangerous. It interweaves the tendency to error with every fibre of the mental fabric, and struggling never so heroically in and through darkness toward its ideal right, is carried still farther from the center of truth. Through discolored mediums the mind may catch, indeed, glimpses of the truth real; but mocking phantasms haunt, strange syren sounds repel, and the substance is not to be separated from the shadow. If the mystery is followed, the follower receives no benefit, and does no good. Hindered by the primal misconception, hampered by the clogs of incorporated error, his faith is ruin, and brings ruin for their own time, for all time, ay, for eternity, to teacher and believer. It was this fundamental misconception which led the creeds of antiquity astray. It has reappeared more than once in modern sects. It every day deludes excellent people. The philosophics taught in the Groves, on the Areopagus, and in the Parthenon, had all the idea of some sovereign good, and referred man to some principle of truth; one which was somehow to strengthen life and stretch existence somewhere beyond the veil. But their perverted ideas, instead of rising to its lofty realities, sought to bring it down to themselves. They sullied its purity; for they mingled with it fantastic and coarse productions of the senses, mutilating its glorious proportions, and subjecting it to degrading habits. Their sovereign good created no expounder to tell, as Paul on Mars' Hill told, the purpose of effort demanded, or the use of constraint imposed. Men could bow only before the unknown. They could fight only for the pleasure of fighting, and be themselves witnesses of Passion's tournament. Equally

worthless are those Spartan and Roman virtues, so often recommended to our admiration. They were exercised in severe, laborious, oftentimes cruel struggles. There was never object to strive for or win, beyond the paraley wreath or the laurel crown. Their god-models were great heroes; but, humanly built, could they be other than finite gods? Fact it is, though sad, that humanity gravitates toward the defective. It is of its kind. The copyist mimics the characteristic deformities of the master with far greater perfectness than his characteristic beauties. Accordingly, when we find among these pagan exemplars some successors to Hercules and Theseus, the avengers of the oppressed and the destroyers of monsters, we can behold only Milo and his rivals displaying their vigor in Olympic games. Now, these aimless sacrifices do appear exceeding wonderful, but from our surprise, and not from their desert. "Of the earth, earthy," they shut out and keep out those real and true sacrifices which gain participation in eternal truth.

Potent indeed has Athens been for the æsthetic development of the world. Higher than any other of its kind, the civilization of her people. The wild phantasies of her poets, the acute formulæ of her philosophical teachers, the beautiful creations of her arts, were all, and are all of such value as hath neither measure nor limit. They have guided, pervaded, inspired, the aggregate intellect of Time. But that *Truth*, which glorifies sacrifice, transforming an endurer into the heroic martyr, making liberty something more than a flame on a Vestal altar, and death something nobler than an eternal sleep or an eternal debauch,—where was it? It was not found in the story of Alcestis' love; not in the tale of ruined, burning Troy; not in the battles of the Goddess-born; not in the wind sorcery of Promethean fortitude; not in the tearful admiration of Laocöon's agonies. Intellect was more than soul then. Individual will triumphed, where heart should have been supreme. The voice of Liria and Horeb, held no court at Delphi or on Helicon!

There are certain ones, in these latter times, guilty of rankest heresy. For other reason than they know no better, are they heretics. Hovering about the state, these seers-political and prophets clerical foretell falsities, though beholding with clear second-sight. Public oracles, they hear distinctly the monitions of the Genii within them, yet respond lies to inquiries around them. The still small voice may change to an active, stunning remonstrator, yet they heed it not; or heeding, they strive without weariness to stifle it. These men, so gloriously made for truth-defenders, from the pitifulest of vanities become truth-anemies. In those tangled

ways that diverge from the only path that can bring them to the truth, they walk consciously; unfaithful and treacherous,—liars in covert speech and overt act, that they may be deemed "original men," "master-minds," "thinkers of the people." The seven plagues did not devastate Egypt with a blight more withering than these the common mind and heart. To make their "worse appear the better reason," they yoke strange idea and stranger conclusion in astounding proximity. The rainbow tints attract and win the multitude, for they are noble and bold. While old truth, (*old* because from everlasting,) clearly deduced, grows colorless; honestly taught, becomes monotonous. Essayists and Historians garble records and misstate facts, that they may propound striking generalizations. Pleaders for religion ruin the cause they would serve, by bitter wrangles with their "brethren." Writers against religion fight their own convictions for a life time, to overthrow the right and build up socialistic sects to be called after their name. Popular writers wreath criminal and crime with flowing song, till popular morals are debased, and Virtue shrieks as if she herself were the evil doer. Oh! Locke and Voltaire, Hume and Macaulay; oh! learned divines whom I meet in daily walk; oh! Bulwer and Greeley, how much have ye to answer for! Knowledge is Power. More truly it is a power-mean that lends itself in active life to every kind of effect—subservient to evil as well as good. Ye who possess it, and use it, have a care! Proud to be exponents of your age, exulting that ye are standard-bearers to a watching, following people, let not your unpardonable sin be to change by want of address, imprudence, especially blind vanity, that knowledge which is Heaven's food, to your dependent brother's poison!

Another class of truth-enemies we find—enemies of the truth of Genius. They are not foes to the state-corporate or persecutors of the church-militant. Standing in the sanctuaries, they thank God they are not traitorous or excommunicate, and are of all humanity, the veritablest Pharisees. Holding, in an evil day, a species of sovereignty over literary or scientific departments, they will curse "the man of Arpinum" because he is not of their sect. Themselves not Angels, they would abolish the Host. Men of talent (as the phrase goes) are they; fair intellect have they; yet never reach 'the mountain tops of thought.' Midway, they grapple each Hyperion speeding upward, that they may equalize their own doom. Perchance they do gain the summit. Their pinnacle is a throne for but one monarch. Thus Themistocles tells lies of Aristides because he is "the just." Thus starveling reviewers blighted

with frost of undeserved shame the earliest flowers of Chatterton's genius, and made him a suicide. Thus did they with the sensitive John Keats. Somewhile they lauded Byron till he became the people's worship. After-while, like warriors, they worried him, till execrations made him an exile. The Royal Academy sneers at and shoots at "that yankee printer," who claims to have compelled the lightning. When, in the world's judgment, Franklin has begotten for himself immortality untaintable, it sends its bauble badge,—a poor balsam for the wounded Titan. These respectable defamers were wont to speak of certain great men, now, alas! no more, praisefully; yet all the while hypocritically deploring the misery of intellect in massive disproportion to moral qualities, until we were forced well nigh to think of Satan, Moloch, Belial, rather than of Webster, Calhoun, Clay! Respectable Vampyres! they would defame, even now, these hallowed memoirs of the nation, dared they do it. Courage only is wanting. It is the *great* scoundrel that is reckless. This recklessness fails them; and they haunt society—perfect ideals of malignant imbecility.

Such are the enemies of Truth. They are battling stoutly with strained muscle and weary brain. Yet steadily Truth progresses. Given in charge of Angels, their hands are bearing it up, unseen. Heroes are bleeding for it. Martyrs die in its defense. Into the realm of chaotic doubt, it is bearing that "First Law." It is everywhere unfolding sublimities to be comprehended *here*. It is teaching everywhere lessons whose full meaning shall be told *hereafter*. It is bending every affection and guiding all intellect to conformity with its will; yet forges no chains and imposes none. It is revealing not only the grand idea of perfection ultimate and infinite; but points to "the somehow" and the "somewhere." It is proclaiming equality of rights to be the basis of all justice; yet sweeps away no lawful restraint, inculcates no mad worship of Freedom. It is detaching mind from sense's thralldom, heart from passion's servitude; yet loses sight of no condition of human nature and keeps watch over every exigency. It is preserving the sacred communion of Surviving and Departed; yet grants no mysterious revelations and suffers no trust in mummeries of bigot or juggler. It covers the Tomb with emblems of Immortality; yet rebukes the wayward speculation of School-man and Deist. Is there need to say that this Truth, so strong and mysterious, and grasping, yet so gentle and simple, and all-containing, is Christianity?

Glorious, heroic, fruitful, can life be rendered if its possessors are but willing to become the Speakers and Doers of the Truth. Burdened with

errors, weary with wandering, let the soul take the Truth as the cloud in light and the fiery pillar in darkness, and its footsteps shall be guided to the Eternal. Wrestling with its foes, the Truth shall make it free!

W. H. L. B.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINES.

NO. II.—"THE ATHENÆUM."

THIS paper was commenced on the 12th of Feb. 1814, by the Senior Class, whose "five" were the following:

WILLIAM B. CALHOUN, *Boston, Mass.*

DANIEL LORD, *New York City.*

GEORGE E. SPRULL, *Tarborough, N. C.*

WILLIAM L. STORRS, *Middletown, Ct.*

LEONARD WITHINGTON, *Dorchester, Mass.*

Of these, Mr. Sprull died in Warren Co., N. C., in 1845. The others still live to enjoy the distinction of which their devotion to literature here was a harbinger. Hon. W. B. Calhoun resides at Springfield, Mass.; Dr. Lord, in New York; Judge Storrs, late Professor of Jurisprudence in this College, at Hartford; and Rev. Mr. Withington, at Newburg, Mass.

As a copy of this work is accessible to students in the Society-libraries, we need not give a minute description of it. In general appearance it resembles its predecessor, "The Literary Cabinet," but contains a greater number and variety of topics, as will appear from the following index of prose-matter:

The Vagrant,	in 15 Nos.	Effect of Poverty on Men of Genius,
Novel-reading,	2 "	Fashion,
Prejudice,	2 "	Generosity,
Ancient and Modern Eloquence,		Honor,
Benevolence,		Milton,
Biography,		Miseries of College Life,
Criticism,		Originality,
Discouragements to a Life of Virtue,		Patterns of Character,
Disputatious Character,		The Lazy Club,
Eccentricity of Character,		Urbanity,
Eloquence,		Washington and Epanimondas.

Pliny furnishes the motto, "*Neque cinquam tam statim clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam commendatorque contingat.*"

and this with the following clause from the Prospectus, indicates no vain desire for display as to the origin of the enterprise. "The object of the work now offered to the public is the improvement of the students of this Seminary in the Art of writing." How large this public was we have no direct means of knowing, but the Editors seem to have thought it necessary to insist upon their freedom from mercenary motives—a thing which has not been required of late. They say, in nearly the language of the "Literary Cabinet," the parenthetical clause being added, "The Editors, in conducting this work, are actuated by no selfish motives. After all the expenses of the publication are defrayed, the profits (if any there be) are appropriated by a fixed resolve to the charitable assistance of students of this College." We know of no charitable fund now existing which dates its commencement at this enterprise.

We were interested in reading the "Vagrant" papers, and we transcribe the closing aspirations of the author, as follows: "I have thought it possible that some hundred years hence, on a rainy day, when the great grand-children of my fellow-students are rummaging about in the garret, they may find the papers of the Vagrant bound up with an old catalogue and a pamphlet of the College Laws. I have had the vanity to think that they might be more amused with my works than with either of the above productions. *Dear little youngsters—they will hear more candor I suspect, than some of their progenitors.*"

The No. dated Aug. 6th, 1814, contains the following notice: "To subscribers.
* * * * A Committee, chosen from the Senior Class of next year, propose to continue the paper if sufficient encouragement is given." Sufficient encouragement was not given.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

At a meeting of the Brothers in Unity, Jan. 11th, the following Officers were chosen:

SAMUEL WALKER, *President.*
J. W. WILSON, *Vice-President.*
C. R. PALMER, *Secretary.*
L. R. PACKARD, *Vice-Secretary.*

At a meeting of the Linonian Society, Dec. 14th, the following Officers were chosen:

W. W. GORDON, *President.*
W. C. FLAGG, *Vice-President.*
F. A. SEELY, *Secretary.*
C. H. S. WILLIAMS, *Vice-Secretary.*

JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS, Dec. 21, 1853.

W. D. ALEXANDER, *Latin Oration.*
G. A. KITTREDGE, *Philosophical Oration.*
GEORGE TALCOTT, *Greek Oration.*
J. E. TODD, *Philosophical Oration.*

First Orations.

S. CHITTENDEN,	C. P. STETSON,
J. W. HARMAR,	P. H. WOODWARD,
J. L. MILLS,	W. C. WYMAN,
H. A. YARDLEY.	

Orations.

N. W. BUMSTEAD,	C. R. PALMER,
H. T. CHITTENDEN,	H. R. SLACK,
H. N. COBB,	O. M. SMITH,
W. M. GROSVENOR,	G. STUART,
THEODORE LYMAN,	L. H. TUCKER,
F. W. OSBORN,	O. M. TYLER,
W. WHEELER.	

Dissertations.

L. D. BREWSTER,	A. B. MILLER,
L. S. BRONSON,	W. L. MORRIS,
C. F. JOHNSON,	L. E. STANTON.

First Disputes.

J. B. ANDREWS,	H. W. JONES,
A. D. B. HUGHES,	J. K. MASON.

Second Disputes.

F. ALVORD,	G. T. MCGEEHEE,
J. H. ANKETELL,	G. T. PIERCE,
W. L. AVERY,	GILES POTTER,
C. G. CHILD,	R. POWERS,
E. CONE,	R. C. SHOEMAKER,
J. EDGAR,	P. F. WARNER,
A. B. FITCH,	W. T. WILSON.

First Colloquia.

W. H. L. BARNES,	E. CORNING,
L. A. BRADLEY,	G. A. DICKERMAN,
G. BULKLEY,	M. B. EWING,
J. H. CASE,	D. L. HUNTINGTON,
O. D. CHRISTIE,	A. T. WATERMAN.

Second Colloquia.

W. F. CAUSEY,	F. A. SKELEY,
A. P. ROCKWELL,	A. J. WILLETS.

Editor's Table.

DEAR READER—We are at length prepared to answer the vexed question, "When is the Yale Lit. coming out?" It is true that the bleak old month of December has been promoted into Brevet January; but Seniors must be busied with Townsends, and the lower classes with politics, and all with the holidays; so that it generally happens that few of us have begun the second term till it has been wellnigh spent. The reader, too, is not aware that the printer has been making extraordinary preparations for the issue of succeeding numbers, so that the devil, though *barking* as much as usual, has been out of *papyrus*. Speaking seriously, however, we owe our readers an apology for "not having called sooner."

While we are speaking seriously, we might premise that we cannot, like our brethren of the quill, draw interesting and appropriate illustrations from theology, or the science of medicine; nor do we condemn the art of punning as insignificant, nor quote poetry; but, conscious of an innocence that makes us modest, like Queen Catherine, we are "plain and blunt." We wish, then, to make a few "plain, blunt" remarks on College style. And first, in this subject, it is necessary to seek for the cause of that general stiffness which characterizes almost all our elaborate productions. It cannot arise from dogmatism, for this is rather an effect than a cause. No one in college fancies the authority of his personal opinions so great as to command assent by his simple assertion. The dogmatism, then, we think, arises from this stiffness. But what causes the stiffness? We think that it is in great part owing to the political nature of many of our societies, and in part, also, to the established system of *prize-writing*. No one, however experienced, can write so creditably when resolved to do his best. But he must write. If he has no style, he must borrow one. His hurried imitation is, of course, artificial, and his style, instead of being full of young spirit and ease, will be cold, and stiff, and chilly. This affectation of style, though too general, is an anomaly in college phenomena. Nowhere can we find a more easy or natural conversation than in college, among those, at least, who can truly be said to converse. In social intercourse there is a universal contempt for all affectation of depth or learning. But we are all too prone to examine superficially what is too deep, so that, in a great many instances, our compositions are nothing more than a compilation of *maxims* on some huge subject in politics or metaphysics. How much better would be our compositions, how much easier and more agreeable our style, if each would choose some subject adapted to his taste, or connected with his future profession, and write about it as though he never expected any one to see it! Every one could be sincere with himself. And here we may be allowed to recommend *Maga* as willing to be a public benefactor, though she sins too often herself. She is ever ready to encourage even those whose names she has never published.

But these strictures, though just, we think, are perhaps not entirely necessary from the present Board. We ought probably to mention that we have been highly favored with local and pointed contributions, at the same time urging this as "done in our own year." We do not find it necessary, as last year, to entitle a leading article, "A plain talk about the Lit." But it can never injure us to know

our faults. Speaking, however, of humorous contributions, we have lately been favored with one that highly delights us with the "titillation of merry cachination." We take the liberty of inserting it without further comment.

We love the titillation
Of merry cachination,
Which gusheth like a fountain
'Mong rocks of the mountain.
Man, rugged and rough,
Of the "sterner stuff,"
By this o'erwelling spring
Becomes a fresh thing,
All covered with mosses
Instead of the drosses
Of his "iron nature," rusted,
With ill-nature crusted.
Come, then, let us quaff
At the fountain, and laugh.

As the election of our successors is rapidly approaching, we feel it to be a duty to offer a few remarks on the life peculiar to the editor. In looking over the Editor's Table of the first No. of the Yale Lit. we ever saw, when we were a Freshman, "*editor' are ye*"—the editor called for all the sympathy that the Christian or the benevolent man could feel. He compared his lot to all the kinds and degrees of toil unappreciated and misery imposed. He was a slave on a sugar plantation—he was a horse on a tread-mill—anything "for the effect." Now, the fact is that there are many little Evas by the way-side to console the unfortunate. The labors, too, are not so severe as to prevent many an agreeable chat, and many a hearty titillation of "merry cachination." We shall quaff to a judicious choice, and, hoping that no one will be chosen that is not zealously ambitious of the honor, we leave it to the aspirants and the politicians. The dignified editor has objected to puns, as "*punsy*." It might be agreeable, if we had time, to show that many dignified individuals have chosen this method of "relaxing the tense muscles of their wit." But, *apropos* to this purpose, and, to save the reader the perforation of a separate folio, we submit the following:

Mr. Editor—It is generally supposed that Satan is the father of lies; but it may surprise some of the present generation of students to know that he is also the father of puns. Hear him, just before he opens his artillery upon the ranks of heaven:

"Heaven! witness thou anon, while we *discharge*
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in *charge*, and *briefly touch*
What we propound, and loud, that all may hear."

Par. Lost, B. IV.

Belial soon follows suit:

"Leader, the terms we sent were *full of weight*,
Of *hard contents*, and full of force urged home;

Such as we might perceive amused them all,
 And *stumbled* many : who receives them right
 Had need from head to foot well *understand*;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They show us when our foes walk not *upright*."

You have all read the loves of Hilpa and Shallum. You remember how, in boyhood, you roamed in fancy with these antediluvian lovers—could not realize the want of a post-office—sympathized with Shallum in the long suspense of years during which he heard not a word. But, though tradition or poetry has recorded much of these olden times, we venture to say that the following, from an "eye-witness of the great scene of disaster," will afford food for much greater reverie. Read, then, as though it were from Hilpa herself, the following, from the "Middletown Female Seminary," found in a roll of parchment in Persia :

DIARY OF SHEM'S WIFE IN THE ARK.

2nd month, 17th day.—This day the flood began, we having been in the Ark seven days, even as it was said, "For yet seven days and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights."

18th do.—Fed the animals for Shem, he being busy with other matters. It seems very strange to be shut up from the open air alone on the waters, with only our own family. Mother Noah feels rather depressed in spirits to-day, thinking of all her friends and relatives who are lost; as is also Mr. Noah and Japheth.

19th.—Mother Noah feels rather sea-sick, and I think I shall soon be down. To day the dog bit the pig's ear, from which there ensued a quarrel, and it was quite difficult for brother Ham to separate them.

* * * * *

We have many things more that might be said on general topics, but we are like Montaigne with his cat—we suppose the reader will think us foolish for "losing time" with him. It is true that much time has been lost, but we are happy to state that we have not trodden heavily on the heels of our successor. His feet, however, are even now, "beautiful upon the mountains." We had intended to give the reader some rural sketches and rustic anecdotes—being "fresh from foreign travel," we might regale him, but we forbear.

A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The author of the stanzas "on the Comet" is earnestly advised to try again. His description, we think, is rather too much in detail, and, after searching for some time with all due diligence, we have even been unable to discover any *nucleus*, but only a misty *envelope*, very much thicker than ever known before. As his next subject we recommend "Xerxes chaining the Sea," or "Hannibal splitting the Rock and rending the Mountain."

It has been decided that "College Societies" shall not appear in the present No.

EXCHANGES.

Among our regular Exchanges we notice the arrival of the "Knickerbocker" for Jan., "N. C. University Mag." for Dec., "Stylus" for Dec., and "Amherst College Mag." for Nov. Recent exchanges include "Williams' Quarterly Mag." for Dec., "Beloit College Monthly" for Oct. and Nov., the "Knoxiana," from Knox College, Ill., for Jan. We have also received the first No. of "Montgomery's Pictorial Times," which we shall always welcome, also the "N. Y. Musical Review" for Jan.

We regret exceedingly, at so early a period of its course, to be compelled to call the Beloit Coll. Monthly of Dec. into court, for an "assault with intent to kill, then and there committed" on us, the plaintiff and advocate. In page 15 of the "Yale Songs," the reader will find the "Song of Sighs.—For the Y. L. Magazine." In the Beloit Coll. Monthly, for Dec., we find a willful plagiarism, entitled "Freshman Sighs." We shall take the liberty of transcribing a stanza from each, for the comparison of the reader, and for the *honest* consideration of the Beloit Coll. Monthly.

SONG OF SIGHS.

One poor unfortunate
Sophomore wight,
Rash and importunate,
Gone to recite!

In place of this we have a different character introduced in the Beloit Coll. Monthly aforesaid, as follows:

One poor unfortunate
Poor Freshman wight,
Rash and importunate,
Gone to recite!

The whole of the next stanza, beginning with the well-known lines, "Fizzle him tenderly," &c., are transcribed "*verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim,*" except in the first verse the transcriber substitutes this: "*Question him tenderly,*" &c. We might proceed to show by fuller quotations that this is an unqualified plagiarism, but we have given as much as our space will admit. Now, we have no objection to furnishing poetry for several such sheets as the Beloit Coll. Monthly; and if the transcriber had shown more ingenuity in plagiarizing, we should pass it by "rather in sorrow than in anger;" but as he has shown so little *ability* in so petty an act, we must commend him *even to his own contempt.*



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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '54.

W. C. FLAGG,
W. S. MAPLES,

J. W. HOOKER,
L. S. POTWIN,

C. T. PURNELL.

DeQuincey.*

THE great "English Opium Eater" is known to the world chiefly through his "Confessions and Suspiria de Profundis." Out of the pale of literary men DeQuincey probably is less read and less appreciated than any of the great authors who now occupy, or who have just left, the stage of English Literature. Even in our College community, where so true a scholar, a companion so entertaining, a philosopher so *poetic*, should be especially popular, Macaulay and Carlyle enjoy almost a monopoly of admiration. No one could well object to Macaulay's sway; the sway of him, who has translated the dry materials of history into poetry; who has wreathed the statistics and records of England's childhood and maturity into an epic of surpassing interest and rhythm. But the influence of Carlyle upon our Literature is as deleterious as his English is corrupt. He stands forth the personification of studied eccentricity; eccentricity, too, in the strictest sense of the term. He has wandered far from the common centre; we might almost say, from common sense. In a word, he is a great Artificiality. Eloquence is desirable, but if it is to be attained by

Thomas * DeQuincey's Writings, 13 vols. Ticknor, Read & Fields. Boston, 1851-2-3.

uncalled-for abruptness, by a murderous *metathesis* of sentences and words conveying thoughts, of which at the best, we can only exclaim—*mysterious*! it is eloquence at a dear price. To be able to dress anew old thoughts is undoubtedly an excellence, provided the attire is within the bounds of good taste. But how flat to a sensible man, does that composition appear, which garbs the simplest thoughts in the language of mystery and terror.

In most modern writers there seems an obvious tendency to make small things appear great. Especially is this the case with those authors who write under the influence of unnatural stimulants, and this class is said to be on the increase. Hence DeQuincey, like Carlyle, is frequently morbid. But few can find fault with DeQuincey's English. Opium was to the latter what Tobacco fumes are to the former. How far both have sunk the dignity of human nature, is evident from how much higher both would now be esteemed, had they written independent of *such aid*. The defenders of narcotics, or mechanical inspiration, may call on us to explain the wonderful popularity of *strange* writers. To what is it attributable? Let loose a maniac in our streets, would he not readily attract a crowd, we cannot say of admirers, but of persons instigated by that curiosity natural to our species? But madmen have sane intervals in which they converse and act with great sagacity. Then every one is rejoiced to listen to them. Reason, as a lost planet, has returned, illuminating all around with beautiful and abundant light.

Let us now examine a few of the excellencies and extravagances of the "English Opium Eater." DeQuincey is distinguished less for the number of volumes, than for the variety of topics upon which he has written. That we may the better adapt our remarks to the scope of the Magazine, we shall adopt DeQuincey's own division of his writings. Into the First Class, he throws those efforts intended merely for the amusement of the reader." Into the Second Class, Essays, or those efforts "addressed purely to the Intellect." The last class embraces The Confessions and Suspiria, upon which as works of *art*, the author is willing to rest his reputation.

The Autobiographic Sketches, which have been lately published, are intended for the *amusement* of the reader. Though the author has thus classed the above work, it seems to contain no more of the elements of *fun* than can be found scattered here and there throughout the whole series. None of Mr. DeQuincey's works, however, are more strongly marked with one peculiarity of the writer than the *Sketches*. We refer to that fondness for episode which distinguishes this author. Running over the prominent events in his early life, should some word or chance allusion touch the spring

of his suggestive mind, DeQuincey immediately branches off into a separate essay, and only remotely connected with the subject-matter under discussion. The mention of a Royal personage is the occasion of numerous anecdotes of kings and queens. Some chance reference is made to Memory, forthwith memory is analyzed; its phenomena discussed. He speaks of the State. Look out for a dissertation on Political Economy! The word Genius somewhere occurs; "Genius and Talent," then, must be accurately defined." Hence an opportunity for a philological excursus. Especially wearisome are his digressions in the Autobiographic Sketches. It requires the patience of Job to follow him through the pages devoted to the "Warfare of a Public School," the "Tyranny of an Elder Brother," &c. The same is applicable to the chapters on the "Irish Rebellions." However good these *side-sketches* may be, the reader is constantly reminded, that he is perusing everything else but an Autobiography, or, to say the least, perusing one dependent upon everything but *personality* to sustain its interest. But the early chapters of the work may be said to redeem the whole. The Autobiographic Sketches, though opening with nearly the same subject-matter and language as the *Suspiria*, and this would seem sufficient to have precluded the repetition, have, certainly, a better claim in accordance with correct classification, to the parts of which we are speaking. Whenever the soul, its joys and agonies, is the subject of analysis, or description, DeQuincey has no superior in our language. For he seems to have been himself the child of passion, passion in the sense of *suffering*, whether of pain or pleasure. In either, his emotions are intense. Hear him in the description of a sister's death. How he stole unbidden into the chamber where the corpse was laid. How he with fraternal love sought a last look upon an object to him the dearest on earth:

"There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face; and as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed, the serene and noble forehead, *that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish—could these be mistaken for life? * * * *

* * * I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon a summer's day, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind

arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell ; it is in this world the one great *audible* symbol of Eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day. Instantly when my ear caught this vast intonation, when my eye filled with the gold fulness of life, the pomps of the heavens, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft forever ; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God ; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and pursuit seemed to go on forever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me ; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them ; shadowy meanings even yet continued to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me, I slept—for how long I cannot say ; slowly I recovered my self-possession, and when I awoke, found myself standing as before close to my sister's bed."

No one can read this passage without catching some of that intense emotion of which the author was the subject. The latter part of the quotation affects one, as if he were reading a chapter in Revelations, by which, doubtless, the description was suggested. We cannot refrain from a short extract relative to the funeral which followed :

"Lastly came that magnificent liturgical service which the English Church performs at the side of the grave. There is exposed once again, and for the last time, the coffin. All eyes survey the record of name, of sex, of age, and the day of departure from earth—records, how shadowy ? and dropped into darkness, as if messages addressed to worms. Almost at the very last comes the symbolic ritual, tearing and shattering the heart with volleying discharges, peal after peal, from the final artillery of woe. The coffin is lowered into its home ; it has disappeared from all eyes but those that look down into the abyss of the grave. The Sacristan stands ready with his shovel of earth and stones. The priest's voice is heard once more—*earth to earth*—and immediately the dread rattle ascends from the lid of the coffin ; *ashes to ashes*—and again the killing sound is heard ; *dust to dust*—and the farewell volley announces that the grave, the coffin, the face, are sealed up forever and ever."

In the same chapter with the above, are the musings of this infant mourner, when in company with the family he attended service, on the Sunday succeeding the funeral. We have already taxed our reader's patience, and our own space, too heavily to allow of further quotation from the autobiographic sketches. But for beauty of description, for excellence of painting, if anything, the passages succeeding surpass those to which we have alluded.

One peculiarity of DeQuincey's, indeed, it may be styled a fault, is a tendency to pass too hastily and abruptly from the most sublime to the most ridiculous topics. Every one expects some plains on his route; but no one is desirous of being suddenly precipitated from the hill-top to the valley, "without enjoying the benefit of the gradual slope." A fair instance of ridiculous *katabasis* from a sublime *anabasis* is furnished in the "Spanish Nun." The description alluded to, occurs in "Kate's or Catalina's Passage over the Andes."

"She lay as luck had ordered it with her head screened by the undergrowth of bushes, from any gales that might arise; she lay exactly as she sank, with her eyes up to heaven; and thus it was that the nun saw, before falling asleep, the two sights that upon earth are fittest for the closing eyes of a nun, whether destined to open again, or to close forever. She saw the interlacing of boughs overhead forming a dome, that seemed like the dome of a cathedral. She saw through the fretwork of the foliage, another dome, far beyond, the dome of an evening sky, the dome of some heavenly cathedral, not built with hands. She saw upon this upper dome the vesper lights, all alive with pathetic grandeur of coloring from a sunset that had just been rolling down like a chorus. She had not till now, observed the time of day; whether it were morning, or whether it were afternoon, in her confusion she had not distinctly known. But now she whispered to herself—*It is evening!* and what lurked half unconsciously in these words might be—'The sun, that rejoices, has finished his daily toil; man, that labors, has finished *his*; I, that suffer, have finished mine.' That might be what she thought, but what she *said* was—'It is evening; and the hour is come when the *Angelus* is sounding through St. Sebastian.' * * * * *

"Restlessness kept her in waking dreams for a brief half hour. But then fever and delirium would wait no longer; the killing exhaustion would no longer be refused; the fever, the delirium, and the exhaustion, swept in together with power like an army with banners; and the nun ceased through the gathering twilight any more to watch the cathedrals of earth, or the more solemn cathedrals that rose in the heavens above.

"The slumber that towered above her brain was like that fluctuating silvery column which stands in scientific tubes sinking, rising, deepening, lightening, contracting or expanding; or like the mist that sits, through sultry afternoons, upon the river of the American St. Peter, sometimes rarefying for minutes into sunny gauze, sometimes condensing for hours into palls of funeral darkness. You fancy that after twelve hours of *any* sleep, she must have been refreshed; better at least, than she was last night. Ah! but sleep is not always sent upon missions of refreshment. Sleep is sometimes the secret chamber in which death arranges his machinery. Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere, in which the human spirit is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements."

This is a triumph of the imagination, an imagination pure and holy. The universe a cathedral, a guilty nun, exhausted and cold kneels and prays in "verdurous St. Bernard's hospice," the deserted convent, St. Sebastian, evening, the angelus, the almost death-sleep—all these images and incidents are finely delineated. Now what should we expect in the next sentence? Such a transition as this? "What is wanted just now for Kate, supposing Kate herself to be wanted by this world, is, that this world would be kind enough to send her a little *brandy*, before it is too late.

And immediately follows a dissertation upon the medicinal qualities of brandy, and an enumeration of numerous cases of death among the ladies, all for the want of a little *brandy* and a little *confidence*, or rather, from the excess of female *modesty*. Now all this may be true enough, but no one desires to be told of it, just after reading the foregoing chaste and beautiful description.

DeQuincey, in those of his *Essays* addressed purely to the intellect, where he has an opportunity to display *judgment*, is sometimes dogmatical, or at least appears so to most readers. But it must be confessed that he is a powerful antagonist to him who dares gainsay the conclusions of so thorough a scholar. We refer now to those articles on Cicero, some portions of the article on Style, and in fact, wherever he has touched upon historical topics. As he himself remarks how shocked is our modern conservatism to hear that Cicero was the veriest scamp in Rome, a mere demagogue, as destitute of principle as of patriotism, as villainous as ambitious. Even Demosthenes is summoned from the *hegemony* of Greek oratory. He must vacate the throne for Pericles, or share it to a disadvantage.

Isocrates, the *original* "old man eloquent," is made out a mere convenience to Greek literature, a kind of *vinculum* between eras, or in the language of DeQuincey, "a dumb-bell," the two globes of which represent two periods of literature. Now, Isocrates is merely to serve as a *transition*, or nexus between the periods, and his destiny is accomplished. Certainly a sad fall for the author of the Panegyricus!

And again, Socrates is heavily lampooned, Socrates the beau ideal of all that was good and great among the Greeks, whom the schools and colleges teach us all to venerate, what does this apparent innovator tell us to think of Socrates? Speaking of the "humbug philosophy of the Socratic school," of the more than Johnsonian authority which the old man exercised over his pupils, he says: "It is always Socrates and Crito, or Socrates and Phaedrus, or Socrates and Isomachus; in fact, Socrates and some man of straw or good-humored ninepin set up to be bowled down as a matter of course. How inevitable the reader feels his fingers itching, to take up the cudgels instead of Crito for one ten minutes! Had we been favored with an interview, we can answer for it that the philosopher should not have had it all his own way; there should have been a 'Scratch,' at least between us; and instead of waiting to see Crito punished without delivering one blow that would have made a dent in a pound of butter, posterity should have formed a ring about us, crying out 'Pull baker, pull devil'—according as the accidents of the struggle went this way or that."

It is unnecessary, even did space permit, to say much of the *Suspiria* and *Confessions*. Men of refinement, perhaps *super-refinement*, will always recoil from such a public rehearsal of private faults as these works contain. Many may object to such productions as deleterious to public morals, as *suggesting* excesses of which half the world would, perhaps, have never dreamed. But it is evident that mingled with some degree of vanity, on account of the sublime creations of a drugged imagination, the author was actuated by a sense of duty to the public. Whatever may be said of the "dreams," whether the healthy effect of a healthy imagination or the extravagances of a diseased one, some passages, especially in the *Suspiria*, approximate more nearly to the highest standard of prose-poetry than anything of which the language can boast. The apostrophe to opium, for example: "O just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for 'the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,' bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealst away the purposes of wrath, and, to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his

youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and, to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

‘ Wrongs unredressed and insults unavenged ;’

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges; thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxitiles—beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and ‘from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,’ callest into sunny light the faces of long buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances; cleansed from the ‘dishonors of the grave.’ Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium!”

In conclusion, we may ask, what are the just claims of DeQuincey as an author?

We should read him for the vastness, correctness, and profundity of his scholarship. Until very late years, writers in this country have been remarkable for laxity in this respect. We do not mean that our Review and Magazine contributions should be heavy with antiquarian mould. But *research* is essential to truth, and soundness of scholarship qualifies us for this. DeQuincey, though dealing more than most writers in the minutiae of history, is never dry or tedious on this account. So far from it, that the article on “The Essenes,” which is certainly one of the most elaborate, is also one of the most interesting of his *Essays*. And in this way, connecting topics intrinsically of little interest, with matters of importance, DeQuincey has brought to light much that is valuable. To no one are we more indebted for a correct knowledge of every particular, in the public or private life of that great Roman, whom he loves so much to call

“The foremost man of all this world.”

We are likewise indebted to DeQuincey for that almost inimitable essay, which in a few pages, under the head of *Style* he is properly a concise Philosophy and History of English Writing. In *Style* he is “*sui generis*.” Nothing, dependent upon *quaintness* for interest, occurs in his writings. He has peculiarities, it is true, and so does every one who is not merely a factitious man. He frequently uses what Mr. Whately, and before Whately, Aristotle names “*κρημα*” words, in contradistinction to “*Proper*” terms. For young writers to imitate him here, as to imitate at all, would be injurious. But, at the same time, no one who has observed how

rapidly the words of a language became little else than *sounds* and *signs*, can object to the substitution of symbols, which *compel* us to look for the idea *represented*.

De Quincey, then, has strong claims upon the gratitude of literary men. He has shown how *sound scholarship* may dignify and enrich literature. He has elucidated many doubtful points in *classical history*. He has contributed largely to the *wealth* of our vocabulary. He has left, as he justly claims, in the *Suspiria*, "a mode of impassioned prose ranging under no precedent in any literature." But with all his excellencies as an author, and virtues as a man, for no one can read his works without inferring the latter from the former, opium-eating must always detract from the respect which every one, even now, extends to him in a less degree. It in no manner palliates his crime that Coleridge, and it is feared, too many men of genius, must incur similar censure. For as there is no employment so noble and ennobling as the exercise of pure intellect, unclogged by base appetites, so there are few crimes more detestable than indulgence in what dethrones Mind, that one thing which is Godlike in man.

C. T. P.

On the Elements and Power of Popularity.

THE history of nations is an expanded biography of individuals. The records of the people, embracing their habits of life and thought, soon become valueless or obsolete. But as we review the past, we behold its great men standing out in bold relief; and we find that continuance has been meted to their memory in the measure of their importance to the world's advancement or retrogression, happiness or misery. To investigate the qualities of mind and character which have popularized their possessors through all time, is a most interesting study; and as the power of mind over mind has occasionally seemed almost measureless, inquiry as to its nature and acquisition must be also of great and practical value.

Popularity is the power of influencing the minds and actions of others. Man's animal nature is alone subject to physical force,—his intellectual constitution is beyond its control and above its power. Nor can argument, appealing to reason itself, convince of error, gain the affections or sway the will. The ideas and opinions, nay, even the judgment of men,

can only be influenced through the heart. Hence specious and effervescent talent may succeed in pleasing popular fancy, in pacifying popular prejudice, or in rousing popular enthusiasm. Influence thus acquired and resting on no other basis, is to that which is effectual and permanent, as fickle caprice to fixed principle,

“Or like the snow falls in a river,

A moment white, then melts forever.”—*Burns*.

It must have a stronger hold and firmer support to control the mind, retain the affections and guide the will. The passions and prejudices of a people are not, like their laws and jurisprudence, dependent upon enduring justice and determined by established precedent. Appeal to passion may excite, but cannot subjugate the mind,—appearances may captivate, but cannot bind the heart,—impulse may move, but cannot direct the will. There is a principle of Integrity, a love of truth, a sympathy with excellence in every soul, and to this better nature must those “truths which wake to perish never” be addressed,—on this imperishable basis must lasting popularity be built. That far-sighted statesmanship, which considers honesty not merely as the policy of the moment,—that moral courage, which prefers desertion from party to apostasy from principle,—that true, hopeful, earnest patriotism, which forgets self and sectional interest in the broad principles of national polity and national progress, can alone obtain a popularity as true and unwavering as themselves. If the mists in which the mere politician seeks to conceal his selfish ends, refract to the popular vision the scattered rays of true policy,—if the scorching heat of his interested zeal avails to warp the popular estimate of more honest men, or turn to a stagnant and corrupt pool the health-giving waters of moral purity, this unflinching integrity can alone pass their painful ordeal unscathed; and when the clouds have disappeared—when the troubled waters have become pure, display its figure yet unchanged, its purity yet unsullied

“Within the surface of Time’s fleeting river

Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay,

Immovably unquiet, and forever

It trembles, but it cannot pass away.”*

Those who seek Popularity for itself, or as a step to emolument or office, are too apt to act the hypocrite, until hypocrisy becomes a second nature;—mised and blinded by the flickering fatuous fires of their own deceit, they halt and stumble in the path of their own policy. They

* Shelley’s Ode to Liberty.

should put away from before them, the false gods of the Senate-house and Capitolium, and serve their country with an eye single to her good.

I have dwelt thus at length upon Integrity of Purpose as a pre-requisite of Popularity, not only on account of its intrinsic importance, but because it is often undervalued or entirely overlooked in the eagerness of Ambition. Retributive justice is universally thought to follow neglect of duty or violation of moral law. Those who hazard their own best interests to seem provident for the public weal, perhaps consider such sacrifice too disinterested—such devotion too profound to escape flattering notice or thankful recompense. They forget the justice of a tribunal, more impartial than that of impulse,—the influence of principle, more enduring than that of passion,—the existence of a “higher law,” than that of policy. That the advocate of truth may thread the intricacies of falsehood, he must learn the grace and tact of eloquence;—that the statesman may unveil the demagogue, he must comprehend his gordian wiles;—but deprived of the support and guard of moral principle, the source and security of power has departed,—he may be yet a general, but without an army. If he cannot “be all things to all men” when politicians are to be propitiated and conventions controlled; if his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, when popular audiences are to be amused and popular prejudices flattered, his integrity will rise superior to the deceptions and aims of party, and

“his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,”*

in his behalf.

The popular man cannot make himself a hermit. The successful statesman must examine narrowly all phases, and associate freely with all classes of society to ascertain its wants, capabilities and constitution; the popular author must have learnt the characters and fortunes of the world—the sensibilities and passions of the heart, ere he can portray the one or appeal to the other; above all, the popular orator, ere he can weave or spread an unseen net for the common regard—ere he can draw unto and with himself the common mind, must have closely investigated and thoroughly comprehended the laws of our common Nature. A general *Knowledge of Human Nature* is consequently an essential element of the popular character. It should include a perception, so instantaneous—a self-possession, so immovable, that no unguarded glance or gesture, not the slightest emotion that can be mirrored from heart to

* Macbeth, Act I, Scene VII.

cheek or echoed from mind to lip, may be able to escape its notice and interpretation. And if the heart, its sensibilities and its excitements, are thus revealed and comprehended, what a vantage ground hath been gained for the concurrent effort of Knowledge, persuasion and truth! Other acquirements or faculties may confer knowledge and power; this alone seems able to exalt man wholly above his humanity.

Necessary, of course, to permanent popularity, are abilities so great as to command public respect and confidence. The mind to solve great problems where national ethics are in dispute; the judgment to weigh great measures where states and empires are in the balance; the knowledge to guide; the prophetic sight to guard; the profound sagacity to govern, must be all harmoniously united. And great intellect, like great crime, "will out." Milton tuneless is a myth. That mute wisdom which, like its ornithological Minerva, doth not venture a note by daylight, is indeed to be commended for unusual prudence;—the all-sufficient, vain-glorious pretense, which, like the blind in Scripture, "leadeth the blind," shall continue in the analogy. To either might be addressed with peculiar force the words of Helena's sister: "To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within very little of nothing."*

And, in fine, the man of lasting popularity must be sincerely attentive to the position, feelings, and peculiarities of others, modest in character and demeanor, and equally careful to shun ingratitude and malice. No matter what success may have united his own bright hopes and brilliant attainments, he should be sought of Fame, rather than seeking; no matter what gift of patronage or power may bring others to his feet, he should acknowledge no criterion but merit, no obligation but gratitude, no revenge but benefaction. He must combine the elements of a sound mind with the virtues of a pure heart; must live a life superior to ordinary experience, still closely in sympathy with it; must animate his philosophy with an earnest enthusiasm and conform his enthusiasm to a correct philosophy. The ideal of the multitude, he must preserve his own individuality; the embodiment of his age, its spirit and its progress, he must be obedient unto the heavenly visitants, eternal truth and principle; standing on the level of every day life, he must infuse into it the thoughts of his own mind, the impulses of his own heart. The hermit in his cell may heap up knowledge, as the miser gold; but from the dark crypts in which he buries it, from grim cases of illumined parch-

* All's Well that Ends Well. Act. II, Scene IV.

ments and lettered vaults of treasured memories, has even now arisen a miasma, dire as the Pestilence, relentless as Death,—the miasma of popular hatred, but the antidote of popular oppression.

The history of the world is a long narrative of revolution. Power, vested in the individual for the protection and by the will of the multitude, has, in the fickleness of the past and subjection of the present, disowned its primal source, or “amid human blood and hideous pæans” reverted to it. Dynasties have followed dynasties, their origin inglorious as their end; while the necessary bonds of society have been forged, massive and galling by the strokes of Tyranny,—elevated and sustained by the descending wing of Liberty, or shattered and thrown off by the mad violence of Anarchy. Change has been alike ruler of human passions and monarch of empires. Yet laws, written in the deep heart of human nature, have ever retained Omnipotence: since society first required restraint and guidance, similar qualifications have been essential for the acquisition and tenure of ruling power; character has been ever molded, intellect controlled, and activity directed in the same modes and by the same influences. Israel’s minstrel monarch, who quelled her giant foes without and confirmed her vital prosperity within; whose toils foreran the greatest glory of her empire and when thoughts foreshadowed the splendid shrine and inner veil of her religion;—that illustrious orator and statesman, under whose hands

“Athens diviner yet

Gleamed with its crest of columns,”—(*Shelley*)

by whose patronage and care an *Æschylus* and *Phidias* ushered in the Golden Age, not of Grecian only, but of universal Art and Literature;—and in more modern times, he who animated our fathers with his own hopeful faith; who gave our country government, without tyranny,—religion, without bigotry,—liberty, without license, and who secured not in name only, its lasting, filial affection;—all these appealing by character and mind to the same abiding laws, and possessing in them the same abiding elements, were gifted with the power of the same abiding Popularity.

Truth, knowledge, love—the principles which are at the basis of this popularity, are likewise the strongholds of its power. The cold sternness of *Minerva*, like *Vulcan’s* weapon, which, in the old fable clave in twain her natal prison-house, is brilliant and keen—knowledge alone may make her devotee at once the meanest of mankind; but when incarnated by the potency of Love, vitalized by the spirit of Truth, it becomes an animate reality,—a living, breathing, moving energy, at whose achievements

no man can wonder. Kindness conquers what the sword cannot, freedom of thought—manacles where the conqueror fails, stubborn and struggling mind—inspires sympathy and faith, where, from superior intellect, would spring up envy—from superior virtue, distrust. Truth actualized, truth in its relation to human life and human destiny, is craved by the universal mind. Reared in the breathless chambers of the soul to a form of transcendent beauty, or wrought by poetic art to an ideal of the imagination, it has a sweetness and a charm; but planted in the great heart of humanity, rooted and strengthened by storm and tempest—realized in action and experience, it has life and power. And as the ponderous balance-wheel, which, at a glance, might seem to burthen and retard the complex nation of some vast engine, is in reality the regulator, controller, at times, even the mover of the whole,—so in the machinery of mind is exerted a like influence—is brought into action a ten-fold greater force by that conscientious view of moral obligation which would make right necessary and philanthropy supreme.

The power of persuasion over force, of genius over mediocrity, of truth over error,—such is the power of popularity. It depends on no puritanical and peculiar sanctity. Its sway is not established alone by the principles of Science, the beauties of Literature, and the musings of the Porch. Dexterity in argument and craft in logic, are not its only ministers. In its composition, the stability, energy, and influence of all these are combined in harmony. From the charity and immutability of principle; from the resources and authority of erudition; from the nurture and vigor of seclusion; from the creative magic and witching tracery of art,—at man's altar-ahrine of Mammon and in Nature's temple to her God, popularity collects its energies and commands its agents. The recipient of its power must have imparted the complexion of his own thought—the persistence of his own determination to every individual opinion and every individual purpose; must have introduced new ideas, supported by old experience; fresh development of old exertion; original application of old attainment. As the political press of the present day must be the exponent and engine of popular sentiment to secure popular influence and support, so he must be the repository of past faith and hope, the representative of present advancement and belief, to be the oracle of future realization and achievement,—to display in their full depth and power, to convey in their full energy and meaning, practical truths of polity and progress. He must have thought deeply and argued soundly. He should have the skill to detect, and the adroitness to thwart—not the depravity to practice, or the intrigue to conceal that self-

ish ambition and eager cunning which divine the policy that actuates—which devise the ephemeral career that charms the pursuivant of popularity through the by and forbidden ways of error—the political wanton who smiles on every interest and has encouragement for every party—the gambler in popular confidence—the would be regioide of truth. The character of the popular man does indeed require dexterity, zeal, ambition,—but of them he must be the master, not the slave. Like the witch of old he must conjure into actual being—consult in body and in spirit, the Samuels of past prophecy, the philosophers of past investigation. Like Virgil's hero, whose eye beheld the impassioned fury,—whose ear drank in the inspired teachings of the Amphrysian Sibyl—ere he gain Elysian realms, he must pluck the golden bough and prepare the honeyed cake. And like the hero of bloody conflict, the Mars of early worship;—like the martyr of long-suffering and lingering death, the Simeon Stylites of early zeal;—like the pilgrim of the conventicle and wilderness, of Plymouth Rock and Marston Moor, the Christian of early sanctity,—he must mark his whole course with a courage, true and unflinching—a devotion, unselfish and unreserved.

Ancient chroniclers of the East inform us that the royal sceptre, as it was extended or withholden, decreed welcome or death to those who sought unbidden audience with the Persian King. So Truth, a monarch of more than Persian glory—of greater than Persian empire, is wont to select from the uncounted number who throng her court, and to display in the clear light that surrounds her throne, those who have had her interests at heart, her battles in hand. As soon as partisan prejudice has gasped its last troubled breath; as soon as the false representations of the envious and cowardly sink to the profound meanness of their own origin and character, so soon will her approach dissipate the receding night and her scepter designate to an attending world its real benefactors. Let any one who wishes a people's affectionate remembrance,—the world's undying respect, rather than momentary applause and adulation, turn his ear from the whisperings of unrighteous policy; throw off conventional and party trammels, and labor with his whole soul and might to learn its lessons from "the past of Time"—to comprehend the constitution of mind and to know the laws and sequences of Human nature,—let him seek the improvement of his own powers—the happiness of others—the prosperity and progress of his country;—then shall he have taken a great step in acquiring the permanent power of a true and unwavering Popularity.

R. Y. R.

The Voyage of Life.

[The leading idea contained in the following lines, as will readily be perceived, is the same with that embodied in the great painting of the same title, by Thos. Cole.]

MORN gilds the shadowy east ;
Above the summits of the distant steeps
A swelling tide of softened glory creeps,—
And, speeding forth in all their bright array,
Proclaim the glittering couriers of day
Night's ampery hath ceased.
The landscape smiles, and all the thousand rills,
That issue sparkling from the eternal hills,
Their gladness murmur to the banks they lave,
And kiss the sunbeams on each rippling wave.
The fleecy clouds that deck the o'er hanging blue
Aurora tints with her own roseate hue,
And dazzling bright, like spirits wandering free,
They float at random o'er the crystal sea.
The dawn proclaims from slumber's reign release,
And bids the sway of night's dark sceptre cease.

Within a quiet glen,
Beneath the shelter of a deep recess,
Secluded from the haunts of men,
Enshrined in loveliness,
There rests a tiny lake in calm repose,
From which a smooth and gentle streamlet flows.
Its winding course it takes through valleys green,
And softly glides gay flowery banks between.
While o'er its waves the flitting shadows go,
Of foliage swayed by zephyrs to and fro ;
And trees reflected in its mirror seem
Inverted all, beneath the silver stream.

A fairy bark lies moored beside the shore,
With canvas trimmed, and pennon streaming o'er.
Its build so light, symmetrical and fair,
Like snow-white bird it rides the water there ;
With arching neck, and pinions plumed for flight
To airy realms beyond the bounds of sight.
A youthful voyager to-day would glide,
O Time, adown thy smooth resistless tide ;
Hope takes the helm—a pilot tried and brave,
To guide the vessel o'er the mimic wave.

The cable loosed—the bark delays no more,
And cuts the wave, as fast recedes the shore.

Unseen, above, around
Bright spirits hovering
Attend the "Outward Bound,"
While gentle breezes bring
A soft and rustling sound,
As if of cherub's wing.

With beaming eyes and lofty brow serene—
With trustful, hoping, yet majestic mien,
Hope points to realms that shine with radiant light.
Whose pearly gates debar the approach of night:
Whose skies with all the rainbow's colors glow,
And music blends with distant fountains' flow.
Youth gazes long, by Hope's bright visions fired,
With mingling glories, rapt, entranced, inspired,
As if the Future, as to seers of old,
Its hidden secrets might to him unfold.
While Fancy paints with all the artist's fire,
And starting forth, dome, shaft and gilded spire
Beneath her pencil greet the admiring gaze.
As each its touch in gorgeous hues portrays.
Like fabled tales of Oriental lands,
And lofty structures raised by viewless hands,
A Crystal Palace rears its dome on high,
Whose gilded turrets pierce the azure sky;
Bright, beckoning spirits, round unnumbered throng,
And Hope exulting, cheers the way with song.

The streamlet now a silent river grows,
And broader, deeper, on majestic flows.
Green wave the branches o'er the glassy tide—
Rich verdure springs its grassy brink beside
Youth gazes still, with wondering, longing eyes.
On that fair Palace glistening in the skies,
Superbly grand, yet baseless and unreal,
A fading fabric—Fancy's frail ideal.
Yet blest the vision, though it mocks pursuit—
Though fairest blossoms yield but bitter fruit:
If Virtue lead, and Wisdom point the way,
Hope's brightest dreams can never lure astray!
Then blest the vision, for it bids us on,
Resolved to toil until the goal be won;
Its dazzling light Life's present ills conceals,
And all the Future's promised bliss reveals.

The golden moments come and flee,
 And Youth is wrapped in reverie;
 But dreaming as he sits, the while
 Upon his lips there creeps a smile;
 A smile of conscious triumph, bright
 As if with sense of inward might;
 While shines with kindling light his eye,
 And flushed his face—his heart beats high,
 He takes the helm his boat to steer,
 And breathes these words of joyous cheer:

"A smile for the parting hours,
 And a cheer for the rushing breeze,
 And joy on the breath of the blossoming flowers,
 As we bound to the billowy seas,
 The echo of music afar,
 And the splash of the glittering spray—
 And a radiant light like the beckoning star,
 That shines on the mariner's way.

There's a curl of the rippling waves,
 As they dance round the tiny prow;
 And a dream of a murmuring fount that laves
 A parched and a wearied brow.
 But the vision is heeded not
 While the hurrying moments fly,
 For dark is the shadow of ominous thought,
 When hope and its promise are by.

Then a smile o'er the joys that are past,
 And a hope for the blessings to come,
 Nor a wish for the pleasures that always must last,
 And leave no fair future to bloom.
 Ye zephyrs lend wings to our flight,
 Blow, blow all ye favoring gales,
 Bear us on with the strength of your measureless might,
 As ye breathe o'er Arabia's vales."

MID-DAY.

The song is a song of the Long-Ago,
 For the hours of Youth are fled,—
 With the moments that came and went so slow,
 The streamlet's measured and musical flow,
 And the heavens so bright o'er head;
 The joys and the sorrows, the weal and woe—

In the grave of the silent Past lie low,
Lie low with the buried dead.

On the wings of the viewless winds a knell
Floats slowly and sadly by ;
And the gushing tears from their fountains well
As the solemn toll of the passing bell
Comes faint like a mourner's sigh :
As if at the voice of some wizard spell,
Whose tones on the quivering heartstrings fell,
In that sound how the thronging memories tell
Of the pleasures that fade and die.

Those dim recollections, how spectral they stand
Up springing around in a shadowy band ;
How the Past to the vision comes vividly back,
Each ripple that sparkled and curled round our track,
The perils avoided—the pleasure now o'er,
And dreams of delight which may dazzle no more ;
The love of a mother, that nought could impair,
Whose riches were lavished in weariless care !
Her accents of tenderness, earnest and mild,
When pleading for blessings to rest on her child ;
The hand of a sister laid soft on the brow,
Whose warm, loving touch Death hath iced now ;
And another who wielded a magical spell,
Whose tones on the ear with strange witchery fell,
Till the heart with an image forbidden was filled,
And the soul with a passionate melody thrilled,—
All, all, how they crowd on the wildering brain,
And the scenes of the past are enacted again.

But why look back ? the Future still is fair,
And Hope, thy glorious visions yet are there ;
Though dimmed their luster—faint their splendor grown,
And paled the light which erst resplendent shone,
Attractive still to manhood's sober view.
He turns away the phantom to pursue.
Thus end too oft our promises and fears,
With new resolves and penitential tears,—
We glance behind, and sigh a vain regret,
Pause, plan and ponder, purpose and forget.
The current now with still increasing force,
Sweeps sternly on, a giant in its course.
The velvet banks that once lay side by side,
Like early friends, by Time are parted wide,

And wider sundered in his rapid flight,
Till lost alike to memory and to sight.

Day's glittering monarch now hath risen high
Along the liquid pathway of the sky,
And in his full meridian splendor shines,
Too soon to fade as parting day declines.
Nor all unclouded is that splendor now,—
From earth awhile he hides his placid brow,
And veiling o'er his countenance serene,
But faintly smiles, the falling tears between.
Now fearless mariner, mind well the helm,
Lest angry waves thy fragile bark o'erwhelm :
White foam the billows 'neath the rising blast,
The canvas strains and bends the taper mast,
While hidden rocks beset the dangerous path,
And furious winds vent their impetuous wrath.
Thou hast a chart—a sure, unerring guide.
'Twill point thy way whatever storms betide :
With this through life thy devious course to steer,
No dangers dread—no evils mayest thou fear ;
No ills can fright, or tempests then appall
'Twill be thy light, thy compass and thine all.
Now fiercer breaks the spray above the deck,
And wilder winds glut o'er the threat'ning wreck ;
False, lurid lights shine but to lead astray.
And o'er the sky grim, fitful lightnings play ;
The sullen thunder rumbles through the air,
With shriek of fiends and wail of wild despair.
Can aught to save yon shallop light avail,
Or calm the fury of the maddened gale ?
Above the roar a clear, small voice is heard,
And winds and waves obey the whispered word :
Its tones with awe their hosts tumultuous thrill,
And warring legions stand abashed and still.
The rocks are past, and as the storm subsides,
Adown the stream the boat now smoothly glides ;
The clouds withdraw—the sun looks out once more,
And time is speeding as it sped before.

EVENING.

Look once again, while day's declining light
Unfolds new wonders to the raptured sight.
In radiant beauty lies the golden west,
The shadowy portal of the mansions blest ;

The clouds distant with no impending storms,
 Dispose their drapery in fantastic forms,
 And brightly glow with new and hidden fires,
 A transient blaze before the flame expires.
 Still nears the bark that shore whence none return,
 And silent, musing, in its battered stern,
 Where Youth once sat in mute amazement lost.
 Dim Age now sits, on troubled billows tost ;
 A weary waste of waters stretched before,—
 Around, behind, the breaker's sullen roar.
 With folded hands he clasps his pensive brow,
 Of storm or calm alike unconscious now.
 Fond Memory comes once more, and at his feet
 Unlocks the casket with her stores replete :
 A sad, sweet smile the friendly vision wears,
 Though moist her eye, her forehead marked with cares.
 Age grasps her hand and folds her to his breast,
 Its fondly cherished, last departing guest ;
 Soft, murmuring voices linger on his ears,
 And these his words, amid the blinding tears :

" I dream no more ; the real comes
 To put the fanciful to flight ;
 And stately halls and fairy domes,
 Like fleeting visions of a night
 That fade before the morning light,
 Have passed away, their splendor o'er,
 I dream no more, I dream no more.

I wreathed in fancy, garlands gay,
 And culled the choicest flowers,
 Nor thought that Time must bear away
 Upon the swiftly winged hours,
 All that we fondly think is ours.
 But now that last illusion o'er,
 I dream no more, I dream no more.

This life is real—it is vain
 To dream the fleeting gift away,
 To cherish e'en a gilded chain,
 Be it as pleasant as it may ;
 Night is for dreams—for action, day.
 The spell that bound me now is o'er,
 I dream no more, I dream no more.

Hope, where are now thy flattering tales?

Thy brilliant land of promise, where!

Alas thy firm assurance fails:

Thy fabrics traced so light and fair,

Were gossamer on fickle air;

Departed all the charms they wore—

I dream no more, I dream no more.

I sigh not to awake at last,

And find my garlands dead,

Nor grieve o'er cherished day-dreams past,

O'er brief and baseless visions fled,

And gorgeous bubbles burst o'erhead.

Let Fancy cease to wildly soar,

I dream no more, I dream no more."

'Tis well; with spirit still—resigned,

Life's fleeting charms are left behind;

A faded wreath—a broken lyre

Along whose mute yet quivering wire

The last faint rays of sunlight gleam,

Float all unheeded down the stream.

No longing look as passions start—

No strife to check the throbbing heart,

No tears the deep emotions tell,

He breaths a calm—a firm farewell.

Night draweth on, the shadows come,

And hail the weary wanderer home.

Frail Life—though closed thy transient day,

Life now *begins*, to last for aye.

Time—soon thy stream confined, willb:

Absorbed in one unbounded sea,

Eternity! whose viewless shore

Extends and widens evermore.

Hope—now no more the phantom flies

Thy *brightest* dreams would realize,

For glad Fruition thrills the heart,

With joys that Hope can ne'er impart.

Storm-beaten bark, thy voyage past,

The welcome port appears at last;

Worn mariner, enjoy thy rest.

Secure from cares, supremely blest.

J. K. L.

The Age of Thought and the Age of Speculation.

THE dominant feature of an age, though necessarily combined with and modified by other elements, gives name and character to the age. The Age of Thought is not wholly free from fancies, nor is the Age of Speculation altogether one of impracticable theories.

Antecedent to either is the era of Force. The right of might is rarely and feebly questioned. Mind is in subjection. Matter is in the ascendancy and grows strong by discipline, by confidence and success. Thought and Speculation are in their infancy, enfeebled by want of exercise, confined within narrow limits and crippled by despotism. The era of Force is the era of the Pyramids; in Greece the heroic, in modern times the feudal. Upon the remains of the Cyclopean Architecture, upon the traditions of this period, is the impress of one idea. Then was enacted in reality the myth which the genius of after ages wrought into forms of art. Atlas was seen toiling under his burden, Laocöon struggling with the slimy monster, and Thought bowing the neck to the heel of her brutal oppressor.

But an unnatural state of things cannot always continue. That which is specifically heaviest will eventually find the bottom. Thought cannot be extinguished and the discipline which would retard and check its growth gives it by degrees an obstinate vigor and hardness.

Abuses become more importunate and force themselves upon the notice of even the callous and indifferent. Thus dawns the Age of Thought.

It is an age of Earnestness, and is not the time for childish speculations. Crises are approaching; something is to be done, and that promptly, resolutely and prudently. Problems arise that must be solved in earnestness, and in watchfulness and tears is their solution awaited.

There is need of Investigation. The Past is brought forward and its voices interrogated. Motives and heart experiences are to be studied, and each turns involuntarily inward to his own secreted self for the clue which will lead him to the hearts of others.

Hence it is an age of Self-knowledge. It must in its beginnings also be an age of Experiment. It is a new era; it can depend upon the Past for few principles and fewer experiences. It must strike boldly upon untried paths, learning wisdom from its own mistakes and content if the resultant of many a side exploration and wandering in by-paths be some advance in the right direction.

Then when Thought is ripe and Oppression still jubilant, action becomes

efficient. Then Luther reaches the goal of many a struggle and throws off the last allegiance to a superstition which for years he has striven to reconcile with his own increased light and earnest convictions.

Then men's persuasions take the form of solemn declaration, and a band of modern Luthers post upon the church doors their immortal thesis of equal rights and promise to defend it with pen and with sword. The Age of Thought is an age of Revolutions.

Again it is unfortunately an age of Intolerance. Results arrived at by patient processes of thought are too apt to be deemed infallible. Progress is mistaken for perfection, and he who is conscious of having stood in the van is unwilling to follow where others lead. Who, with all his wonderful penetration and intelligence, more blinded than Luther on the doctrine of transubstantiation? Who more strangely intolerant than they who sacrificed their all on the altar of religious liberty? Such briefly are the characteristics of the Age of Thought.

In Socrates it had reached its culmination. Luther and Cromwell, Shakespeare and Bacon were its exponents. Privileges long withheld are regained; rights long concealed, discovered; it is the era of mental, succeeding that of physical force.

The transition to the Age of Speculation is easy and natural. It is gradual, like all developments, constantly exhibiting new features and stronger characteristics. It may be variously accounted for. There is a natural tendency in the mind to speculation. Curiosity leads us to assign causes where we cannot discover them, imagination and invention lend their assistance. In troublous times this disposition is kept in check. Pressing emergencies demand decided action and leave neither time nor inclination to indulge in revery. It may be accounted for in some of its phases, by the common tendency of things to excess. A valuable original begets its imitation almost as inevitably as the substance its shadow.

A profitable business is soon crowded with practitioners and among the throng must be many superficially qualified. The world gives credit to its great thinkers, and thinkers begin to multiply. Meaningless phrases, groundless hypotheses and undue assumptions are foisted upon the heedless and uncritical for the infallible deductions of logic. Toil and skill have brought gold from the mine; speculation grasps the glittering ore and, too impatient to submit it to the proper test, attempts to pass it for what it may not be.

As the Age of Speculation is productive of unsubstantial theories it is also characterized by credulity. No theory is so wild or imposition so

absurd as not to boast its advocates. Hence the increase of dupes is in the same ratio with that of creeds and speculations.

Moreover it is an age of Books. Thought appeals to mind through the printed page; thought's semblance must do likewise. Let us not be understood to maintain that there is *nothing but* a semblance, that there is less thought absolutely, than before—only relatively. A class of minds which once were comparatively inactive are now busied with speculation. Old restraints are removed and the mind seems to revel in its freedom. The intoxication of new liberty and the disposition to imitate what is valuable without the requisite ability, give rise to most of the vagaries and fanciful projects which distinguish the Age of Speculation from its more sedate predecessor. There are undoubtedly many more valuable books in circulation in the nineteenth century than there were in the eighteenth, but so there are vastly many more poor ones. It is to be feared that books are not valuable in proportion as they are many.

There is increased mental activity, though with less ballast to steady its action. The centrifugal force is constantly liable to overcome the centripetal. One result of this is that it is an age of Inventions. Inheriting the results in practical science attained by years of study and experiment, it deduces from well established facts, principles which in their application are of lasting value to the race. It is constantly employed in exploration and research, tracing old maxims to their remotest implications, and not modest in substituting new ones for the old.

We have spoken of it as characterized by Credulity, but this perhaps deserves a qualification. It is credulous rather of what is new; with regard to the old there is more skepticism. Admiring the boldness which reaches conclusions *per saltē*, it forgets to doubt and neglects to examine. But native independence leads it to disregard the sanction of mere authority; what is old is too apt to be included in the fate of the Jewish ceremonial, abrogated by a new dispensation.

If Bigotry characterizes the Age of Thought, so does Latitudinarianism that of Speculation. Our fathers hanged the witches; we are very careful to avoid any such mistakes and open the arms of our toleration wide enough to embrace every creed, I had almost said every *color*, within them.

We dread nothing more than the cry of intolerance; the unscrupulous trafficker in poisons shelters himself behind it, and the cold-blooded assassin urges *his* claim upon our mercy and forbearance.

As we cannot assign the precise day in which the child becomes a man, so we cannot fix definitely the boundary which separates the Age of

Thought from that of Speculation. There is a gradual progress, an unfolding from one epoch to another. Thought is not at once and completely triumphant over oppression; it toils in secret, rises, is crushed, and toils away again.

One generation of men succeeds to the rights and privileges of another, by whom but now it was looked down upon as in its minority. So it is with principles; the new grow up by the side of the old, and at length inherit their place and power. Speculation takes its rise in the hot-beds of Thought; its characteristics are mainly inductions from the premises of the latter.

We have thus far considered the *intellectual* characteristics of these two periods. In the one, reason and judgment preponderate; processes are slow, and, when the data are sufficient, results are generally correct. In the other, imagination and fancy lead the way; conclusions are reached rapidly, yet in most cases no less surely, because means are simplified.

What are their products respectively in matter and morals?

It is for the Age of Thought to originate; for that of Speculation to improve; simplicity and solidity mark the forms of the one—grace and lightness those of the other. The defects of the former naturally are nakedness and repulsiveness; of the latter exuberance and redundancy.

In morals the Age of Thought exhibits more of austerity and perhaps more of self-righteousness. Strictness almost takes the form of penance, and virtue is stern and repulsive rather than alluring. The Age of Speculation interprets its creed less literally; it is far more busied with generalities; its schemes of benevolence and social improvement are on an extensive scale; it seeks to move in the mass and fully acknowledges the principle of freedom in individual action, meddling with private affairs rather to gratify a spirit of curiosity than of dictation.

It remains to compare the influence of these two periods upon the individual and social well-being of mankind.

The Age of Thought is one of Social advancement. Right, as we have seen, rises above might, or rather might allies itself to right. Security of life and property is established,—power is wrested from the few and distributed among those whose right it is. The Roman *plebs* receives its share of Roman privileges as well as burdens. The Magna Charta is extorted from King John,—a recognition of independence from George the Third. The freedom of the individual is restricted in order to protect that of society.

The Age of Speculation develops the man. The brightest stars of Greece were those that lighted her decline. Poetry, painting and sculp-

ture, give full play to the imagination and shed each a light around its votary which makes him visible in bold relief through shades and mists of ages. Plato, Zeno, and Aristotle, have come down to us through their philosophy stamped with intense individuality. Genius has everything to encourage, little to repress its ardor,—and if the stimulus be strong enough to beget exertion, the man will rise above the mass and stand among his peers. Not less should this be a period of social prosperity. The basis of society was securely laid when men were occupied with first principles; when the prevailing idea was that of strength and solidity; when mental vigor displayed itself in the depth of its researches rather than in the brilliance of its flights. The succeeding age has raised upon this foundation a structure combining both convenience and grace.

It is thus that the Age of Speculation promotes civilization. It is abundant in its inventions, fertile in its resources, all-embracing in its philanthropy.

The broad and winding river flows steadily on in its channel, an exhaustless reservoir of waters. From it the gentler showers come, which, falling on the distant hill-tops and interlying vales, revive the drooping verdure. The treasures won by years of thought an age of quicker life receives, adorns and spreads abroad.

J. K. L.

Imagination in Literature.

OF the forms in which Imagination finds expression, music, painting, and sculpture, are more perfect within their limits than Literature, but narrower in their range.

The perfection of form is attained in sculpture, the perfection of sensuous beauty in painting, and the perfection of sound in music. These all impress the mind more directly, perhaps, also, more permanently than literature, inasmuch as they are manifest objects of sense. But literature is a more full and universal expression of Imagination than either or all of these; it ranges both below and above them. It lacks indeed the distinctness and individuality of parts, but has the uniformity and completeness of a whole.

The Imagination is both constructive and creative. As a constructive

power its widest field is history. Here everything is fixed ; no invention is allowed ; the events, scenes, characters, must all be taken as they are, without addition, without exaggeration, without coloring. And yet from this unplastic material not less than four kinds of history have been written. There is the correct but frigid narrative which abounds in truths, yet gives only a partial view of *truth*—and that often the least important ;—philosophical history, which gives deductions rather than events, vital causes rather than individual character ;—a third kind, the exact opposite of this, in which every object is so intensely realized to the mental vision of the writer that it entirely occupies his field of view, and causes, effects, relations, are lost sight of ;—and the fourth is the joint product of the Reason and the Imagination. This is evidently the rarest and most difficult species of historical composition. It is here that the Imagination appears as a constructive power, alike essential to the representation of the truth of things and the formation of a perfect work of art. Clearly no array of statistics, no labor of detail, no generalization of events, no logical grouping of results, would be recognized by any one as the *likeness* of his own age. Equally certain is it that instead of a work of art such a composition would be a mere mechanical connection of members destitute of organic unity. But the Imagination, recognizing its limitation to the actual, transports itself to a past age and enters as a vitalizing principle into the materials which have been collated by patient industry and subjected to the alembic of the understanding. At its presence the whole mass glows and warms into life : objects assume their proper significance and are grouped in their true relations. Abstract principles become living ideas, working in the souls of men. Manners, conditions, habits, which, by the Understanding had been regarded as dead forms, become concrete realities, exerting a controlling influence on the individual, on the national life. A sensibility to local influences, a sympathy with national sentiments, beliefs, prejudices, are felt,—not so intense as to lead captive the Understanding, yet sufficiently vivid to enlighten and inform it. Human actions and events, estimated by the Reason alone, are like a prisoner on trial before a court which is constitutionally incapable of appreciating the motives which determine his conduct or of discriminating between errors of judgment and wickedness of purpose—between the yieldings of a weak nature and the spontaneity of a malicious one. But when the Imagination is associated with Reason the court descends from its judicial eminence, ceases to look from without upon the exterior surface of things, and mingles among the

is, and from an interior, central point of view, observes the public, private, the social relations on which it is to pronounce.

There are two kinds of Imagination, though radically distinct from each other, are often united in the same work. Historical romance belongs exclusively neither to the one nor the other; the general course of events which it has actually transpired, and the characters are, for the most part, taken from life, and as far as these are made to subserve the purpose of the writer, the same constructive management is required as in poetry; but a wide field for invention is left both in the conduct of the plot and the shaping of characters.

Painting, a minor province of Imagination is picturesque representation. Coleridge's death of Charles the Second, Webster's description of the murder of White, Wirt's sketch of Blannerhassett—are not simply a narration of facts as they came to the minds of the authors, but are clothed with a precision of outlines, a distinctness of feature, a warmth of coloring as striking as any landscape painting.

The vividness of description and statement belongs to the *creative* Imagination also. Take the following from Byron's *Dream of "Darkness"*

"The bright sun was extinguished and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

* * * * *

"The world was void,

"The populous and the powerful were a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, lifeless,—
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths:
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their graves;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air
And the clouds perished; darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe."

is from Shelly's "Prometheus Unbound." Prometheus chained to a rock in a ravine of icy rocks in Caucasus, addresses the "Monarch of Gods and Demons:"—

"The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones."

The creative Imagination may have for its "object-matter" either human character and achievements, and the theatre of their display, or it may transcend these limits and deal with superior intelligences in supernal or infernal regions. In the former, the materials—in a rude, inorganic state—are coextensive with human society. What, then, in the production of a great Epic, or Tragic Poem, is due to the Imagination, what to the other faculties of the mind? Without assuming to define the exact boundaries, it may safely be affirmed that, from the beginning of the conception in the author's mind down to the last phase of the plot and the final disappearance of the actors, the Imagination is the grand, the sole impelling power. Experience may furnish some restrictions and the judgment may impose some checks, but they are no more *efficient* to the production of the poem than are the banks to the flowing of the stream. But for the pressure at the source, the water would never have bubbled from the ground. But for the Imagination there would have been neither Epic nor Drama.

Finally, the highest order of the Imagination is that which creates its own object-matter,—place, scene, plot, characters. Passing beyond the material world and the laws that govern it, taking everything from the unseen, the unrevealed, the spiritual, it becomes a law unto itself, and its most perfect expression is the sublimest product of the human mind.

Here Milton, of all men, wrought most wonderfully. Of the Paradise Lost I shall not presume to speak, but refer to it as an expression of this rarest order of Imagination.

To a Friend.

THE jessamine wild is creeping nigh,
The Summer's breath floats softly by,
The rustling pines strange music bear,
The wild rose faint perfumes the air,
The violet slumbereth beside
Some beauteous blossom in its pride,

The South is warm as Northern May,
Yet I am lone, from thee away.

The wild bird pours its softest strain,
Its gentle mate sings some refrain,
The waters gush to music by,
The next wave bringeth low reply ;
A cloudless sky looks on the bowers,
A Southern sun has kissed the flowers ;
Though Summer's breath is on the lea,
My heart turns toward the South for thee.

So soft the sleeping moonlight seems
As some bright fancy of our dreams,
So still and pale the star-light weaves
Sadness that to the spirit cleaves.
It haunts our rest the five-long night,
We watch the stars fade from our sight,—
Art watching too? 't were heaven to be,
Like them, still looking down on thee.

IRIS.

Memorabilia Valensia.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINES.

NO. III.—"THE STUDENT'S COMPANION."

Magazine was commenced in January, 1831, and is interesting not simply as a series, but as possessing a curious history of its own. Its title-page is as "The Student's Companion, By the Knights of the Round Table,"—below which is a wood-cut of a massive table covered with books and manuscripts. On the third page of the cover of No. 1, is the following notice:
 be Subscribers and Readers of the Student's Companion:—Whereas much curiosity has been generally expressed with regard to the persons who are in charge of this periodical, information is hereby given to all who feel interested in the decision of this question, that the principal Editor of the Student's Companion is a member of the Senior Class of this College, and no person is admitted to it who is not a member of the University. We would further give

notice, that as we are determined to keep our real names a secret for the present, and as no man has a right to complain of this resolution so long as we do not abuse that secrecy, any attempt to twist the secret from us will be met and resisted as unjustifiable and impudent impertinence. Therefore we give fair warning, that when the question is put to us, we shall not hesitate to say No; thus using the common privilege of authors *incognito* by giving a plain denial, if such an answer appear necessary, for the preservation of the secret of Editorship.

We are yours respectfully,

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE"

In the second Number the Knights promised to reveal themselves in the Sept. No. which, however, never appeared.

In lieu of Board of Editors, we give the knightly names of the Editorial "K. R. T." as they briefly designate themselves:

Arthur Fitzeklyn,	The Narrator,
Roland Hopeton,	The Novelist,
Lancelot Grammont,	The Reflector,
Jeffrey McGrawler Blackwood,	The Critic,
Francis Von Haller,	The Philosopher,
Thomas Blondell,	The Troubadour,
Raphael Werner,	The Delineator,
Harry Tudor,	The Recorder,
Sir Tristram Trapp,	The Politician.

In the first No. "The Recorder" gives us a graphic sketch of these several Knights, to which we can only refer the reader who is so fortunate as to have access to a copy.

The topics of each are the following:

The Recorder:

The Round Table in 4 Nos.

The Narrator:

The History of Yale College, in 4 Nos.

The Critic:

Review of the Water-Whch.

" " Eloquence of the U. S.

" " Southennan.

" " De L'Orme.

The Philosopher:

Noctes Boreales, in 3 Nos.

The Delineator:

"Home, Sweet Home."

The poor Student.

My brother's grave.

The Novelist:

The Meeting of Hallowmass eve.

Love adventures of a Student, No. 1.

Tales of the Forest, in 2 Nos.

The Reflector:

Composition.

Horae Yalenses, in 2 Nos.

The Politician:

Principles.

France.

The Troubadour.

Monody.

Hope in Heaven:

Progress of Liberty.

Fable.

Dying Hymn of Queen Mary.

To my Harp.

Small Beer.

Harry Tudor's part, as his official title indicates, is to report the doings of the Company, which gives opportunity for a variety of discussions respecting the Magazine and its rejected contributions and Editor's Table-matter in general. "Noctes Boreales," or, as F. V. H. himself translates it, "nights in North College," discuss

1st. Philosophy; 2d. The doctrines of Pythagoras; and 3d. The doctrines of Plato. The character of the rest is indicated by their titles.

As a whole, the Magazine, though continued through only four numbers of fifty pages each, forms an ably-written and interesting book; such as a student would like to read and like to write. Each department is quite distinct and each supported with great success.

The authors, as might be expected from the notice quoted above, remained unknown; but since the class of 1881 graduated, it has come to light, that of the Yale periodicals this was entirely the production of a single writer. The Knights of the Round Table were but modifications of one person now known as David Francis Bacon, M. D., of New York City, a brother of the Rev. Dr. Bacon of this city.

CLASS MEETING OF '54.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held Jan. 18th, for the purpose of electing a Class Orator and Poet for Presentation day, Carroll Outler officiated as Chairman, and Messrs. Lee and Wilson, as Tellers. The following gentlemen were elected:

Orator,—SAMUEL C. GALE, of Mass.

Poet,—JOSEPH M. SMITH, of Conn.

CLASS MEETING OF '55.

The Class of '55 assembled on Saturday, Jan. 28th, for the purpose of electing Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. A. M. Lyon presided, G. A. Kittredge acted as Secretary, and Messrs. Bronson and P. H. Woodward, as Tellers. The following gentlemen were chosen:

W. H. L. BARNES, Springfield, Mass.

E. MULFORD, Montrose, Pa.

W. T. WILSON, Brooklyn, L. I.

S. T. WOODWARD, Wyoming Valley, Pa.

H. A. YARDLEY, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the regular Election, Feb. 22d, the following officers were chosen:

LINONIA.

W. F. FLAGG,

A. H. GUNN,

R. C. SHOEMAKER,

H. E. PARDNE,

BROTHERS.

President.

Vice-President.

Secretary.

Vice-Secretary.

J. W. WILSON.

T. G. RITCH.

W. WHEELER.

L. L. DUNBAR.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of the Brother's Society, J. W. HUMPHRED was elected Society Valetictorian.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of the Linonian Society, A. H. GUNN was elected Society Valetictorian.

PRIZES IN THE SOCIETIES.

The Debates in the following Classes have taken place, and the prizes have been awarded by the Umpires to the following persons:

LINONIA.

Senior Class—18th of February.

Umpires—Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, Prof. W. A. LARNED, Hon. E. K. FOSTER.

Prize—JAS. E. RAINS.

BROTHERS.

Junior Class—17th of February.

Umpires—Professors BISSELL and DUTTON, H. B. HARRISON, Esq.

Prize—O. M. TYLER, and S. T. WOODWARD.

Freshman Class—15th of February.

Umpires—Rev. Dr. FITCH, Prof. DANA, and Rev. Mr. STRONG.

1st Prize—J. M. HOLMES and N. C. PERKINS.

2d Prize—J. C. JACKSON.

3d Prize—H. POWERS.

Editor's Table.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

WELL, readers of the "Lit.," our time to talk has rolled around again. Therefore ere we commence a confidential chit-chat, we ought to say that we are thankful for being alive. When we pitched into the editorial business, or rather, "went into business with the Yale Lit.," just about a year since, we thought it was a very small matter to "get off" a magazine; but now, whether attributable to any higher standard in College literature, or a higher ideal of what an editor should do, we confess that, in the midst of "new regulations," Senior studies, and Lectures, &c., that it is "a little the greatest bore out." Excuse us for saying "bore;" we don't mean that, for the Yale Lit. never "bores" any one, especially its readers. By the way, since small things often suggest matters of importance, we have noticed ever since our entrance into "this illustrious and venerable institution," "occupying the first position of all the literary institutions" in "this broad, progressive, go-aheaditive, and free republic," that the Yale Lit. has always been spoken of as a *College* imposition, as if it did not give you the "worth of your money;" as if it was brought into existence merely for the purpose of affording an arena upon

which ambitious writers might display themselves, or where *popularity* might be tested, or where junior societies may strive for superiority.

Now, all this mere trash generally comes from that portion of the College community who do not subscribe, or if subscribe, do not pay for the magazine; or from that portion who have too much sense to be *humbugged*, and not too little delicacy to borrow the Lit. from a classmate, and of late years (indicative of the progressive nature of impudence) from its Editors! We don't intend to permit any one to get angry on account of what we have just said, because we confess that it is a failing of ours to say just what we please about matters and things, so far, at least, as justice and propriety will permit. If dissatisfied *non-subscribers* desire evidence of the superiority of the Yale Lit. over other similar magazines, let them adjourn "en masse" (provided they are not ashamed) to the "sanctum sanctorum" of our worthy chairman, and inspect for themselves our truly interesting and well conducted exchanges, which, despite their merit, bow respectfully to the progeny of Yale. We have made the foregoing remarks, not on account of an excess of antipathy to the Lit. *now* more than in former times. On the contrary, *because* there is less of such feeling than formerly; but everybody knows how bad we feel when improvements are soiled by *few* defects, and how much more severe all are upon *remnants* of old evils, than upon those which have *never* yielded to treatment. Indeed, we are happy to say, to the enterprise and College patriotism of modern days, that our dearly beloved magazine was never in better *pecuniary* health—never before could the darling damsel say that she had the worth of existence; for, we believe this is the first year since its birth that the magazine *has paid for itself*. Now, in our proud independence, we command all croakers "forever to hold their peace." Before leaving this subject, we take this opportunity of congratulating the Class of '58 on the talented corps of editors which they have selected for their own year. And to these fortunate (!) young gentlemen themselves we have only to say, that, when the time comes, we will *most willingly* introduce them, not to "Maga," for she is no longer a missie," but *Miss Maga Zine*.——We have several little points to take notice of, in the present number, relative to a slight family quarrel in our own board. Your humble servant, who now appears before you, has been *vilely* slandered by one of his brother Eds. We refer to that allusion, in the Nov. No., to "whiskers and whisker-growing," &c. Something was said about some of the Eds. whose "spirit is willing, but flesh weak." We having been the only one of the corps then indulging in incipient whiskers, have some suspicion as to the intended application of the remarks referred to. Now, we candidly confess that we are young, and unable to deal largely in the *foreign* luxury of whiskers; but we did expect to have the credit of raising a respectable pair of *whiskerets*. However, we will drop this subject, contenting ourself with an apology, contained in an illustration of the manner in which whiskers *may be raised*. You have all read Harper's Magazine, which, unfortunately, is read here more than *Putnam*. Well, if you have, you are doubtless in the habit of examining the quotations from Punch, in the concluding pages of Harper. Did any of you, dear readers, ever notice a certain caricature of the following order, which is contained in one of the back numbers of that periodical! It runs somehow thus: Frank meets an old acquaintance, who is wonderfully struck with the tie of his cravat, (one of that shingle kind.) His friend says: "Ah, Frank, what a *miraculous* tie! How the *douce* do you manage it?"

Frank replies—"But, my dear fellow, you see, I devote my whole attention to it." We didn't to whiskers; nevertheless, we do not doubt "that whiskers are a sign of genius." Not of the "genius of civil liberty," however, because beard is a *barbarous subject*. Ahem! ahem!! We do detest the tendency of the present age to adhere to old puns. About half an hour ago we dropped this subject; we shall, therefore, conclude without any peroration.

Well, readers of the *Lit*, how are you off for valentines! Strange to say, the *Eds.* of the Magazine are remarkably non-committal on this point. They either received a *great many* or *none*. We have our suspicions that they received a great many. If "you ask us why, we cannot tell." All we know about the matter is, that some one informed one of our brother *Eds.* that his box at the "*Post*" was full of *something*, (remittances from foreign subscribers, probably, Humboldt or Sir William Hamilton,) and off he *posted*, (there it is again;) but it is confidently asserted by those who know him well, that even to the present day there is no direct evidence as to what that box contained. We have our suspicions that he "was in a box." Speaking of valentines calls to mind a little incident. A certain young friend of ours in one of the "*lower classes*," or, more properly, (it is well for periodicals to consult *expediency*.) a young friend of ours who has not been connected with the institution very long, had lying upon his table a "*Dictionary of Quotations*," which we happened to pick up. Hurriedly turning over the pages, we chanced upon a beautiful piece of note-paper, which also seemed to serve *temporarily* as a book-mark, or rather a *place-mark*. Oh! what an affectionate piece of poetry! In spite of our Seniority, the book was suddenly snatched from our hands, and we narrowly escaped being "put out." We don't know to the present day *for what reason*.

Speaking of valentines, the following, found in a hymn-book, and written upon one of our "excuse-papers," was handed us by a friend. It appears some love-struck swain thus "piped" to his dulcinea. We substitute a fictitious for the real name.

TO THE LOVELY MISS CROCKETT.

O, charming Miss Crockett,
Your eye in its socket
Gleams out like a rocket.
Just taking its start.

When at me you cock it,
O, what a shock it
Sends through my vest pocket,
Right into my heart!

We have one point yet to touch upon, which affords us great pleasure. We refer to the *new bell*. What a luxury! Some good genius—some good genius of acoustics must be hovering o'er us. We thought when the old bell was cracked, we should "ne'er look upon its like again." But we are wandering from our text, we ought to have said, we feared, we should ne'er *hear* "its like again." But never mind about that,—Acoustics and Optics are not more than a term apart. And well might we have entertained such fears, for a while, because the second bell was not acquainted

with the first principles of College duty. Why, the good-for-nothing old *tinnabulum* (at the same time we don't wish to insult the bell by calling it a 'door-bell' or 'cow-bell') could n't even "turn over." What a *καταρροή*! But what should occur in the "winter of our discontent," but a new-bell arrival!

Reader, for a young man, we have seen many sights—heard many sounds—but few have affected us like the first ictus of the new-bell. And we noticed in going to Prayers on the evening of the *Suspension*—that every one seemed to walk more proudly, and look more manly, as he marched to Chapel under the inspiring influence of the magnum, bonum, novum *tinnabulum*. "These evening bells"—these matin bells—&c. No excuse now, young gentleman, on account of not hearing the bell. So far from this, no one would be so lost to a sense of harmony, which, like the "head of Memnon" "discourses sweet music" "at sunrise." Why, if Jullien comes to New Haven again, we will venture a wager that he gets up a College-bell *Polka*, far superior to the Sleigh-bell *Polka*.

* * * * *

Now, dear readers, we must bid you farewell. We are tired. In the midst of arduous duties, we have found time to devote a few hours to the Yale Lit. If there is anything which, more than anything else, is gained by several years stay at Yale, that thing must be a proper appreciation of time. Here we certainly learn the truth of the maxim, that the "more we have to do, the more we can do." No institution in this country demands so much of her students' time, and no students in the country find more time for everything. Here we are constantly getting up Prize Debates—College papers, Class enterprises, and numberless other things—all of which require labor; and, nevertheless, manage to do all *respectably*, at least. But we must confess that it comes hard, after a severe day's labor, to sit down in the evening and write Articles or Editor's Tables for Magazines, especially hard when all the thanks we get is, nine-times out of ten, a pretty severe criticism. But criticism is right. For it is that merciful antidote to *impudence*, which would otherwise, as it too often does, ride over merit. To a candid judgment upon every literary effort placed before our College community, we are to look for the establishment of a high standard. Although young men should not propose theories too freely, and should be cautious even in their hints at approved usages, there is one thing which, in our view, would tend immeasurably to the formation of an original style, the cultivation of a manly independence in thinking; we refer to a theory of our own, which, though born when we were in the chrysalis state of College existence has coincided with a lengthened experience, and, we hope, an improved judgment. It is a well-known fact that nothing so much weakens the natural force of a young writer, as free access to Reviews and Essays upon the subject chosen for his exercise. We refer now to the writing of compositions in the early part of the course. When the theme is historical, it is proper and right for the student to be well supplied with *facts*. But we do not refer to such themes. Suppose, now, a class in composition—to whom a reward was offered for the best production—in point of style and *thought*. Well, suppose this class in a room, with somebody to watch them, every one having his little "*Biennial*" Table, and ignorant of the subjects until he entered the room—that the *length* of his essay were not taken into account, (in order to be strictly just to those who compose slowly, or write slowly, or who do both,) that merit should depend upon the *best style, thought, and development*, (so far as he pro-

ceeded,) or, in other words, that compositions were written like *Berkeleyans* have been of late, (and every one must feel in his heart the wisdom of the regulation,) we would ask if there would not be more sound and original writing than there is even now? And, then, when further on in the course—Reviews of Authors and Historical subjects are given out, on which every one is expected to read—we should not feel that everything said has been said *before* in almost as many words. On the contrary, we should be pleased with the facility with which our writers combine and analyze the views of others so as to bring out new and vigorous thoughts. Then we should have no *mere imitators* of great authors, or imitation of *one another*, but every man would be able to speak for himself, and show how much was in him—as an *individual*—a *monad*, not how *facilitious* he was—not how well he could look “in borrowed plumes.”

But, after all, this is a mere theory of our own, unsupported by any one's experience; but whether such a regulation would be beneficial or not, the principle contained in it is a supportable one, namely: in our early attempts, it is best to depend as much as possible upon ourselves, independent of all aid whatever. Nor does it exclude any one from reading as much valuable reading as he chooses, provided he does not read *to-day*, to *write to-night*, or more generally, provided he is *always* storing his mind with wisdom, and is opposed to becoming wise *too suddenly*. Reader, we did not intend to bore you so long, but this is our last chance to talk to you. We shuffle off our editorial coil with the present number, and, we confess, that we have become attached to you. And if we have lingered longer on the threshold than propriety would dictate, or so long as to expose you to the chilling atmosphere of poor witticism, and poorer dissertations, take it in good part, for we assure you, we mean well enough. In fact, we have given you “good bye” several times, but you have all experienced the loquaciousness of certain kind old ladies some of our hostesses in New Haven, for instance, from whom it is impossible to get away before you have heard all the news, and been made to tell all the news, until you have heard even the price of eggs, chickens, and butter, until you have promised always to “come to your meals,” even if you do sleep over; now we are in a similar situation. We have been standing with our hat in hand ready to make a last bow, for some time; but we keep thinking of something else, and can't stop. Light after light has gone out along the row of College buildings, and here we are yet. Old Somnus has got us now. We are weary, or, in Western dialect, we are “chawed up.” We don our night-cap and blow out our editorial light.

* * * * *

Really, readers of the Lit., you must excuse us. But we have retired, waked up, and found something still to tell you. Some one, inspired with true Magazine affection, has favored us with the following poetical effusion, signed, “X. Y. Z.” It is ingenious and well worthy perusal:

SOLILOQUY,

Freshman Loquitur.

Such lessons I've never had set,
In all the schools I've been in,
I declare it makes a man sweat :
To think that he's got to begin—

There's the Grammar, the Homer, and "Primmer,"
 To say nothing of what else I've to do,
 There I vow I can't go to dinner,
 I know I shall never get through.

Dear me, I protest, it's too bad
 To work a poor fellow like this,
 Then, besides, I never had had
 An idea, the place was such as it is.
 Here is a verb that in vain I've been trying
 For the last half hour to find,
 But I can't sit here and be sighing,
 Though home will come into my mind.

Six times have I *varied* the *base*,
 I've *protracted* again and again,
 The Attic's *prefixed* in its place,
 I've *affixed* all the vowels in vain,
v, and *u*, I've *inserted* together,
Substitution I've tried with no gain,
 I've *transposed* every letter all over,
 It's no use to *omit*,—that is plain.

I've been studying now for three hours,
 I've mixed up all that I knew,
Euphony's the insertion of vowels,
Prosthesis takes away one or two,
Epenthesis interchanges the letters,
Syncope puts them in all around,
Paragoge somewhat the looks betters,
Apocope refers to the sound.

The stuff I can't understand,
 I won't try any longer, so there!
 But, then, I fear that my stand
 Is down below average far.
 Dear me! I've got to recite
 Some dozen back-lessons or more;
 I'm sure I shall faint and turn white,
 And fall down dead on the floor.

I declare I can't find my book,
 O dear! where on earth shall I go?
 The fact is, here, morals don't look
 Quite as pure as the white-driven snow.
 There were some who would make me a "Brother,"
 Linonians vowed I was a regular brick,
 But when "Statement of Facts" was all over,
 Both sent me along with a kick.

We are really obliged to the author for the above, and would be thankful for something more of the same spicy nature. Since we have the opportunity, we should also mention another subject to our readers. Our dear *Maga*, we mean *Miss Magazine*, (it is hard to realize that the child is grown,) has been particularly fortunate of late. In addition to the fine Bookstore (Munson & Bradley's) at which it may be procured, Mr. Stafford, our enterprising and obliging printer, has also changed his "quarters."

Should any one, therefore, desire to see where the "*Yale Lit.*" is printed, let him look at that magnificent building, the fifth from the corner, on the right-hand side of State, as you turn to the left in going down Chapel, and named "*Stafford Building.*" But the fine building is not all, the "*Yale Lit.*" is printed by *Steam-power*. Won't they "come out" fast! Won't that stop inquisitive individuals! We congratulate you, readers, upon the age in which you live. Well, well, well, the "*Yale Lit.*," printed by *Steam-Power!* "*ω γῆ καὶ θεοί!*"

EXCHANGES.—Knickerbocker, Feb.; North Carolina University Magazine, do.; Stylus, do.; Ladies' Christian Annual, do.; Knoxiana, do.; Georgia University Magazine, Jan.; Amherst College Magazine, do.; Beloit College Monthly, do.

We return our thanks to Hon. S. A. DOUGLAS, for a copy of his Speech in the Senate on the Nebraska Territory.

ONE of our Exchanges, if we may so term it, is somewhat *unique*. We have been favored with the examination of one or two Nos. of the *IRIS*, a manuscript periodical of respectable size, and more than respectable contents. Paintings, pencillings, original music, poetry and prose, constitute the latter. The articles are in the hand-writing of the contributors, and though some of them are in a bold, masculine style of chirography, the majority of the contributions, in their external characteristics, as well as in their internal evidence, exhibit a *delicate hand*. Specimens of the latter, (contributions,) as far as types can do justice to them, by permission, we may lay before our readers. The *IRIS* is conducted by ladies and emanates from a literary circle in a pleasant village—don't you wish you knew where! The embellishments are exquisite, and the ingenuity which conceived the enterprise is more than equalled by the taste with which it is carried out. Long may it live and we live to see it.

ERRATA.—In the second article of the last No., page 91st, line fifth, for "*mystic*," read *mythic*; page 92d, line second, for "*mellowed*," read *mellow*; line fourteenth, for "*chime*," read *clime*; line twenty-ninth, for "*wealth*," read *wreaths*; line thirty-third, for "*watching*," read *witching*.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '54.

W. C. FLAGG,
W. S. MAPLES,

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Schiller.

ASIDE from the interest immediately attached to the opinions and manner of thought which characterize the works of a powerful author, there is always an equal curiosity to know his life and character; to trace through the various vicissitudes peculiar to his situation, the corresponding and progressive forms of his will and disposition, his feelings and taste. The simple volume of his works, though beautiful everywhere with the gems of thought, fancy, and passion, is insufficient to show the internal sources of his power as a man; sources, not all native, not all peculiar to him as a minister of truth, but many of them moulded by suffering, many by labor, all by hope; hope, too, not founded only on the conscious possession of genius, but partly on sympathy with universal weakness, partly on the ever-present ideal of a universal and glorious destiny. Whatever is the legitimate effect of genius alone, is admirable in itself; but those changes of will and energy, that gradual waning of enthusiasm, as the whole man is developed by his fellow-men and culture, these are ties that bind him to us all. Among men of genius there is, perhaps, none whose life affords a fuller gratification to this curiosity than Schiller. Indeed, it is almost impossible in him to separate the author from the man. It is necessary, in a great measure,

to unite them. As in his culture and his works, there is traceable a continuous progress, so in his life there are circumstances associated with, and influencing each step of his mind. Properly to appreciate either, we must know both ; both known, the value of such a man is beyond all estimate.

In 1778, at the early age of fourteen, our author was sent, at the solicitation of the Grand-Duke of Wurtemberg, to a school instituted by the latter, and designed as a sort of National Academy for teaching all professions by the mental and physical tyranny of military discipline. Under this discipline Schiller read medicine at Stuttgart. The original sketch of "The Robbers" was completed here in 1778, and probably owed much of its fiery discontent and restless desire of change and freedom, embodied in the hero, to the irksome situation of the Franz von Moor at Stuttgart. "The Robbers," however, was not published till he had completed his studies in medicine, and received an appointment as surgeon in a regiment. He then published it on his own responsibility. In the design of the work itself there is no blow deliberately aimed at virtue or society, if we judge from the tenor of the author's life and character ; but, filled as it is with all the ammunition of disordered passion and immature thought, that it should have been considered a magazine of innovation is not strange. The people praised it ; the Grand-Duke did not. Schiller's father, at the bidding of the Grand-Duke, censured it. Goethe, very naturally, abhorred it. "If," says he, "I were a God, and deliberating whether I should create the world, and foresaw that in that world Schiller's 'Robbers' should appear, I would not create it." So much for the design and effect of "The Robbers." Yet more. The Grand-Duke insisted that the young author should plod at medicine. The youth rebelled and left, and hence we have, instead of Schiller trying to tie up bones and arteries, and making pills for digestion and headache, Schiller the Poet, not confined to one science, but ever darting forth the swift arrows of thought into all arts and sciences, assimilating all into the strong muscle and the delicate vein of genius. After a secret visit to Mannheim to see his tragedy represented, he thus writes to the manager : "If Germany shall one day recognize in me a dramatic poet, I must date the epoch from the last week."

But there must be an escape from Stuttgart and the jealous friendship of the Grand-Duke. The people are in the tumult of a public festival. The Grand-Duke Paul of Russia has come ! Everybody is delirious with joy. The master and the apprentice, the master and the schoolboy, all are at the festival. The pomp and splendor of nobility are arrayed at

the festival.—But where is Schiller? Far up an infinite series of staircases near the region of perpetual congelation, indulging freely in as good wine as poverty can command, talking over the prospect with a wayward classmate and “chum.” His “chum,” however, is not his confident. The “chum” is yet to be a military man. He is not inclined to sympathize with the enthusiasm of the poet. The latter walks out a block or two to Streicher’s room. Streicher is playing a melancholy tune on the clavico. The musician is suddenly startled from his wavy reveries by “A Sail! A Sail!” He agrees that any change is reform, and the determination and plan are the work of a moment. They pack up their wardrobes, but neglect to pack any florins—no great difference between the deserters in this respect; Schiller, twenty-three; Streicher, twenty-eight. The disguises are adjusted, Schiller takes a farewell look at “*meine mutter*,” and this grand army is *en route* for the next province. There they go, saying little, but thinking grand things. The musician is busied in composing for some great occasion which fancy has just presented him. The poet is electrifying thousands with Fiesco, into whom he has already breathed the daring of conspiracy. They are arrived at the Gate, where the musings are interrupted by the Lieutenant of the Guard: “Halt! Who’s there?” “Dr. Ritter and Dr. Wolf, both bound to Esslingen.” “Pass.”

But our space will not permit a minute combination of the life and works of Schiller, as influencing each other. Suffice it to say, that his flight from Stuttgart immediately confirmed his life for authorship; authorship more varied than that of any writer of his age, and yet, in the distinct provinces of criticism, dramatic and lyric poetry, history, and, to some extent, philosophy, presenting uniformly a high degree of excellence.

To examine any one of those distinct phases of literature in connection with any single name, would require more time and space than our limits would permit; and it will only be necessary briefly to review Schiller’s excellence in one department.

The minor poems and ballads of every true poet afford as favorable material for estimating the scope and characteristics of his genius as any of those works in which the object is to present a greater variety of thought, by reason of an enlarged plan. If Milton had written nothing but his Odes to Joy and Melancholy, these would have been of themselves sufficient to evince a capacity for greater works. If Schiller had written nothing but the Walk, the Artist, the Four Ages, the Diver, and the Lay of the Bell, these would have sufficed as foundations for the

more magnificent, but not more perfect, structures of Don Carlos, Wallenstein, and the Maid of Orleans. In these poems we have also the best clue to the author's ideas of life and men, of Art and Civilization.

"The Diver" is a ballad taken from a legend of one of the kings of Sicily in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The ballad opens with the address of the king to his knights and squires. He throws a goblet of gold into "the howling Charybdis below." The knights and the squires were silent.

They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chill'd back every thought of the prize.

* * * * *

And all, as before, heard in silence the King,
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires stepp'd out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

Then follows a description which is nowhere surpassed for its truth and grandeur, yet everywhere preserving the musical flow of the verse :

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-scars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never-ending;
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

The spell of the spectators at the leap of the youth and the sudden calm are powerfully harmonized. The beauty of the King's daughter and the sternness of the father are contrasted in strong light. The temptation to quote from any part of this ballad is almost irresistible. Sufficient, however, has been given to show that in the difficult sphere of ballad-writing Schiller has shown capacities for description, and the simplicity of narrative verse, unsurpassed by any author. It is not pretended that they are the highest class of poems, or that they are the best of his works, but that their excellences are not on that account less striking or peculiar to the author.

Among Schiller's minor poems *The Walk*, *The Artist*, and *The Four Ages*, are intended only to exhibit his peculiar ideas of the influence of Art in Civilization. They are generally less interesting considered apart from the value of his views, and are necessarily more elaborate. They

are also of much greater length, and hence the greater difficulty of quoting any part with justice to the whole.

"The Lay of the Bell" is a poem singularly beautiful and ingenious in design, and presents, under the continued simile of the Bell, the gradual development of the man. It is characterized more than any other of his poems by those pleasant incidents and reflections drawn from real life, which afford a grateful relief from the tedium and occasional obscurity of his didactic poems, which convey invariably the author's peculiar tenets concerning the value of Art, and his enthusiastic fondness for tracing the progress of a Poet's ideal throughout the mazes of history. Few of his poems, from the prevalence of this disposition to theorize and idealize, exhibit any full descriptions from real life. Few found their interest on depth of feeling, few on love, none on humor. "The Lay of the Bell" differs from these only in being less elaborate, but more spirited. He traces the formation of the Bell from the clay to the heating, from the heating to the casting, from the casting to the moulding, from the moulding to the hanging, and thence to its various uses :

Deep hid within this nether cell,
What force with Fire is moulding thus,
In yonder airy tower shall dwell,
And witness wide and far of us.
It shall, in later days, unfailing,
Rouse many a year to rapt emotion;
Its solemn voice with sorrow wailing,
Or choral chiming to devotion.
Whatever Fate to man may bring,
Whatever weal or woe befall,
That metal tongue shall backward ring
The warning moral drawn from all.

Many passages from this Lay might be quoted, but none is sufficient of itself to give an adequate idea of the vivid impression of the whole. Life-like is his description of the bell tolling for the fire, the hurry and commotion of the city, the crackling of the flames, the falling of the timbers; sad the bell tolling the departure of friends. But time will permit us to quote but a few passages, full of all the peaceful associations of the vesper-bell:

While the mass is yielding now,
Let the labor yield to leisure;
As the bird upon the bough,
Loose the travail to the pleasure!

When the soft stars awaken,
 Each task be forsaken !
 And the vesper-bell lulling the Earth into peace,
 If the master still toil, chimes the workman's release !

Homeward from the tasks of day,
 Through the greenwood's welcome way
 Wends the wanderer, blithe and cheerly,
 To the cottage loved so dearly !
 And the eye and ear are meeting,
 Now, the slow sheep homeward bleating—
 Now, the wonted shelter near,
 Lowing the lusty-fronted steer ;
 Creaking, now the heavy wain
 Reels with the happy harvest grain.
 While, with many-colored leaves,
 Glitters the garland on the sheaves ;
 For the mower's work is done,
 And the young folks' dance begun !
 Desert street and quiet mart ;
 Silence is in the city's heart ;
 And the social taper lighteth
 Each dear face that Home uniteth ;
 While the gate the town before
 Heavily swings with sullen roar !

This, like many of these poems, has some reflections on the Revolution then raging at its height of atrocity in France. Such, however, are generally the least happy portions of Schiller's poems.

We have now given specimens of Schiller's poems only in the two distinct classes of Ballads and Odes. Imperfect must such be toward giving any idea to those who have not diligently read and studied his works, of the more general and powerful characteristics of his poetry. Few have succeeded so well in uniting harmoniously the force and beauty of intellect and imagination. Nowhere, in all his works, is there one, however lively the invention and tone, which does not show along the fiery train of mingled passion and fancy, somewhat of truth gleaned from rich mines of reflection, or deep stores of learning. It was his peculiarity, too, to leave, on every effort, numerous traces of his own genius. While the intellect is constantly charmed with rich invention, with inspiring thoughts, the spell is never broken by one foreign note. The thought is always that of the Suabian poet, or a thought whose gilding and use are peculiarly his own. *He is always original.*

Passing from the consideration of Schiller's poetry to that of his cha-

, as young men, we owe him a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. For his early misfortunes and trials, his early hopes and disappointments, we cannot esteem him too highly. For his energy in want, his courage in despair, for that high and ardent restlessness of soul, prompting him to new efforts, that enthusiastic worship of ideal excellence, as well in Art as in character, and the success which all these qualities contributed to his works, we owe him a debt which gratification alone can repay.

M.

To the New Hall.

LAST-BORN of Yale! daughter of Eloquence!
 Thou who for ages wert a listless rock
 Deaf to the call of noisy elements—
 The winds, and waves, and the loud thunder-shock.
 Whom nothing from thy slumbers could unlock
 Till man stretched forth his arm and bid thee rise—
 Thine be this feeble song. Let me not mock
 What I would celebrate; but may mine eyes
 Be clear to see the matchless worth that in thee lies.

Fairest of all thy sisters! thou art young.
 Age hath not stole thy beauties, nor hath time
 Around thy lofty brows his gray locks flung;
 But there thou standest in thy strength sublime,
 Like rocks that do aspire on high to climb.
 Thine elder sisters look on thee with pride—
 A noble throng—though some are past their prime,
 And stand in hidden beauty thee beside;
 Yet live they in their names, which time shall never hide.

With that pure fire which glowed in men of yore
 Do thou inspire us. We are come from where
 The old Atlantic surges on the shore,
 Or where the orange trees perfume the air,
 Or the wide prairies wave in beauty rare.
 Come we young patriots in our country's cause—
 Friends to the right, but foes to those who dare
 Insult her might, or majesty, or laws—
 Traitors be they, or kings, whose thrones are built on straws.

Breathe thou on us of that mysterious art,
Which charms the ear with her bewitching tongue,
And steals now soft on the unwilling heart,
And now bears down the passions of the throng,
And then soars upward fearlessly and strong,
Borne on her own resistless energies,
Until, like angry Jove, revenging wrong,
She plucks the thunderbolts from out the skies,
And hurls them down on her presumptuous enemies.

And Oh! that thou wouldest raise another *three*,
Whose triple voice shall loudly echo—right
All o'er the continent. Should Anarchy
Throw off his chains, and raise the watchword—fight!
Then Eloquence—come forth! clothe thee in might!
Sit lightning in thine eye, and on thy brow
Thunder! Then raise thy potent arm and smite!
Beat down the lawless monster! make him bow!
Till he shall own nought so omnipotent as thou.

So shall glad peace return, and with her bring
This shining trophy to adorn thy brow—
That thy proud children scorn to be a thing
To play the hypocrite, and fawn, and bow,
And pawn the honor of their country *now*—
Aye—though he win her shattered liberty
Whereon to rear a throne, and sits there—how?
Sceptered in shame—a dastard deity,
Clad in the glittering garb of splendid treachery.

But that's a dream. Though joy at sight of thee
Into the mind like a fair vision springs,
'Tis only for a moment. Thou and we
Must separate. The dim fore-shadowings
Of fathomless futurity that brings
Her train of greatness, glory, littleness,
And all her strange unraveling of things,
Merge in reality; and on we press,
Like endless waves, and where we end, Oh! who can guess!

But let it come! Time! let thy coursers fly!
For we are panting restlessly—and Oh!
Bring what thou wilt—we ask not what, or why;
But while we live, let us live nobly; so
Let us die. And though we soon must leave thee—though
We shall stand on this or on a foreign shore,
And see thee not, shall we forget thee? no!
But haply come again and on thee pour
Our grateful thanks, who did'st inspire us years before.

Hail! then, thou beauteous child of long desire,
 Time shall have plucked ambition from her sphere,
 Our endless train of phantoms shall expire,
 And we invisibly shall float in air,
 Or in the earth, or sea—we know not where.
 Others shall come and go—and like us fail,
 And with us mingle; but thou shalt stand—there—
 The brightest jewel in the crown of Yale,
 Which to destroy, or dim, long years shall not avail.

L. M. D.

PRIZE ESSAY.

Paul on Mar's Hill.

BY G. C. ROBINSON, WELLSBORO', PA.

REVOLUTIONS are not the logical effects of fortuitous and unnatural uses; nor yet the wayward, illogical effects of natural causes. They are natural products of natural law; natural law of whatever character, but the peculiar providence of God.

Of this proposition the physical world affords a most fitting illustration. She has not bequeathed to us, her offspring, an unwritten history. Each age has left unwasting testimonials of its being; and every *epoch* with its care has impressed upon imperishable tablets, the types of all its might peculiar. The aggregate rock is the records of the one's ordinary toil: the individual fossiliferous strata, of the other's sudden transitions and characteristic creations. The evidence of the latter is not less plain than the former.

Humanity, like the earth, has made a transcript not only of her common, uneventful life, but also of her special and tremendous reformations, of the new attendant organizations adapted to the altered conditions, under which they were to exist. In the whole she has frankly confessed her own degradation: for her violent transitions have ever been but self-satisfactions, because manifestations,—now of resolute opposition to the onward march of her native forces,—now of desire to rouse them from their al lethargy. In this degradation consists the necessity of revolution. For the powers of life intoxicated by its spirit, either wage, like the Titans in the old myth, an unnatural war against the heavenly around.

and above them; or sink into ruinous slumbers, like the charmed* wanderers in the Lotus-eating clime. From either of these conditions no gentle influence, however constant, is sufficient to remove them; for passion is strength incarnate; and Lethean slumbers less profound than death.

In treating of the condition of the world at the time of Paul's appearing in Athens, the Jews may properly be passed in silence. Nor are they to be considered as referred to in the general observations made upon nations, inasmuch as the crisis in their history had passed: and the new life was already animating her body politic and religious.

Faith is the substratum upon which every condition of life rests; and Nature, like a wise master-builder as she is, fashions the whole structure in keeping with its foundations. If the one be substantial and symmetrical, she builds the other so; but if insecure and at odd angles, still does she observe this law. There is that upon which faith depends for its quality. It is the character of the conception of the object of faith. Doubtless Adam knew God as he was. Not less certainly did his descendants lose that knowledge. Man's original faith stood in the full perfection and vigor of the oak with the growth of centuries, till temptation,—the source of the Fall,—like a fresh and vigorous vine, year by year increasing itself by new shoots and adorning itself with new foliage, had clasped it in a too strong, a fatal embrace. Swiftly its branching arms, through which the Spirit, "like a mighty rushing wind," had swept, until they trembled in its fearful presence, decayed and dropped; the trunk itself slowly wasted by the elements, disappeared; when, at the time of which we speak, its deeply sunk roots, clinging closely to the earth, deriving thence a sickly life, were all that remained. The superstructure of Society—in its limited relations of individuals and more general relations of nations—taking shape from such a foundation, could not be otherwise than an infirm, unsightly mass. Above it, ignorance and superstition reared their clouded crests, and covered with a "worse than Stygian darkness," whatever of good life may have retained. Through the darkness, at gloomy intervals, had some Poet or Moralists arisen, like a Pharos, the last, the forlorn hopes of the world; but they served only to show how dark was the night in which humanity was slumbering. If revolution has proved a necessity for ordinary reformations, here it was doubly so. It alone could dig up the false foundations of society which had been settling and strengthening age after age, and

* Tennyson, Vol. 1.

replace it by one new and true ; it alone could tear down her distorted edifice and build one more perfect in its stead ; and under its influence alone could the night of her error be dissipated.

But revolution must needs have a birth-place, and that not always a manger. In the choice of Athens, as the origin of this change, this was signally true. The reasons for her choice are obvious. Leaving behind her central position, which had commanded the commerce of the world ; and the influence which her magnanimous polity toward other nations, as well as the preëminent excellence of her internal polity, had given her, there was no one consideration, more mighty perhaps than any other, in effecting her selection. The East was by far less enlightened than the West, and proportionately more attached to old forms and associations. In Western nature science and the arts had developed a generous enthusiasm : which, while it left them an even more than proper regard for custom and tradition, still urged them ever onward to the attainment of higher excellence and nobler good. There was a hope that a flame kindled upon such material, would not go out, but should prove a "light to the nations." Another reason and second only to this, was the power she possessed in her unparalleled refinement and learning. Even at this late period her glory had hardly culminated ; for,* "flattered by the triumvirate and favored by Hadrian's love of the Arts, she was at no time so splendid as under the Antonines." The temples of a thousand years and the structures of Phidias and Praxiteles,† stood in undecayed magnificence, beside the regal piles of that present age. The spirit of Pythagoras still animated her Science and Philosophy. Pericles and Thucyides were still living in eloquence and History ; and poetry still was breathing the inspiration of Homer and the Drama. Such was Athens, when Paul, the greatest of human reformers, entered it. Coming as such, this was a fitting time for his entry ; for though Philosophy would yet cling stubbornly to its ancient tenets ; and unbelief wage sullen war with demonstrated truth ; yet the mind, not of Athens only, but of the world, was peculiarly restless from dissatisfaction with present attainments and unavailing search for greater ; of which, the fact that "All the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing," is indubitable evidence.

The antagonism of strong forces never fails to awaken emotions of sublimity in his mind, who contemplates it. It is so when protracted and

* Anthon's Class Lex.

† 440 B. C.

devoid of the thrilling displays of concentrated efforts. But especially is it so, when through an age grown hoary, each having been ceaselessly engaged in recruiting new and dread elements from every source; by every discipline inuring the new and old to severest toil, they at last stake their tremendous issues on a single struggle. If that struggle be of *cosmic* forces, the heart will leap up, if it is not stone. *Mind* in contest with mind, elicits an instinctive interest, and so is a cause of increased excitement to the feelings. But in the contest between the *moral* and immoral, the heart feels a deep personal concern, which rouses the emotions naturally excited by contemplation of strife into unparalleled vigor of action. In the struggle of which we are about to speak, were blended not only the most effective of these, but also another, which, as it was more powerful to elicit sympathy, would render the occasion of far deeper interest. Of the contending forces, the one was strong as age, and learning, and the prestige of "pomp and circumstance" could make it. The other came, in youth, not with the "excellency of man's wisdom," and in the prophet's humble garb. Every feeling of the heart is enlisted for the latter.

In imagination I seem to see them now—the glory and the boast of Athens—pressing toward the court of the Areopagus. And methinks the living come not alone. That life from the sacred dust of the Ceramicius, and spirits of the mighty dead, swarming from the sides of Delphi and Parnassus, and the banks of the Ilissus, are present in this hour; for it is a "pregnant time."* The crowd is hushed and still. The careful quiet, the inquiring look, the expectant attitude index the emotions of the soul. I see the "bubblers" on the wide nostrum. There is no applause. Truth, not display, is the object of desire. He speaks. There is no eulogy of "splendid, happy Athens."† It is simple and severe condemnation. It is courage greater than Hercules—logic sterner than the schools—morality higher than Philosophy's. It is God, for the first time here in action, thought, or feeling.

Our object thus far has been, to show that Paul's appearing upon Mars Hill, was *the* crisis not only in Athens, but the world's history, (the preparation for which it had been made in the death of Christ;) the precise point from which we may date all truthful radical reformation; and by this fact its grandeur as an occasion.

From this point our subject naturally affords two topics—the characteristics,

* Sydney Vandy's "Roman."

† "Alcestia."

I, of the old Civilization ;

II, of the New :

the one of which Paul came to destroy—the other, to propagate.

I. The characteristic of the old civilization as displayed in Religion, Government, and Literature, may be termed trust in objective forms.

There was one principle underlying all the popular religions of the Orient ; behind their last analysis, one cause. They were without God. Long before this humanity had proved itself that it was ignorance and weakness. It had put to its inner-self a thousand eager but fruitless inquiries of its being. A thousand times it had leaned on its great heart for support, and had fallen. From the exhibitions about it, nay, more from the strength of its own mystery, it argued the existence somewhere of the very soul of wisdom and power, upon which it might rely. Untaught to find it in a subjective condition, it sought it in the forms by which that existence was demonstrated. This was the travail of soul, by which Idolatry was produced. Polytheism and Pantheism were but the gradatory refinements of the old idea—exponents of the national mind by which they were originated and fostered. But whatever of corrupt ceremonial in adoration, or degrading custom in sacrifice ; whatever of vice, or whatever of virtue were to be discovered here, all had an existence in the Greek, the great historic nation of the time. In it were two orders of social life, whose castes of thought and action were Antipodes. The Greek termed 'Οἱ πολλοί and 'Οἱ σπουδαῖοι. The one applied to the many, who were ignorant and rude ; the other to the few intelligent and refined. The distinction between them is obvious. The masses were eminently irreligious. Many had not yet risen above the grossest idolatry. To those who had, the earth seemed but a vast temple in which each Divinity had a shrine sacred to its worship. Their altars stood in the populous thorough-fare and the deserted highway. They consecrated mountain and vale ; forestalling the eagle's eyrie and the song-bird's shade, to find fitting rest for their Gods. Cities, temples and seas, were their immediate care ; Rome turned confidently in her distress to Mars ; and the Parthenon looked out on the wild waves of the Ægean, the one sacred to Minerva, the other, Neptune's home. They had not as yet learned the absurdity of any trust, and especially such trust, in such Saviours. Superstition was the distinguishing trait in this character. The other order owed its parentage to this. It was sprung from, and in its youth had been nourished by this. Under the action of external influences—sometimes, it may be, from a stronger innate force which would press upward to a nobler hope—it had attained a condition supe-

rior in the accomplishments and graces of life, but one equally disastrous to that life. Intellectual culture had nearly taught them to despise their senseless images and manifold Gods, but it failed, as must human knowledge ever fail, to teach them the "one only God." Too learned for gross superstition, too ignorant for faith; wearied by unavailing search, bewildered in eternal doubt, they at last took refuge in unbelief, endeavoring to bolster themselves up with fictions of stoical indifference or sublimated philosophy. Of this class infidelity was the characteristic. As the extremes of heat and cold produce the same effect, so superstition and infidelity conduce to one end. They are each indications of an objective state of mind; the one, because it views Creative power not as *working by* visible agencies, but *itself* the visible agent; the other, because it originates in the lack of spiritual development.

As government always takes certain types from certain religious forms, from the first of these sprang monarchy; from the second, oligarchy: one pregnant with degrading despotism, the other with unending schism; interchanging, as the one or the other of these characteristics was in the ascendant. From the prevailing form, the social condition taking its complexion—for, in the normal state, the order of influence is God, the state, the individual—exerted upon it a powerful reflex influence. But, under the action of superstition and despotism, on the one hand; and on the other, infidelity and schism, society had fallen under its own degradation, bleeding from its strife with itself. In such a state only could monarchy and oligarchy exist; because they pre-suppose, as a necessity, a people in whom ignorance and failures have begotten distrust of the conclusions of their own minds, and a desire for a revealed will, of which their senses may take cognizance.

The history of Literature shows it to have ever been keenly sensitive to the influence of religion and government. Yet the Greek owed it to neither of these, that in it he attained his greatest subjectiveness. It had been affected to them only to its injury. The sensuous nature of the one, and the poorly developed spirit of the other, could but degrade it. To æsthetic culture it was indebted for its perfect expression, and whatever of spirituality it possessed. The purest subjectivity of the Greek arose, not from a contemplation of moral truths, as does the Christian's, but from a study of beauty and harmony in sensible objects, unable even to discover the divine principles shadowed forth by these symbols.

Poetry was to him the most attractive portion of literature. It was so because it treated of realities in the simple language of every day life; or, if it adorned, it was but the picture of a common scene—the echo of

a sound familiar to his ear. Hesiod and Sophocles alone can be regarded as having risen above this standard; and they accomplish it only at long intervals, sufficient but to serve as exceptions to the rule. The eloquence of the orators transferred to the parchment, took a higher rank than poetry. But they spoke little of abstract conditions. Isocrates and Demosthenes rose to their highest spiritual conceptions, to which they ever attained, when inspired by sensible occasions. The need of the Cyprian* prince excited one to the study and revelation of the immunities of power; and Macedonian lust stimulated the other to his triumphant vindication of liberty as a right, and a condition indispensable to virtue.

In presenting Philosophy as evidence supporting our leading proposition, it is that we may rather consider it in the light of an exception; but as an exception, whose tendencies are all in our favor. Only that Philosophy which was most sensuous, was at all acceptable to the masses. The remainder was too subtle for them; and foiled in their attempts to comprehend, they turned away to condemn and hate it. There is evidence of this in the fact that Grecian Philosophy separated its votaries from the people, elevating the former to the dignity of an aristocracy; but settling the latter to a confirmed and more tenacious trust in their God. But though designed to be purely subjective, comparatively speaking, it was still objective. It possessed none of the broad, deep, meaning spirituality, of that developed under the auspices of Christianity; but was contracted and superficial. Starting with what it deemed general principles, it never elevated itself to the conception of what was higher than it, because its reasoning was downward to fact. Such being the almost universal character of Grecian Philosophy, we are at no loss to discover its defect and its need. Oh! could this splendid image but have felt the breathing Deity, how excellent the life into which it would have awaked. But it was left for Him upon whom had fallen the mantle of a greater than Elijah,† to rouse the dead progeny of Greece,—Greece widowed of her Spirit-spouse, after whom she called in oracle, strove by symbol,—but in vain.

II. The civilization which Paul came to propagate, was that of which his own experience was a type, whose characteristic was faith in a subjective Creator. As polytheism took its rise in man's inability to conceive of a God infinite and indivisible, so it was overthrown when that

* Discourse to Nicodes II, Prince of Salamis.

† Raising the son of the Shumanite-widow from the dead.

inability was removed, and a new power had furnished him with a perfect ideal. No longer, as of old, proffering useless adoration to a deity of his own fashioning; but by faith communing with One, upon whom none could look and live; there perished the fictitious life of the *senses*, and a new one was begotten in the *soul*. As Aaron's rod swallowed the wands of the magicians, so this new spirit, by absorbing, destroyed the false and hurtful tendencies of humanity, and quickened its diseased powers into health. This development was full and symmetrical. Under the old religion individual qualities had been deified, and worshipped under individual forms. This partial worship destroyed the symmetry of the soul, a portion of whose faculties were unfolded to distorted proportion, while many, and its noblest capabilities, were left still slumbering germs. But in the new dispensation, so general and harmonious was action without and within, from the soul, as from an unfailing fountain, were pure emotions ever springing up. Reason, no longer cramped and dissatisfied, could act legitimately; judgment give in right verdicts; and will, whether influenced by these, or what was higher than these, was no longer a stern tyrant, but a generous prince. As under the old, so under the new dispensation, external action was a fair exemplification of the internal mind. Before, statesman and philosopher had vainly sought in reason and oracle a remedy for objective evil; now, humanity righted its own evils by inspiration. The precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," was diviner and mightier than the morality of Delphi.

As has been indirectly shown above, spiritual culture is accompanied by, or is a sure precursor of mental, and of consequent self-dependence. It is so, because its effect on mind is to demonstrate to it its capabilities, and to disembarass the operation of all its faculties; thus affording resources for unlimited improvement. Its influence upon hope begets the highest possible stimulants to that improvement. In the experience of the ancient, where man "perished into utter nothingness," or, at best, awoke again to a life as sensual as it was enduring, knowledge was not sought for its intrinsic worth, or for its influence on the present or future life; but, as the plant in the darkened cellar creeps toward the light, so he sought knowledge, impelled by the necessities of his nature. But now, taught to anticipate eternal life and joy; and that unceasing improvement was a condition of that life and that joy, the *mind* and *spirit* of humanity pressed gladly and together onward in their unending way. Another evidence is found in the effect of spiritual culture upon external circumstances. The spirit of love, of meekness and gentleness, which is its "eternal

idea," eradicates the spirit of unnatural strife, and affords opportunity for mental discipline; for the nations, no longer disposed to struggle for the mastery in bone and sinew, compete for honest and honorable supremacy in mind. But the inevitable and necessary tendency of cultivated mind is, to free government. Inspired with confidence in its own operations and conclusions, it no longer seeks conformity with a master mind, but becomes its own responsibility. Since the preaching of Paul there have been no exceptions to this rule.

Æsthetic culture had rendered the expression of Greek literature perfect. Complete mental and spiritual development in later times has not perfected expression only, but has originated truthful conception. The ancient found introspection a source of fruitless and harassing speculation, and turned to material nature, as that alone which could afford satisfaction. The modern comprehends and loves not material nature less, but the immaterial more; for he finds in it a broader, sunnier field for reason and imagination; a theatre for grander triumphs and serenest joys. Immediately after Paul's advent in Athens, literature gave evidence of its tendency to subjectivity in the great increase of ethical compositions. In still later times, every department of it shows this tendency to be more and more decided. The "Raphael" of Lamartine, and "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne, are types of what are now her commonest forms. Poetry rises higher; for she has not only caught the meaning of the "impassioned expression in the countenance" of universal nature, but she addresses familiarly and by name every emotion of the soul. The one finds its representative in Wordsworth; the other in Shakespeare. But faith-subjective development, as the characteristic of the new era, is seen more especially in modern Philosophy. Her reasoning is no longer from principle to nature; but from nature and principle to God. Having analyzed the mind, distinguished its faculties according to the functions of each, and shown under what varied forms they all unceasingly attest their relations to power creative, she is no longer a chaos of shivered sculptures heaped about religion's sacred shrine; but, fashioned in fitting harmony, they together form a divine temple, whose pavement and pillars are the one; the other the sunlit dome.

Such are some of the reflections our subject suggests. Such, as they have been described, are the character of the occasion it involves; and the characteristics of the two civilizations, which by contrast it exhibits. If we would draw from it a lesson of practical good, it needs no inspiration to assure us which is the more excellent. Now and for evermore, over the deserted fanes of false religions, and the broken columns of

transient empire and fictitious power, come the same earnest tones, which Athens heard, warning us against trust in forms, which of themselves are unmeaning and inefficient; and bidding us always turn in faith to the Invisible Source, whence the soul derives its highest culture and its eternal life.

G. C. R.

Cuba.

WITH Havana in sight, the prose and poetry of the voyage thither are well-nigh forgotten. You have left home with closely buttoned coat, and have paced the deck briskly, trying to keep warm; but now the sun chases you under the protection of the ship's awning, and even there, you are hardly cooled by the light sea-breeze. You have, perhaps, seen a storm at sea, the topmost wish of the landsman, till he has once satisfied his curiosity. As the waves angrily leap upwards, seeming to laugh in mad chorus, as, with but a plank between, you are tossed at their mercy; as they rise higher and higher, while rain and winds add to the confused picture—a picture, visible only when, at intervals, the lightning flashes among the clouds; you have felt a loneliness, and a weakness, which the greatest confidence in the ship, and its crew, cannot wholly dispel. Strange amusement too, has been offered. In the cabin, men, women, settees, and lap-dogs, have been tumbled in a delightful confusion, all sliding now in this way, then in that, as the ship rolls from side to side; and the huge stove now cold—for the steward has forgotten to replenish it—takes a jump to the leeward, first on one leg, then rolling on its side, much to the discomfiture of sundry dilapidated people, who, for the moment, forget to be sea-sick, and roll hurriedly away—no one walks; all stagger or creep, except such as have the facility of flies, in walking up perpendicular planks. But the morning after the storm repays for all anxiety. The sun comes forth in a new and cheerful dress—not a cloud in all the sky catches its beams. The waves are still unquiet, but they inspire no terror now: and as the vessel minds her helm, and rides up and down their huge sides, you contemplate the scene in its full beauty—alone in the center of an immensity of waters! A few sea-fowls follow lazily in your wake. It is impressive thus to be separated from the world of men! But you forget these impressions, as, passing at the

narrow mouth of the harbor, the Moro Castle, with its yellow walls bristling with cannon, new scenes and new experiences await you. On your right stretches Havana, like some fairy city with its many colored houses, some blue, some of a yellow tint ; while church towers of antique architecture, raise their dingy fronts against the clear sky. Here and there, a lofty palm-tree gives a novel and peculiar cast to the whole scene. Opposite the city, on your left, a long range of fortifications, the Cabanas, lines the shore—the high walls reminding of that compulsion, with which Tyranny is always compelled to enforce its demands. A Spanish friend, speaking your own language however, comes for you in one of the many little boats which, with their low, oval awnings, dot the harbor so prettily. Your baggage is taken to the Custom-House—there a surly official examines it, especially the books, one of which, a Greek version of *Isocrates*, he turns upside down and tries to read. He swears (so your friend tells you) a trifle in Spanish, while you pass on into the Place of Arms, on one side of which is the Governor General's palace, where a volante is in waiting under the shade. How the first sight of a volante sends a smile over your face ! Huge wheels, entirely behind the body of the vehicle, which resembles an old fashioned country chaise, with shafts eight yards in length—the whole giving an idea of one of those screw-steamers with the paddles astern, passing in the revolutions high above the deck. And then the horse ! Imagine at the end of the long shafts a small but stout nag, with cropped mane, and braided tail—(they practice braiding the tails, probably to give the many insects a good opportunity to get a living from the poor beasts ;) cover the animal almost entirely with a harness, heavy with iron and silver ; then place a negro "Calesaro" in livery, and heavy top-boots, on the saddle, while three persons sit in the volante, their whole weight pressing upon the horse's back, and you have a specimen of cruelty to animals, which elsewhere would not be tolerated. The motion of the volante is very easy, and with the top tipped back, one can ride very independent of all other exertion, than the mere trouble of staring at everybody and everything. As you ride through the narrow streets, just wide enough for one volante to pass another, you ask your friend to drive through some of the best streets, and are amused at his reply, that these are some of the best in the city ; you thought them lanes. The houses are mostly of one story, built very strongly of a soft stone, and a kind of cement ; the huge windows, reaching from the narrow sidewalk to the very roof, are barred from the top to the bottom ; and the black-eyed *Senoritas*, having fast hold of these same iron bars as they get a peep at the stranger, look, in

their fanciful attire, like caged birds of gay plumage. One large door, the only entrance through which horses, volantes, slaves, and all, come and go, if open, shows the whole extent of the domicile. All these strange sights carry you into the land of novelty and bewilderment. "How strange!" is all you have time to utter, at intervals, between new sights and the last ones seen. Your friends live outside the city walls, and you pass through one of the gates, at which a soldier walks sentinel; you meet a long train of something, which looks like the emigration of a small cornfield; nearer, you discover the heads and tails of animals. All the provender for the city beasts is thus brought in, daily, on pack-horses. You meet no ladies on foot—perhaps one or two, with no head-covering, happen to pass; you have learnt one custom here. Ladies seldom walk in the streets; seldom, if ever, wear bonnets; a light veil being the only head-dress. It seems strange to pass by the open windows, which have no glass, and are only closed by immense shutters, and to look through and through the entire internal economy of each house. You see first a parlor, then a sitting-room, then bed-rooms, and finally, the kitchen, with stable in the rear. The volantes are left in the hall adjoining the parlor; often in the same place where the meals are taken; while the horses step through the hall into the court-yard and stable beyond. The parlor floors are of marble; the other floors being usually of brick. The high white walls, with the painted roof-beams showing far above, give an air of discomfort to one accustomed to the cosy, carpeted houses at the north. These houses, however, are cool and adapted to this warm climate. Do you wish to dine in real Spanish style?—then lay aside your American palate, and prepare to find everything very highly seasoned with garlic and onions. The word "messes" is just the one to use in reference to many of these Spanish dishes. First, soup; then course after course of this strange cooking; and finally fruit; then pudding and sweetmeats, of which the Cubans are extremely fond; rich coffee finishes the repast. Cigars are smoked always;—during the meal and after the meal—ladies breathing the smoke, inhaled from the cigarette, (often from a *bona fide* cigar,) through the nostrils, with fine, ladylike effect! Smoking in Cuba is like the habit of making shoes in Lynn, Massachusetts, everybody smokes!—in the house, and by the way; in the cars, and on horseback; everywhere, and at all times. You meet whole regiments of youngsters, from six to eight years of age, with black beaver hats, tail-coats, and canes, each with a cigar, nearly his own size, in his mouth. You feel like putting the miniature dandies into the water of the next fountain basin, which, shallow as it is, would fully suffice to drown the largest of

them. You become cool again, after this burst of righteous indignation, and make another observation on the custom of smoking. You have a right to accost any one smoking in the street, however much may be his superiority or inferiority to yourself, and to ask a light for your cigar; even negroes, hatless and shirtless, thus address well-dickied gentlemen, and *vice versa*. Refuse to take a cigar with a Cuban, and you refuse his friendship. Towards evening you ride into the suburbs of Havana. Passing by the houses, you note the dark eyes and raven hair of the ladies, who, dressed in gayest mood, sit to see and be seen. Gentlemen, even when unacquainted, as they pass, may call out "Adios," and beckon to the ladies, receiving graceful bows in return. But the sunsets! how truly are they unreal and picture-like. You pass a clump of trees, and a wide extent of country lies before you. The sun is just dropping behind the distant hills. A few palm trees tower above you in the foreground; soft verdure variegates the landscape with colors of spring, summer, and autumn; the pretty look of those white cottages, overshadowed by the orange and the mango tree; here and there clumps of the ever-present, ever-graceful palm, giving an oriental look to the landscape; on the right, a mansion with its luxurious garden, its colored turrets and fanciful domes; while the sun's last rays gild the soft clouds above and around you; it is truly a scene of enchantment. You can hardly realize that it is not all a dream, so like is it to pictures which you have always looked upon as allegorical and imaginative. But you hasten homewards, for the twilight is brief. You must sleep on a cot to-night, for mattresses are almost unknown; but you are tired and your sleep is sweet. It is even more pleasant to be awakened at early dawn, by a servant with coffee and fruit, than to be aroused to a hurried toilet and prayers, by your loved chapel bell; and, with a pleasant smile, you take the luscious oranges and bananas, and do not growl a syllable, as the pretty negress places the fragrant coffee at your bedside, and curtsies from the room. Breakfast at nine; so you have ample time for another nap; but recollect that men of business here, finish up the greater part of their trading before breakfast; go on "change" before this meal, which is a hearty one, and keep indoors during the heat of noontime. "But I am no business man," say you, pulling together again the musquito-net; and the breakfast warning is the next sound you hear. You like the custom of but two meals a day, with chocolate rich and thick, or coffee in the evening, and so you pass your time lazily, as everybody else does here, till Sunday arrives to give you some new items of experience, which make you value more than ever your own religion and

good American Institutions. Such a clangor of bells disturbs the Sunday morning in Havana, that it disturbs you also. Will you attend mass! Coming near the church, you wonder why that fellow in the belfry is trying so earnestly to deafen himself, and everybody within the city walls, by his noisy hammering; and concluding that he is only "ringing the bell," you enter the dim sanctuary. The entire center of the roomy edifice is occupied by kneeling female forms, who usually rest on carpets with negroes in livery, to hold their prayer-books, and with their graceful veils thrown back from the face, many look quite beautiful, all very picturesque. Soon the tread of martial men is heard, and soldiers file into the church. Seven of these, tall and straight, surround the altar with their short-swords, sharp and glistening, held up before them. The service begins, and the military band executes the most delicious music. Hark! it is from the opera of Norma! For a half-hour you listen. Then the Priest blesses the people; the band strikes up the Spanish march; the Host is raised; the congregation all bend the knee and disperse. You ask yourself, "Is this devotion?" When mass has been attended, the labor of the day is over; and now begins the amusement and frolic of the week. A Spaniard tells you that it is a *duty* to amuse yourself to-day, and feels hurt because you do not agree with him. He cannot understand your reasoning. If it be a duty, then the Cubans perform that one duty, more faithfully than any other. In the afternoon, there are bull-fights, cock-fights, and sundry private fights, among individuals, who knock out a few teeth, &c., from a sense of duty, of course. Towards evening, on the Sabbath, all the beauty and fashion of the city are to be seen on the Paseo or public drive—a long line of volantes with the tops thrown back, and generally with three ladies, (the "nina bonita" for a center piece,) drives slowly up and down this long avenue, between rows of young men, who have the privilege of addressing any lady with compliments—such as "*Que bonita!*" (How lovely!)—so that Spanish compliments are become a byeword. When the Spaniard to whom you are introduced for the first time, tells you, "My house is at your disposal!" he only means the same falsehood with many at the North, when they say, "I should be *happy* to see you at my house." The rich but fanciful dresses of the monotonously-dark-eyed ladies; the gay livery of the drivers; the silver trappings of the horses; and the brilliancy of the whole affair, are together but another bit of odd experience for the stranger to carry away in his memory. Dragoons in yellow coats and cocked hats, who ride up and down to preserve order, add much to the gaiety of the scene. In the evening, as you pass along the streets, the

sound of music attracts your attention. In company with a crowd of white and negro population, old and young, who, on such occasions, always gather about the windows to enjoy the sport, you, with a stranger's freedom, gaze into a parlor, where, moving in the graceful Spanish dance, men and women are busily engaged in perspiring, and then attempting to cool themselves by the peculiar method of fanning. And all this on Sunday evening! How nicely duty and inclination agree!

Havana is a merry, careless place after all. The people take everything easily. What can be done to-morrow, they are sure not to do to-day! They are not particular to trouble themselves about progress! They plough with a log of wood, sharpened at the end with iron, and allow their negroes to wear clothes or not, as they choose. The little children generally wear nature's scanty coverings, with the addition only, of dirt by themselves. The shopmen jump into a volante, and carry samples to the houses of their customers, and throw in as "contra," gratis, some little article, after cheating for three times its value; and the customers are thus well satisfied, thinking more of the value of the "contra," than of the price of the purchase. The ladies sit in the volante at the doors of refreshment saloons, and take "las dilicias," brought out to them; much of their shopping too, is done in this way; and thus everybody is accustomed to do everything. Even the negro slaves are as happy as their masters, and go about the streets singing. Poor pedlers have young negroes to carry their trash about for them; the watchmen sing the hour of night, and the state of the weather; and from the merry child-christening, when little negroes scramble for sixpences, which it is the custom to throw to them on such occasions, to the simple song of the naked negro slave, everything is merry. To be sure, you think they all talk a most unintelligible jargon, for never a word do *you* comprehend, but even this makes it all the more pleasant; for not an oath do you hear; not a single offensive word; even when the Spanish soldiers, gathered around the door of their barracks, make fun of your foreign dress, you do not heed them. Not till you learn that "Carajo" is an oath, do you feel called upon to reprove your Spanish friend for swearing. But in the midst of all this seeming merriment and carelessness, what is the actual state of things? You will find out to your cost, before leaving this Island, with its miserable government, and its multitude of under-officials, who find out the stranger, and "take him in" most decidedly. The Government cares little for the real comfort of the inhabitants. To be sure it encourages some improvements, and keeps order among the people, but with its main object to aggrandize and enrich itself, it checks

personal effort, as facts will show, and suspects even the most patriotic motives of individuals. Soldiers are kept in every town to overawe the people, should they murmur at any of the Governor General's arbitrary enactments. Everywhere does the Creole curse his Spanish master.

These, then, being your first impressions of Cuba, you prepare (for the weather is always fine in February and March) to journey over the Island, and to visit the sugar and coffee estates, the main features of its interior. The observations then made, you reserve for a second sketch of Cuba and its curious customs, should any such be written.



Is the Democratic Party a Radical Party?

RADICALISM and Conservatism, in the general acceptance of the terms, are the direct antipodes of each other—the one being offensive, the other defensive in its nature; the one signifying innovation and change; the other, the preservation of what is established.

The application, therefore, of the terms Radical or Conservative, in their literal signification, to either the Democratic or Whig party, is not admissible. If the Democratic party desired to introduce changes into our form of government, which would be subversive of the principles of the Constitution; if it wished to make innovations, that would materially alter the relations of individual States to the Confederation of the whole; in a word, if it was strictly revolutionary in its tendencies, then no one would hesitate to call it a radical party. On the other hand, if the Whig party was merely defensive in its nature; if, in its anxiety to preserve the Constitution sacred and inviolate, it forgot all those reforms, which are compatible with its spirit, then we might describe it, unqualifiedly, as a Conservative party.

There is a very wide distinction in the signification of the same terms, under different forms of government. Radicalism, in a monarchical form of government, has its legitimate meaning, approaching, in signification, to that of revolution. Conservatism, in Europe, is far different from conservatism in the United States. In the one, it is a broad pool, collecting and preserving the political slime and scum of ages, without either refreshing springs or agitating eddies; while in the other it is a wide and deep river, moving slowly along, within the barriers of the Constitu-

tion. It is one of the chief excellencies of our government, that from its nature, no thorough radical or thorough conservative party can exist under its influence. Formed on the broadest principles of justice—embracing in its influence no one age, but all time—anticipating the wants of no one generation, but those of the most distant posterity—confined in its adaptation to no one class or condition of men, but alike applicable to all—it robs radicalism of its monarchical and legitimate definition, and gives to conservatism a wise and judicious progression in its meaning.

Taking, therefore, radicalism and conservatism, with that qualified definition, which the nature of our government has so happily given to them, we ask the question again—Is the Democratic party a radical party?

In examining this question, we ask the reader of this article to bear with us, while we lay before him the character of a truly radical party. Commencing its existence, soon after the formation of the government, when the spirit of the Constitution was moving upon the face of the political elements, and dividing the light of concord from the darkness of anarchy, it would have been actuated in its organization by no motives of selfishness or ambition, but confidently believing in the necessity of reforms, it would have entered upon its mission with a sincerity and an honesty of endeavor, which of itself would have bespoken success. Trusting in the ability and patriotism of those into whose hands the reins of government had been committed, and especially of him who had already been addressed by a confiding people, as "the father of his country," it would not have sought to alienate their affections, by thrusting itself into their confidence, and disparaging his ability, and misrepresenting his motives. Beholding the embassies of a foreign government perplexing and entangling the neutral policy of its own, it would, instead of seeking to involve the country in war, have endeavored to heal the wounds she had already received, by the works of sincere and honest reform. Coming into power at an early period of the country's history, and possessing all the means necessary to verify its professions by practice, it would have endeavored to elevate the physical and moral condition of the working classes, by the fostering care of government. Finding the nation placed by Providence in a territory wide in extent, traversed by vast rivers, encompassing mighty lakes, and magnificent in its resources and capabilities, it would have been anxious to join to nature the aid of government in its development. Believing that consistency in a party was preferable to changeableness, and honesty to deception, it would not at one time have established a National Bank, and at

another have overthrown it—at one time have rejected the Sub-Treasury System, by an almost unanimous vote, and in a few years after, have as unanimously established it. It would not have been a party, so vacillating, that at one period it would have passed revenue laws, imposing high protective duties, and at another have repealed them as unconstitutional; which, under one administration, have graciously appropriated millions of money for internal improvements, and under another have withheld the smallest sum, that would have rendered life safe, and commerce profitable. Gaining the confidence of the people, and possessing the power of administration, in many of the State governments, it would not have continually opposed the cause of universal education, but would have looked upon it as the firmest support of the Constitution. Considering colleges and institutions of learning as insurance buildings, where the morals and the virtue of the community were exempted from all hazard, which arises from ignorance, it would have paid its premium from the public funds, and received, as its policy, the pleasing spectacle of an intelligent and happy people. Coming down to our times, if it was the dominant party, it would rise far above all sectional and party prejudices, and with a magnanimity worthy of a ruling party, would administer the government not for a part, but for the whole people. Having elected a man known for his experience in government, and respected for his abilities, it would not look upon him as a tool to be used for the dove-tailing of the odds and ends of parties. Trusting in the wisdom of his judgment, it would not have allowed his independence to have been trammelled by the crows of the North, and the cormorants of the South, and the political jackals and wolves of the Western wilderness. If he was called upon to appoint ministers and consuls abroad, it would have expected that he would select them, not from the cesspools of licentiousness, and the bed of harlots in New York, but from the highest and most respectable walks of life. If, by chance, he had been so unfortunate as to have appointed but *one* honest and independent man to a responsible station, it would not look favorably upon that man's unreasonable expulsion from office, because he merely preferred to be faithful to himself and his obligations, rather than to his party. If an ambitious and unscrupulous politician of the North desired to outbid him in the coming political auctions for the Presidential chair, by abrogating the sacred Compromises of the past and removing the ancient landmarks of Freedom, it would induce him to spurn the unholy rivalry, pointing him to the integrity and the virtue of the people for his future reward. In a word, if it was a truly radical party, it would rise far above all low and sordid considerations of self, and embracing the whole interests of the whole country, it would advo-

cate such reforms, and enact such laws, as would tend to the happiness and prosperity of the people, and to the honor and glory of itself.

Is this the Democratic party which we have been describing? Let us see. And whatever inference may be drawn from the comparison, that shall be the answer to the interrogation with which we started.

Immediately preceding the formation of the Constitution, in 1789, three parties arose in the United States. The first of these parties in influence, and in numbers, was called the Republican party. This party was formed upon the principles advocated by the writers of the *Federalist*, and was characterized by its zeal in advocating the adoption of the Constitution, and its strong attachment to it after its formation. The acknowledged leader of this party was Washington; its ablest advocates were Madison, Marshall, and Jay. The second party were the advocates of a monarchical, or a limited monarchical form of government. Its leader and champion was Alexander Hamilton. This last named party, through the influence of Washington, was soon identified with the first, and at length became the firmest support of the Constitution. The third party was organized on the basis of opposition to the Constitution. This was the root from which all the genera and species of Democracy from that day to this, have sprung. In 1793, war was declared between England and France. Washington immediately issued a proclamation of neutrality. Jefferson, at the head of the anti-Constitutional party, violently opposed this pacific policy, and commenced to organize throughout the principal cities of the country, Jacobin Clubs and French Democratic Societies to defeat the measures of the administration. The Democratic party, then, it will be observed, possessed the same inherent characteristics that it does now. Its policy was destructive, and not constructive; innovating, but not reforming. You can see, although more than half a century has passed away, the features of the boy in the countenance of the old man. Although the revolutions of the party have had a marvelous eccentricity, defying all the practical formulas to ascertain its different orbits, although the aberrations of its principles cannot be corrected by the telescope of experience, yet you can behold a sameness in its character, running back throughout its existence. In 1801, Jefferson and his party came into power. They gained the confidence of the people then, precisely as the Democratic party does now, by cajoling the masses into the belief, that the sincerity of its professions for their welfare will be verified by its actions. Jefferson was a man eminently theoretic in character, and the people naturally expected some radical changes would take place under his administration. During his two administrations, three important measures were adopted, namely, the payment from the public treasury of

the internal taxes, the liquidation of the public debt, and a change of the naturalization laws. These were truly radical measures, and if they had originated in the Democratic party, it would have gone far to establish its claims to the name of a reforming party ; but, unfortunately for its radicalism, as it has often happened, the two first were devised and advocated by a distinguished gentleman in the ranks of the opposition ; while the last was suggested by the preceding administration.

On the fourth day of March, 1817, James Monroe succeeded James Madison as President of the United States. At this time all political strife had nearly ceased, and if there was ever a time in the history of our country, when radical reforms would have incurred no decided opposition, this was preëminently the period. But what measures of reform were adopted during the eight years of Monroe's Administration ? The so called Monroe-doctrine was adopted. What this doctrine means, is still a question among our statesmen. Calhoun thought it meant non-intervention ; John Quincy Adams thought it meant intervention ; while Hayne declared it a non-committal doctrine to be construed as one saw fit. Now if it was non-intervention in its meaning, then surely instead of its being an original measure, it was, in fact, borrowed from the neutral policy recommended by Washington. If it was intervention in its intended construction, then it was but the Jacobin doctrine of Jefferson clothed in the drapery of milder and less offensive language. In either case it was not a new or radical measure. The Missouri Compromise also was adopted under Monroe's Administration, but he, who caused the dark cloud of gloom, which hung like a pall over the bright prospects of our country to pass away, by the sunshine of his persuasion, and made patriotism triumph over fanaticism by his eloquence, is known to all. It is unnecessary to point out in what respects the later Administrations of the Democratic party have not been sincere and honest advocates of reforms. Their policy is fresh in every one's memory, and whoever will take the pains to compare their measures with the true standard of reform, will perceive as much want of originality in devising radical changes, as of sincerity in adopting them. Passing over, then, the Administration of Jackson, Van Buren and Polk, we come down to the present Government. Franklin Pierce came into office with the advantage of being a comparatively unknown man, and for that reason, we had a right to expect that his Administration would be progressive in its tendency. Old party leaders, and old party issues, were thrust aside to make room for a new man, bound by no party obligations, and for new measures, untrammelled by the foggyism of the past. The questions of other days had all been settled, or at least had ceased to be agitated,

while new and important measures of progress were claiming the earnest attention of the people. The greatest of these questions was, whether the Government would lend its aid in commencing and completing a national work, in comparison with which the Appian way of Cæcus and the most stupendous works of Napoleon, would dwindle into insignificance. A large part of the Democracy, both at the North and at the South, waited only for the signal of approval from the President, to lay claims to the doctrine as a party measure. Even members of his Cabinet misinterpreting the course of his policy, uttered sentiments giving hope and encouragement to the people, and their words were taken up throughout the length and breadth of the land as an earnest of a radical and progressive Administration. A few weeks have since intervened, and the foggyism of the past has got the better of progression, and the President has sunk back again into the stop-policy of his predecessors. What a comprehensive compendium is this of the progressive policy of the Democratic party from the days of Jefferson to the present time! A man is placed in the highest position in the gift of a great people. He has measures of improvement thrust upon his attention by the progress of the age, which, if he would adopt and carry out, would make his name commensurate with the future existence of our country. But instead of this, we have a man for President who has spent over a fourth part of his Administration in uniting the fag ends of a party as incongruent as Falstaff's army at Coventry, and dealing out the crumbs of patronage with as much care to tide-waiters and salt-guagers, as to Cabinet officers and ministers abroad.

Thus we have reviewed the policy and the measures of the Democratic party, and in going over so large a field, and finding so little radicalism, we are reminded of that passage in King Henry the Fourth, where the policy and the private papers of the sleeping Falstaff are examined by Prince Henry and Gadshill.

Prince Henry. Hark! how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets. What hast thou found?

Gadshill. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prince Henry. Let's see what they are; read them.

Gadshill. Item, A Capon, 2s. 6d.

“ Sauce, 4d.

“ Sack, two gallons, 5s. 3d.

“ Anchovies and sack, after supper, 2s. 6d.

“ Bread, a half penny.

Prince Henry. O monstrous! but one half penny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

J. C. R.

The Ideal.

In the music chime of merry rhyme,
I will weave my humble lay,
To one more fair than the morning air,
When the sunbeams sweetly play.
The silken lash with the beaming flash
Of her dark and lustrous eye,
May put to shame the lightning's flame,
As it leaps the frowning sky.
So sweetly empearled in their roseate world,
Her teeth scarce meet the view,
Save when a smile, all free from guile,
Like starlight shineth through.
Her step is light as the zephyr-sprite,
And her foot so tiny and small,
Like a phantom dances in midnight trance,
No shadow it makes on the wall.
Her spirit pure is the cynosure
That prophets so oft have told,
Leads to realms of light, as fair and bright
As stars of shining gold.
The silvery cloud is her spirit-shroud,
The morn her evening guest,
While flowers in bloom bedeck her home,
The rainbow round her breast.
The winning grace of her angel face
Shines on Heaven's azure dome,
And with heart elate at the "Pearly gate,"
She welcomes our spirits home.
Till the spirit real of my bright ideal
My vision shall fondly greet,
And the curving arch, where the spirit march
Resounds to her unseen feet,
Shall become a part of my own wild heart,
And she my spirit-bride,
In the music chime of merry rhyme
I will woo her at even-tide.

Intellectual and Moral Greatness.

INTELLECTUAL and moral greatness are simply constituent parts of the highest type of Greatness. They are entirely independent of each other. They may exist each without the other, and do so exist oftener than otherwise.

Intellectual Greatness with man is of a two-fold character; original and acquired. Some minds are naturally possessed of power and genius, and need but simple development to enable them to shine among the brightest in the intellectual firmament. Others, again, are by nature not much above the common order of minds, and yet great energy of character, and severity of discipline long continued, gives them enviable power and influence. It is these characteristics combined which constitute the greatest power of mind. An intellect, powerful by nature, may remain without influence or notice, because unwrought. There are many uncut diamonds.

Intellectual greatness, in itself considered, is mere power in full development; positive, absolute, and independent, to be sure, but reckless and blind. It knows no good, no evil. It thinks, investigates, compares, and analyzes, because it is its nature to perform all these acts. It neither loves, nor hates, nor sympathizes. It appreciates and receives nothing but knowledge; it develops and produces nothing but pure thought. To man, as an intellectual being, it is a chief glory, a grand, a noble, a commanding quality and acquirement. To man, as a social being, it is the lofty, impressive, but *snow-capped* Alps; mighty, but cold, begetting nothing but wonder and awe.

It loves truth, because truth is consistent with itself, and is the only sure ground upon which it may make progress in knowledge; for an inconsistency is an abomination to the intellect, and to advance in knowledge is its chief delight—that for which it will sacrifice all things else.

If it is of any influence upon society, it is through stern and rigid reason. Like an absolute monarch, it wields the arm of severe necessity, but never shows the hand of persuasion.

As an antagonist, Intellectual Greatness is persisting, jealous, and unyielding; for its grounds are taken only on the apprehension and conviction of what, in its notion, is the truth. Hence, a counter-conviction is necessary, which is not gained without a struggle; for not only must the opponent prove the truth of his own ground, but he must *first disprove* the truth of the ground of the other, which, evidently, is of ten-fold more

difficulty, for it is very hard for a man to give up his own child, and adopt another in its stead.

It delights to meet with other intellects, especially those of its own rank; but it is because it loves to discuss its own convictions, and may, perhaps, make new acquisitions in knowledge. It is in its nature to disseminate, and perhaps inculcate, what to it is truth, as well as to investigate and establish it. But the greatest human intellect is still, notwithstanding its greatness, very liable to error, for it is soon lost and overwhelmed in the profusion of infinite greatness that surrounds it.

It delights in the investigation of the works of nature, because it sees in them unmistakable evidences of an intellect of infinite power; and there progress in knowledge may be made without end.

It is never stationary. The apex of greatness is never reached; but as it advances, no matter with how much rapidity, "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise." It can live and grow only in action, and the more are its acquirements, the more it is capable of acquiring; and all this because it is so constituted in its nature.

It seems to be its sphere to investigate the causes and reasons of things, but not to trouble itself about that which would alleviate the misery of others, or promote the common weal.

But what man, what intelligence have we here! Verily none. We have examined only one part of a truly great man, and that part which, without the moral quality, or rather with that quality blunted and deprived of its legitimate action, would render man an arch-fiend. We have attempted to describe one of the constituent parts of the highest type of greatness. We have investigated briefly what is, as it were, the noble engine of the ship, beautiful, and complicated, and working with harmony and strength, in full operation. But we have not observed that which guides the whole structure. We have taken no notice of the helm and the compass.

Moral greatness is not like that part of our subject of which we have just treated,—a power; but rather a quality or principle, acting through the intellect, and only through the intellect. There are many qualities and passions of our nature, not only directing the intellect in its action, but giving it intense energy of action; such as ambition, patriotism, and revenge. Such a quality, or perhaps combination of qualities, is Moral Greatness.

And this is the very relation which the intellect, in *any* point of view, was designed to hold to our moral nature; to be guided by it in all its operations, so that all its acts might redound to right, and justice, and goodness, both individual and common.

The criterion of Intellectual Greatness is the grasp of ideas of which it is capable; the length of time for which it is able to concentrate all its powers in one burning focus on any given subject; the energy with which it rebounds to renewed labor, after repeated failures. We have no such criterion of Moral Greatness. We judge of that by the amount of self sacrifice which it enables one to undergo for the sake of truth, justice, or the common good. Here we are struck with a great difference between the spheres of the two kinds of greatness which we are discussing. Intellectual Greatness may investigate and establish the profoundest truths, ascertain clearly in every case what would be exact justice, and, if the motive were given it, devise means and plans for great public benefit; nay, it may go even farther, and communicate these truths and plans to others, and, so far as just and fair reasoning would go, endeavor to impress them upon them. Beyond this point it never moves. It never influences one in the least to *suffer* for the sake of truth, or justice, or the weal of another. Here the intellect always stops, for its nature prompts no further; its work is completed. Here the moral quality steps in, and that person is possessed of the most Moral Greatness who is willing to make the greatest self-sacrifice.

This, then, is the great distinction between Intellectual and Moral Greatness. The one acts; the other suffers, if necessary, for the sake of sustaining and carrying out that action. A man possesses one of these qualities, as an intelligent being, the other as a social being.

It has been seen that Intellectual Greatness is of a two-fold character, with respect to its origin—natural and acquired. The same is true of Moral Greatness. There seems to be no doubt that some persons have by nature moral qualities of a higher order than others,—are possessed of a nicer moral sense. But that Moral Greatness may be *acquired*, as well as Intellectual Greatness, needs no remark. Here again there is a striking difference between these two qualities. While the latter is acquired by intense study, investigation, and thought, the former is acquired by *practice*; and hence the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Again, Moral is more universal than is Intellectual Greatness. There are comparatively few persons that can attain to this. It by no means lies within the reach of all. It is to a great extent a *natural* characteristic, with which but few are endowed; and fewer still acquire it by mental discipline. But Moral Greatness is within the reach of all. All can attain it. There was this quality as well in the widow who cast in her two mites, which was all her living, into the Treasury of the Lord, as in

Him who hung upon the cross. There is Moral Greatness in the child who would die rather than commit a theft, as well as in the Patriot who, by seven years' toil, delivered his country from the hands of the oppressor, and *then* established, within it free institutions.

Moral Greatness has for its fundamental principles truth and justice. Hence many, when the moral quality is mentioned, think of nothing but the stern, the severe, the sour man, one who is unyielding in his views, and unsympathizing in his nature. Much more will they give this forbidding countenance to Moral *Greatness*. But this results from a morbid, an imperfect growth. It must be remembered that true Moral Greatness is comprised of *all* the moral attributes. It has goodness, as well as truth; it has mercy, as well as justice; it is long kind and long-suffering, as well as firm and unyielding.

And here is its power. It makes its appeals not only to the conscience—to our sense of what is right and wrong—but to the warm feelings of the human heart; to feelings of affection, of sympathy, and of gratitude. It begets not only feelings of reverence, and severe respect, and, perhaps, of awe, but those of love and affection. We find we are in the presence of the sun, not only as a great power, but as the source of rich and invaluable blessings, rather than the sublime, the gorgeous, but cold, star-lit heavens.

While Intellectual Greatness, at best, is subject to much error, Moral Greatness does not involve error, but leads us to avoid it. The greatest productions of the greatest intellects have, from time immemorial, been successively condemned and branded as nonsense. Men of the greatest minds have wandered blindly about, groping from one error to another, because the moral quality was sunk in barbarism and superstition, and needed quickening to action; and we find that those men have made the most advance toward the light of truth in whom the moral quality is most developed, in whom we see the most of moral greatness—for Intellectual Greatness is, as I have said before, a blind power.

We have investigated the two qualities mentioned in our subject, separately. We have endeavored to ascertain what is the peculiar sphere of each. If now we join together these two kinds of greatness, what a power shall we have! More sublime, more soul-stirring, and more soul-chastening—at the same time more engaging, beautiful, and lovely—than all that earth or nature affords; because it is that of which these, in all their grandeur and extent, are but the exponents.

That man who has a giant intellect, thoroughly trained, not only capable of diving deep into the profundities of thought and nature, and

bringing forth from their treasure things new and old, but which possesses likewise *Moral* Greatness, which shall guide it in the path of truth and justice, which shall turn the products of its skill and labor to the greatest good of all, possesses, indeed, greatness in its noblest character.

Such was Sir Isaac Newton, such was Washington, and such was Paul the apostle. Although these instances of the noblest and highest type of Greatness are rare, still we are surrounded on all sides with the most profuse evidences of it. The leaf, the tiny insect's wing, as well as the leaping cataract, or the heaving ocean, battling it with the tempest, or the wheeling of the boundless firmament, or the fertile field, rich with the bending harvest; each and all bespeak an intellect of infinite greatness, a soul of infinite goodness; for it is Intellectual Greatness and Moral Greatness, in their infinity, which constitute the Almighty.

Bryant and Longfellow.

EDGAR A. POE defines Poetry as the "Rythmical creation of Beauty." We agree with him fully, and would expand this definition by claiming that the province of the Poet is the expression of Beauty—the drawing forth of the beautiful both in man and nature—the bringing before the eye of less-appreciative men much of the sublime which, but for his Genius, would pass unnoticed. The author above-mentioned, in his *Essay* on "The Poetic Principle," contends, too, that a Poem is such, in name alone, unless it produce "elevation of soul." This "elevation of soul," as he calls it, produced by excitement of the finer faculties, is to be derived only from the contemplation of the beautiful. In no other way can it be attained. Depreciating the anger of the hundreds of essayists on the "Poet's Object"—the "Poet's Mission"—"The Sure Poet," &c.—we, with fear and trembling, state our disbelief in the popular maxim—"The Poet's object is Truth." Truth is desirable and does not at all injure a poem—but we contend that the value of the production is by no means due to *its* presence alone. Truth presented to our minds by the philosopher, in plain prose—is but an astonishing *fact*—there is nothing exciting about it—we *believe*—but calmly and without emotion. "The mind—healthy, in full action—possessing all its faculties—is in itself symmetrical"—this is *Truth*—we acknowledge it, but without any

peculiar pleasure. Would you have Poetry—take the same idea in this poem—

“In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.”

Here we have Poetry—the same Truth is here conveyed as in the former—yet, in this latter case, we feel and admire. Truth, then, cannot be the essence of Poetry, for its presence fails in the former instance to produce it; we look then to the other characteristics of the latter mode of expression—those distinguishing it from the other, and we find *Beauty*: beauty of imagery—beauty of expression—and metrical (or musical) beauty. These, the only qualities distinguishing the Poem, we claim as the characteristics of poetry, and uniting them we would call its requisites simply *Beauty*. Not that we would advocate the existence of Poetry without Truth—it is necessary to its existence—but it is necessary just as food (though by no means its *object* or *chief distinguishing property*) is indispensable to Life.

Having then, as we hope, established a criterion by which to judge the merits of the two Poets, let us seek the points of difference between Bryant and Longfellow.

The difference can be one of degree and matter only, since the effects being of the same nature, the Poets can differ only in the extent of their power and their manner of attaining it.

Both express the *Beautiful*:—both produce “elevation of soul.” Which of them then—the question becomes—causes the greater exaltation of spirit—which of them the more easily and naturally excites the higher emotions of the soul?

Between Bryant and Longfellow, we find none of those marked and broad differences which distinguish most of our great Poets from one another. In our opinion, however, Longfellow seems to possess more of true, poetic merit.

We would notice, as giving him a superiority in most minds—the warmth of feeling evinced in Longfellow's poems—he speaks to us from his own heart—he touches the chords in the bosom of his hearers, not that he may analyze their vibrations, but that they may sound in unison

with his own. In the most exquisite verse he incites to exertion not as a looker on, but as a fellow-laborer—and thus his influence is deeper rooted—more easily exerted—more effectual. The human heart will not soften and yield to its better influences at the command of one who himself evinces no aspirations, although it may lay bare its most sacred feelings and acknowledge its inmost longings to one who, with truthfulness and grace, tells the tale of his own desires. And here it is that Bryant fails—he is cold and apparently unsympathizing, his verses are before you, beautiful and true—but wanting in warmth of feeling—he demanded your emotions, but offers not his own in exchange. The conclusion of his *Thanatopsis*, fine as it is, in both idea and expression, contains no such warm provision for human weakness—no such sympathy for the erring as the last two lines of this verse from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," where he says,

"—— We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

And this is not a solitary instance—all his poems overflow with this same kind feeling which instantly prepares the soul to give vent to its better feelings. With regard to the minutiae of versification, we do not feel sufficiently acquainted with the works of either poet to speak. But to the "expression of the beautiful"—the elevation of the same—Longfellow most certainly brings a warmth which renders him superior to Bryant.

B.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINES.

NO. IV.—"THE MEDLEY."

We have come now to a date only three years previous to the commencement of the present "Yale Literary Magazine." The first No. of "The Medley" was issued in March, 1833. It was anonymous, both in respect to editors and contributors, and continued through three numbers of fifty-six pages each. As this periodical is so recent, we shall make no minute notice of its contents. It contained thirty-five articles in prose and poetry. The latter is excellent, being written mostly by a single individual, who subscribes himself, "T. S." The prose differs somewhat from that of the previous publications, in the char-

acter of the subjects, embracing only three articles which can be called essays. The attempt seems to have been made to ensure success, by rendering the Magazine more popular in its topics. And its pages are filled chiefly with Tales, Reminiscences, and Dialogues.

The first quarter of the Magazine closed in June, but that it was the intention of the Editors to continue it, is evident from the following extracts:—

"We have been told, and the sage remark has been reiterated again and again, that there was not sufficient stability and firmness in young men of our age and station, to prosecute, with any hope of success, an enterprise like that in which we are engaged, and which, with your assistance, we have pledged ourselves to accomplish. To prove a charge so blasting to our hopes, and paralyzing to our exertions, we have been referred to the total failure of other publications, similarly situated with the Medley, and whose prospects, at commencement, were as fair, or even fairer, than our own. Whilst we admit the plausibility of the conclusion, we deny its correctness. Never, within our knowledge, has a periodical published in this Institution, received a fair trial. The patronage which was promised has been withheld. At every step it has been met by a spirit of hostility and abuse equally malevolent and undeserved. It matters not from what foul source the stream originated—the unfortunate periodicals, unable to stem the torrent, after a few struggles for existence, have sunk 'to rise no more,' beneath the oblivion of its waters. Whether this fate is reserved for the Medley, 'all-trying time alone can determine.' *But never, oh never, may the sorrowful task be assigned to us of inscribing upon its tomb the mournful epitaph, 'The Medley was, but is no more.'*"

This is from the address "To the Patrons and the Public," in No. III. In the department entitled, "Our Quill," which, translated, is "Editor's Table," they say again:—

"We have heard the opinion expressed, from time to time, that our publication was about to close—that the present number was destined to be the last, and that we were to retire from the struggle, disheartened, and defeated. We would say, unhesitatingly, to those who have advanced it, you are mistaken. It is not our intention to relinquish even the slightest degree of effort, but to still go forward, confident, nay, even certain of success."

We have thus, readers, completed the promised sketches of Yale periodicals. We justify their meagerness by the fact, that we intended to do but little. You may have been interested to know whether the Yale Lit. is the first Magazine published by the students of our College, and the names and fate of its predecessors. These things have been set before you.

In conclusion, we return thanks to the distinguished Librarian of the College, Mr. Herrick, for the use we have been allowed to make of copies of the magazines in his possession.

LINONIA.

BISHOP PRIZE DEBATE—*Sophomore and Freshman Classes*—22d of March.

Judges—Messrs. RUSSELL, SHELTON, Rev. Mr. LEE.

1st Sophomore Prize—E. A. WALKER, of the Sophomore, and A. H. STRONG, of the Freshman Class.

1st Freshman Prize—E. W. HITCHCOCK.

2d Prize—C. M. DEFEW, of the Sophomore, and J. MARSHALL, of the Freshman Class.

3d Prize—P. W. CALKINS, of the Sophomore Class.

4th Prize—W. C. CASE, S. H. HYDE, and N. WILLEY, of the Freshman Class.

Editor's Table.

DEAR READER:—We have just time to bid you "Good-bye," and wish you a happy vacation. This part of the course has always seemed to bear a striking and complete resemblance to the exciting amusements of the race-course. All are hurrying, some with merit and honesty, some with jockeying and fraud, yet all are hurrying to a common goal. In this race-course, the present term seems adapted to represent those "quarter-stretches" and turning points, when merit has new hope and fraud new fears. Though here, as there, the prize is due to the fleetest steed and the most skillful rider, yet here, as there, the unfortunate may often gain "new hope from resolution, new courage from despair." The consolation for defeat must be in the hope of a new field, and new rivals. Descending, however, by a necessary but abrupt transition, from philosophy to things and events, the first event noticeable is the close of this term. It has indeed passed away, not "like a cloud," but somewhat like the middle act of a dull comedy. What with a deluge of prizes and a "shower of brick-bats," besides numerous *fresh "bricks"* which the "Powers that be" have circulated in beautiful parabolic curves through society, we have had no common amusement. The present term, then, may without great stretch of imagination, be compared, from the lymphatic nature of its phenomena, to the time when the great waters filled the earth. The *shower* of bricks reminds us of that solitary suppliant of the favored navigator, (the *arch(k)etype* of all discoverers and pioneers,) who consoled himself with the reflection that it "wasn't going to rain much anyhow." With regard to the second edition of the deluge, we have happily arrived at its Ararat. It matters not now whether or not these prizes have been ratified by public opinion. Their recipient will perhaps, be *rated* accordingly. It is pleasant, however, after such a *rattle* of eloquence to be able from a crazed anxiety and overwrought interest to subside into a state of *rationality*. "Speaking of animals," we have lately been favored with an *animalcule* in the shape of a poem, with which we will favor you directly. When seen by the *microscope* of your perception, reader, the subject may appear somewhat *mized*, yet it will exhibit to you, we trust, as clearly as to us the indignation of

THE FRESHMAN "DIG."

× — *his Song.*

With a heart that is heavy and sick,
With eyes that are painful and red,
A Freshman sat in despair at his work,
But longing to go to bed.
Dig! Dig! Dig!

Unpitied, alone, and forlorn,
While sleepy eyes his efforts balked,
He sang the tale of his wrong.

Dig! Dig! Dig!
Till the College clock strikes one!
And dig! dig! dig!
And still my work's not done!
It's Oh, that I was at school,
For then those dear eyes would look
In mine as I sat weary and worn,
And encourage me over my book.

Work! Work! Work!
From early morn to night;
Work! Work! Work!
I keep working with all my might!
Sign and Ending and Base,
Base and Ending and Sign,
Till over the *Augments* I fall asleep,
And *Elide* them all in my dream!

* * * *

Work! Work! Work!
My lesson always drags,
And what's the use of trying to learn,
When my mem'ry so wretchedly flags!
I'm told, "that is sufficient,"
And then I sit down.
But the next is quite sure to have
All the questions I've been hoping would come.

Dig! Dig! Dig!
I burn a midnight light,
And dig! dig! dig!
If my hopes could only be bright—
If in Senior seats I could stand,
And bow to the President then,—
But when my class comes to do that,
I'm afraid I shall not be here.

With a heart that is heavy and sick,
With eyes that are painful and red,
A Freshman sat in despair at his work,
But longing to go to bed.

Dig! Dig! Dig!
Unpitied, alone, and forlorn,
With an aching heart, for his hope was gone—
Would his despair was known at home—
He studied on till morn!

As an evidence of the estimation of the Lit. abroad, we present the reader with the following letter, hoping that the writer will not be displeased with the pleasure we have at receiving it and the liberty and kindred pleasure we take in publishing it. It is from a graduate of the Class of 1840.

BROOKLYN, Friday, March 10th, 1854.

Messrs. EDITORS:—Enclosed you will find a two-dollar bill, on the Broadway Bank, New York City, for my subscription for one year to your Magazine.

Please send to my direction, as below, all the numbers of the present volume, as far as they have been issued, as I have received none of the present volume as yet, though I have frequently informed your worthy predecessors in office, that I intend to be a permanent subscriber. Hereafter will you please send me the numbers as soon as convenient, after their publication.

I am very happy to state, in closing, that I have the entire set of eighteen volumes, and that it gives me great pleasure to think that in no way could I have spent so little money as \$2 a year, with so great advantage, both to myself and others.

Ten years hence, I have no doubt but that every person, now a member of the College, will wish that he had the four volumes published during his College course, and would then be willing to pay a much larger sum for them, but it will then be *too late*.

Hoping you will soon be able to enlarge the Magazine, and also your subscription list,

I remain yours with respect,

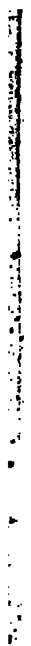
And now, reader, in taking our leave of you, we have no room and little inclination to prolong our conversation, though our intercourse has always been pleasant (for the readers of the Lit. are always the most courteous and worthy men of College, and *vice versa*.) In taking leave of the Magazine, also, we cannot help indulging a hope that its compass may one day be enlarged proportionally to the dignity of its position. It is emphatically a peculiar Institution at Yale. Everywhere else, magazines are either short-lived in existence or necessarily deficient in interest. From our superiority in numbers, voluntary contributions are, of course, more frequent, and we believe, that so far as is within the legitimate province of a Magazine, they are indicative of a discipline which the pride of our old College has taught us to believe superior also. The rigor of this discipline, by its constant increase of labor and accompanying stimulus to thought, will reflect from the Magazine, as now it does, the proportions and capacities of the College mind. The day is, perhaps, not far distant when it will be a proud recollection to have been a subscriber—a still prouder one to have been a contributor. It is not, however, our purpose to pronounce a Valedictory. We leave that task in worthier hands.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the "Knickerbocker," "Nassau Literary Mag." and "N. C. Univ. Mag." for March, and the Amherst Collegiate Mag. for February. They are characterized by their usual interest and ability.

ERRATA.

Article on DeQuincey, page 130, three lines from the bottom, for "*κεμια*" words, read "*ξεμια*;" eight lines from the bottom, omit "he;" on page 131, for "became," read "become." In the Editor's Table, page 157, for Class of '53, read Class of '55.



THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

XL. XIX.

MAY, 1854.

No. VI.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '54.

W. C. FLAGG,
W. S. MAPLES,

J. W. HOOKER,
L. S. POTWIN,

C. T. PURNELL.

Midnight and Moonshine.

“ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστροι φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἔπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ
[ἔκ τ' ἔφανε πᾶσαι σκοπίαὶ καὶ πρόωες ἄχροι,
καὶ νάπαι οὐρανόθεν δ' ἀβ' ὑπερῷα γη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ]
πάντα δέ τ' εἴσεται ἄστροι.”

TWELVE o'clock ! The bell of the Centre Church has told it slowly out, and floats back. And now it comes surging up in heavy waves from the deep-toned bell on the Station-House. Midnight ! Midnight out on the sea, where low waves flash and ripple, and white sails come and

Midnight on the hills, where the deep shadows that have lain quiet all day under the dark pines far up the ravines, are waiting to break out again, but dare not for the fair moonlight. Midnight down among the old wharves and warehouses, by the water's edge. Midnight among the elm-shaded avenues. Midnight in the old Cemetery, damp and heavy on the graves of past generations. Midnight in calm presence on the sloping Green. Midnight in the Colleges with their windows darkened, and their daily life-flood stopped. All dark, save that here and

there a genial glow of anthracite describes a hospitable periphery on the ceiling, and a lone light tells of midnight-watchings over the painful birth of labored thought, or of gathered watchers around the sick-bed of young ambition—a student revel. Midnight in each room with its book-heaped table and extinguished lamp. Midnight on each pillow with its dreams of future fame or present trouble. All quiet enough *now*. Whilst stealing beside the curtains—perching on the glittering vane of the Chapel steeple—veiling in soft drapery the tall towers of the Library, and driving deep shadows behind its buttresses and into its arched recesses—softening even the uncouth lines of the Laboratory into something like beauty—interweaving the bared limbs of the stalwart old elms with soft embraces—showering argent rain on the old graves, the old houses, and over land and sea—comes dancing down the silver-footed Moonlight.

I sit alone in the moonlit midnight. Far away, skirting the uttermost horizon, the dusky squadrons of night in swift march pass on, their shadowy legions tramping noiseless o'er the prostrate forms of men. The lurid banners of the King of Day, not yet advanced, linger in the distant East 'mid the thunder of the captains and the shouting of the fierce battle of Life. And here in the dead silence, I feel, as it were, the hand of some mysterious Presence laid upon me—the vague murmurs, the gigantic shadows of the Sublime.

I sit alone in the midnight moonlight. Over the world a silver flood is sweeping, and bearing on its white surface the wrecks of selfishness and malevolent passion. Your stout world-crafts must go to pieces, and the fragments be strown afar, however well compacted, on such a night as this. Let him who loves the world life alone, make for the open day and trust not his strength in the heart-melting moonlight. Over us the soft irrepressible waves break of the full tide of Beauty.

Sublime is the solemn midnight. Beautiful is the laughing moonlight. The power of sublimity—the softness of beauty here mingle in harmonious union :—

“Denn wo das strenge mit dem Zarten
Wo Starkes sich und Mildes paarten,
Da gibt es einen guten Klang.”

There is sublimity in the *solitude* of Midnight. To be alone, without a trace of animate life around—alone with yourself and dead forms of matter, awakens new and strange wains of thought. There arises in our minds at such times, I suppose, some vague fiction of a devastating power which has left us alone, wondering and awed at the desolation.

There are times, too, when the dead calm suggests some terrible manifestation of power to follow—the crash of tempest, the shock of charging squadrons. And solitude also leaves us alone in the presence of God, and the terrible comparison of human frailty and sin, with divine power and goodness, is forced upon us “in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men.”

There is sublimity in its *darkness*. All around is night—all is shadow and mystery and dream-land. There is nothing the senses can definitely shape and fix. Imagination shapes its monstrous creations at will, and dimly arise all fearful forms of preternatural fancy; for day and human life are gone, and night and weird life come hand in hand. Sheeted spectres on lonely heaths and over ruined hearth-stones, wander and shriek. Through the high air the death-hounds pursue the wild huntsman in endless chase.* “Dark-brown night sits on half the hill. Through the breaches of the tempest look forth the dim faces of ghosts.”

“’Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion on this world.”

There is sublimity in the *sounds* of midnight. The commonest voices of the day become solemn music. How deep the voice of the midnight bell,

“Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar!”

What loneliness in the far-off watch-dog’s bay, or the distant crow of some wakeful cock, drowsily marking the midnight watches! How mournfully sighs the midnight wind; how awful the low moan of the night-watching ocean!

But thrice beautiful is the Moonlight. Daylight is more glorious, but moonlight more fair. That is passion: this is love. That is real life, too, fraught with sad truth: this is dream life full of aspiration and imagination.

“The silver light which hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness on the whole,
Breathes also to the heart and o’er it throws
A loving languor which is not repose.”

And herein is the true test and proof of its beauty. It is the part, as all experience shows, of the beautiful, by presenting to man the fairest of

* “Doch durch die ganze weite Welt
Rauscht bellend ihm die Hölle nach,
Bei Tag tief durch der Erde Klüfte
Am Mitternacht hoch durch die Lüfte.”

earthly things to awaken that ceaseless longing for a happier and purer spiritual state.

Beautiful now is light and shadow. Light is softer: shadow is deeper. Daylight sharpens and defines outlines; it thrusts lights into shadow and destroys contrast. But the moonlight is no trespasser on shadows. They lie long and dark on the sward and make mystical the night—

“Shadowy set off the face of things.”

The soft light on the city roofs: glistening and whitening on the waters: clinging around and giving grace to rent old precipice or ancient ruin, hath also a fairy-like entrancing beauty. Nature white-robed, silent-paced, has a new grace, a more exquisite loveliness; and art is more wondrous where moonbeams rest.

But mightiest and more fair is the midnight moonlight, “thrillingly holily beautiful” on city roof and spire, and shining down into squalid streets and allies, the only beautiful thing of nature in their dark places, kissing through broken window and crevice the haggard face of poverty and crime as lovingly and tenderly as the fringed eyelids of sleeping and joyous beauty. Solemnly beautiful in the old forest, looking down through thick laced branches of giant trees on the gambols of the night sporting rabbit and timid deer, and the great owl on the blasted sycamore whooping to the night wind, that rustles low in the forest canopy. Dreamily beautiful on the prairies when the wolf’s long howl is heard far away and the tramp of horses, the tingling of bells, and the myriad insect voices of the night fall faintly on the drowsy ear. Stirringly beautiful on the broad river whose dark waves roll so strong, the long night hours, through deep forest and wide prairie laving great cities, and bearing stoutly on the great burdens of commerce forever. The turbid waves murmur hoarsely: the giant steamer, laboring its upward passage, with fiery glare shrieks and thunders on its way, and over all the wild scene floats the Midnight and the Moonlight. W. C. F.

Alliteration.

As the ocean reflects the heaven, so the material shadows the spiritual. There is a mysterious sympathy between the soul of man and the external world. It is more than a sensuous pleasure that we experience when we gaze on the beetling cliff or the midnight sky, or stand before the St. Cecilia of Raphael—when we listen to the song of birds, the

distant chime of evening bells, or the melodies of Mozart. As the poet has truly said, "the meanest flower that blows may stir *thoughts* that do often lie too deep for tears." When standing before a Gothic Cathedral, and following with the eye its springing arches, its airy tracery and soaring spires, which seem to stretch into the blue, we feel that it is but an expression of rapt, heaven-aspiring devotion. How often again does a simple melody awake long slumbering echoes in the soul and transport us into other days and other scenes. Now as a painting by a true artist is far more than an imitation of the forms of external nature, as music is far more than a mere succession of sweet sounds, but expresses and excites every shade of sentiment and passion, so the *versification* of a true poet is far more than a mere selection and combination of words. His words seem "born with the thought," and the one cannot be altered without impairing the other. This truth is strikingly exemplified in such poems as Coleridge's *Christabel*, or the *Masque of Comus*. As an artist by patient study, gradually unfolds the secrets of color, of form and grouping, which produce such effects in the paintings of the old masters, so the careful study of these poems will bring to light their hidden mechanism, and reveal the exquisite art with which they were constructed. We have sometimes thought that poetry might be studied scientifically and verses analyzed like pieces of music. Few are aware of the effect produced by judicious Alliteration. To explain this effect seems difficult if not impossible. None, to our knowledge, have succeeded either in explaining the philosophy of metre, or in analyzing that subtle essence which constitutes poetry. Carlyle, in his "Hero Worship," has some suggestive, but not very clear remarks on "that primal element of Song." Edgar A. Poe has given the world some speculations on the "Philosophy of Poetry," but is not much more successful. Poetry at any rate seems to be the form in which the language of passion spontaneously clothes itself. It is both the earliest and the most universal form of composition. No proof is needed to show that the earliest productions of every genuine national literature have been poems.

The names of the *Iliad*, of the *Nibelungen Lied*, and of the *Song of the Cid*, will naturally occur to every one. Savage tribes also, though destitute of a literature and even of the art of writing, yet almost invariably have their *songs*. Those feelings which belong alike to all men, which lie deepest in the human heart, but to which, for that very reason, we most rarely give utterance, Religion, Love, and the longing for Fame these feelings in all times, in all countries have found expression in ballads and songs. Music and Poetry are closely allied, and in their earliest

stage inseparable. The "Minstrel" of our own ancestors, the wandering "*aoidos*" of the Ionian Isles was at once poet and musician. Why musical sounds please us—how music came into general use among men cannot, as yet, be fully explained. Neither can we explain what it is that constitutes beauty in nature and art. It has been discovered of late that there are principles of harmony or proportion which run through music and the fine arts, and establish their essential unity. But what is the nature of this mysterious all-pervading Beauty, which delights us in nature and art, in music and in poetry, it is not for man to decide, until he shall better understand the nature of his own spirit, and its relations to the world of matter without. The love of harmony, of symmetry and of regularity is deeply seated in the mind, and is manifest in a thousand different ways. The metrical form of poetry, the succession of arsis and thesis, of similar syllables or of similar letters at regular intervals, and equal divisions of time in music, are but manifestations of the same tendency.

There is no doubt that the employment of music brought about the metrical form of language, at least division into feet and lines. Rhyme and alliteration as it was originally employed, in the old Gothic poetry, were added to bring out these divisions more strongly.

Alliteration is effective in prose as well as in verse. It often serves to give force to an antithesis or point to an epigram. It is often the life of jest, as when Sydney Smith tells of the associations of "Beer and Britannia" in an Englishman's mind, or of how "supped and sinned Mme. D'Epinay."

It is also employed by rhetorical writers to give harmony to their sentences. We can find it on almost every page of Cicero, for example:—"Nulla res magis penetrat in animos eosque *figit, format, flectit,*" &c.

It is needless to go on and multiply examples from Burke, Macaulay, and Erskine.

Alliteration is frequent in compound words, as, "high-handed," sea-sick," and in familiar proverbs, e.g. "Fast bind fast find," "Birds of a feather flock together," etc. In the ancient Gothic and Saxon poetry, alliteration at the beginning of every line supplies the place of rhyme. It was not unknown to the Latin poets, as is shown by the following from Virgil: "Et sola in sicca spatatur arena." It frequently occurs in ballad poetry. The following verse from Campbell is an instance:

"'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting."

An examination of Bürger's ballads or of the "Minstrelsy of the Border" will confirm this statement. Edgar A. Poe has exemplified the effect of alliteration in his "Raven," which is a wonderful piece of mechanism. We will cite one line:

"While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping."

It glitters like a silver thread along the verse of Tennyson,—it gives a subtle charm to the melody of Shelly's odes—it often occurs in Coleridge, and may be traced in Spenser and Milton. A succession of liquids often has a magic effect. The letter *l* indeed is almost music itself. Listen to the following from the "Lotus Eaters:"

"Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus land to live and lie reclined,
On the hills like gods together careless of mankind;
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses girdled with the gleaming world."

Such passages abound in this poet. We take a gem or two from "Locksley Hall:"

"And she turned, her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs,
And the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes."

* * * * *

Many a morning in the moorlands did we hear the copees ring,
And her whispers thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring."

Observe the double rhymes "copees," "pulses," "fulness." Again,

"Fals^{er} than all fancy fathoms, fals^{er} than all songs have sung."

A few examples from the "In Memoriam" will suffice for Tennyson:

"Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waters that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast,
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

* * * * *

And ghastly through the drizzling rain,
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

* * * * *

"And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roaring round the coral reef."

In spite of what critics say, the repetition of the letter *s* has sometimes an undeniable beauty. Witness the following from Robert Haywarde:

"Oft we saw the dim, blue highlands, Coney, Oak, and other islands,
Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea."

We seem to hear the sighing of a desert-wind in the opening lines of Keats' Hyperion:

"Far from the *fiery* noon and *eve's* lone star,
Sat grayhaired *Saturn* silent as a storm,
 Still as the silence round about his *lair*."

There are many examples in Shelly, of which we select the following:

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which like a sleeping *swan* doth float
 Upon the silver wave of thy *sweet* singing."

Again, from the Ancient Mariner:

"The fair *breeze* blew, the white *foam* flew,
 The *furrow* followed *free*."

Besides the preceding, there are many beautiful instances of alliteration scattered through the works of Collins, of Thomson, of Dryden, and more rarely in Milton and Spenser.

There is no ornament of verse which requires to be used with more caution. By his method of introducing it, the true poet is distinguished from the mere versifier. The latter drags in the most farfetched epithets, and tortures language, in order to produce alliteration, without considering whether it harmonizes with the rest of the poem, or contributes to the general effect.

Every poem which aspires to be a work of art, and not a mere piece of mechanism, should possess *unity*. It should aim at bringing the reader's mind into some particular mood. Hence the *tone* of the whole should be as carefully elaborated as that of a picture. The very metre should reflect a mood. There is in poetry a two-fold harmony, one outward and obvious, seen in the recurrence of similar endings and of accents at regular intervals, and another, higher harmony of thought with language, of parts with each other and with the whole, which stamps the work of genius.

The former may be found in Armstrong's "Art of preserving Health," the latter in Tennyson's Bugle Song.

A true poem bears to a false one about the same relation that a *growth* does to a *manufacture*. The true poem being the exquisite product of the most finely organized mind, may well be compared to a natural flower, while a poem without the "divine afflatus" is like an artificial one. The vital principle is wanting. Alliteration in the former does not strike us as an artifice, but like the caprice of nature, just as when forest trees or sunset clouds take fantastic shapes.

W. D. A.

Alcestis : Its Lesson.

"They sin who tell us love can die."—*Sandroy.*

WHEN o'er earth, some heavenly power
 Guides the soul in wisdom's way,
 Causing passion's might to cower,
 'Neath the force of Reason's sway;
 When before our mortal vision,
 Guided by some Spirit hand,
 Dreams and hopes of joy Elysian,
 Point us to a better land;
 When our thoughts with joy are laden,
 And our hearts beat warm with love;
 When our soul seeks out that Aiden,
 Where is Love, in God above;
 Is not then a meaning lesson
 Taught us in this distant age—
 By Alcestis' taste of passion,
 Handed down on classic page!
 Is not then such dim ideal,
 Shade creation of the soul,
 Is it not, in truth, the real
 Pointing to a blissful goal?
 Then our memories gladly flitter,
 To those days of ancient lore,
 And there quaff deep draughts of wisdom
 From the fountain head of yore.

Oh! like a mighty river, with deep and silent wave,
 True love glides, surely onward, from Youth e'en to the Grave;
 For ever in our Childhood, as reveling with glee,
 We roam amid the roses upon its flowery lea;
 We feel a joy within us, a joy deep in our souls,
 Which like a spirit streamlet, its waves to Heaven rolls—
 And when the waves are billows, when high they dash their surge,
 And shatter human prospects, as they chant a mortal dirge,
 Yet still there is one anchor to which our hearts may cling—
 One buoy of hope e'en yet is left, one rope towards shore to fling
 The anchor, buoy: the rope is love, nor are they cast in vain,
 For other hearts will grasp them and bind them with a chain.
 A chain not steel, but silken, not galling, though 'tis firm;
 This chain is Love's Devotion, this shields us from the storm,
 And when the sun grows weary, and seeks his daily rest,
 When the Storm-King lulls his fury, upon the billow's breast,

When the shadows of our actions slant o'er our closing life,
 When worn with weary conflict we seek repose from strife,
 'Tis Love then smooths our pillow, Love lights the coming night.
 And winged by Love to Heaven, we live where Love is light—
 And in Alcestis' lesson wrought by the poet's art,
 There is an actual vision, in which we bear our part.
 No power of Earth, Alcestis, could shake thy holy love,
 And e'en the fated clasp of death in vain to chill it strove.
 And this is now the lesson which enters to the soul,
 That all yields to Love's power that Love can all control,
 And that if straight in duty we walk the beaten path,
 We gain the love of mortals—we shun the heavenly wrath—
 For though death o'er Alcestis had gained his fated sway,
 Yet through the love of Hercules, again she saw the day.

And 'tis a striking thought, if we think in after years,
 Of the blood, the Cross, the Garden, the anguish, and the tears
 Of Him who died to save us, by whose dread agony
 The curse of sin was blighted for all eternity.
 When we see that death was vanquished by holy hallowed love,
 That sin's foul might was shattered by the love of God above ;
 That o'er the heathen-poet a glimmer faintly stole
 Of wisdom, and a shadow broke in upon his soul ;
 A shadow of the future vague, dim and undefined,
 Yet gliding deep and far within the cloisters of the mind ;
 And as his soul found utterance, Love was his glad refrain,
 Love was the mighty power—*all* power to restrain,
 And that he thought its power, as seen by heathen light—
 By the ray which glimmered faintly through the dimness of the night,
He conquered death by love, through the arm of the Son of Jove,
We gained the victory over death by a dying Saviour's love.

While our memories round us linger,
 While Time's shadows dim and gray
 Flit as ghosts of distant ages,
 Dim foretellers of the day ;

Then around our watching spirit
 Beauteous forms of fairy mien,
 E'er are bidding us this lesson,
 Of Devotion's truth to glean.

College Songs.

I WISH the reader to understand that I do not write this as one of the Beethoven Society. That society once decided that I could not sing sufficiently well to join, and I have had but very little respect for the institution since. A short time ago, indeed, it had arrived at such a pitch of insolence, as to rely entirely upon its own powers, and so dispensed altogether with the organ accompaniment. Consequently the flexor and extensor muscles of Mr. Mattingly's arm were suffering sensible diminution day by day, until I supposed that he would have cut but a poor figure in the arena of the anatomical lecture room. I asked a non-musical friend, the other evening, in Chapel, the cause of the silence of the organ; and he answered that the *steam-chest leaked*. I was not aware before that organs had steam-chests, but I said nothing, and he never discovered my ignorance. Beethoven now uses the organ, I am happy to say, and the muscles as well as the music improve.

I am one of those who instead of being forced to sit in Chapel and hear Beethoven "*disgorge* sweet music," prefer to listen to a room full of students zealously singing as loud as their lungs, and as correctly as their ears, will allow, and I intend to speak of these songs as they are sung in this unartistic and unaffected manner by our Yale students.

There is no law, I imagine, whether of the faculty or of the corporation, so well obeyed at Yale as the injunction to

"Roll the song in waves along."

for I am assured that there is no College at which the students so universally sing as at ours, and I am quite confident that no one without musical taste can pass through a course at Yale without having such a taste created, and his ear more or less improved. I have myself been fortunate enough to hear some of the first attempts in vocal music, on the part of such of my friends as are in the above condition, but am sorry to add that my risibilities generally got the better of my discretion. One came to me, a short time ago, and declared that he could sing two tunes pretty well, and offered to give me a specimen of his ability. The two were "Lilly Dale" and "Gaudeamus," he informed me, and it was well he did so, for really after he had commenced it was with the greatest difficulty that I could discover which of the two he was singing. I gave him all the encouragement I could, for I thought that most assuredly he needed it, and to reward me, he has since wonderfully improved.

Yale collegians are often accused of aping the German students in their college habits. It always seemed a ridiculous charge to me. But if this love of chorus singing was at first engendered by the habit of singing in imitation, or not, it most certainly requires no such support at present. Singing is an amusement universally resorted to when a number may chance to meet, no matter upon what mission. Even the Societies all sing. Freshmen, perhaps more seldom than others, but still they have attempted it at times. Sophomore societies sing, probably because it is the only exercise congenial to Sophomore dispositions, not prescribed by their respective charters. Junior societies, from the noises which issue from their respective elevations, one would think, did nothing but sing. And of Senior societies, the one seems to confine its well known musical talent more to martial music,—the other to the practice of some Seminole war song and war dance combined. While the “grand army” of neutrals have been known to solace themselves with occasional imitations of Beethoven in the fourth story of South College.

Of the “Bears” we say nothing.

A class generally sing together for the first time, when as Sophomores they have beaten the Freshmen on the foot ball ground, and have a powwow to commemorate it. A bugle, however, often plays the air of the tune, to call in those who are disposed to straggle into other melodies. But the class first become awakened to a full sense of their vocal powers, when as Juniors they elect their Editors for the Magazine. By their singing then, they conceal their anxiety, while the committee are counting the votes, and give their candidates an opportunity to display their utter carelessness concerning the result. The senior class revive their songs at the election of class valedictorian and poet; and at the anatomical lectures, before the entrance of the Professor faithfully *cram up* all they *have been over*, as well for their own amusement, as to prepare for presentation day, when occurs the grand biennial examination of all the acquirements they may have gained in this branch of knowledge.

College songs are not, as a general thing, heard elsewhere. When other songs are published which please, they immediately spread far and wide. Military bands perform them, and you hear them whistled in every street. But college songs remain in college walls, and are sung by students alone.

First on the list of Yale songs is “*Gaudeamus igitur*,” now possessed of a double immortality since it was sung by the students, when, like the martyr Stephen, they “went up in a shower of brick-bats” to the college. The air is very appropriate to the words, and is thoroughly

German. Like nearly all German songs, it partakes of the nature of a chant, and though not very lively is yet inspiring. The oftener the air is heard, the better it is liked,—a certain proof of good music.

Next to this are Finch's song commencing, "Gather ye smiles from the ocean isles," and his "Smoking Song." They are both sung to that fine air known as "Sparkling and Bright," and seem, the first one especially, more appropriate than the original words, with which the air was first published. A person hearing this chorus sung for the first time,

"Then roll the song in waves along,
While the hours are bright before us,
And grand and hale are the elms of Yale,
Like fathers bending o'er us,"

would suppose that the rhyme and intonation had suggested the air to the composer, and not that the verse was written after the music. The "Smoking Song" is more frequently sung, however, by the students, partly, I suppose, because the occupation it suggests is so much relished, and partly because each verse has the same chorus, while in the other each chorus differs slightly, and thus the words are with more difficulty committed.

There is probably no song as yet in pamphlets or on programme, which will be as much sung at Yale as the three above mentioned. They will ever rank among the classics of our Alma Mater.

There are many songs borrowed from outside the cloister walls of college, and parodied, by which means occasionally some of the airs find words fully as good and even better and more appropriate than their original stanzas. Popular negro melodies are frequently honored in this manner, as the many song programmes will show. There are airs, too, which seem to have been forgotten, or little cared for by the community at large, and only flourish at college. Such are "Crambambuli," "Vive l'amour," "Landlord, fill your flowing bowls," &c.

"Cocachelunk" has not as yet a very long history at Yale, but is familiar at another college. It seems to be relished whenever it is heard, and yet condescends not to be sung elsewhere than among students. It has been subjected to the most unfortunate perversion, which human ingenuity, I think, could invent, for it has become a thing of no uncommon occurrence to hear Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" sung to this lively air. An unwarrantable proceeding! Since now one can with difficulty repeat those beautiful lines, without being led into the tune of "Cocachelunk," or at least hearing it dancing in one's head. However when beautiful verses like these become hackneyed as these have undoubtedly

become, to treat them thus ridiculously is a good way to punish those who do it, and check them for the future.

A very commendable effort was made last year to collect the many songs of our students in a pamphlet form. It was successful, as far as it was carried, but the college will soon need another and a more complete edition. We hope it will sooner or later appear.

Some of our songs will never be published, and some there are which would only suffer by publishing. Such are the so called *operas* of "Noah," and "Obadiah," the ballad relative to "John Brown," and the one giving the history of the remarkable development, death and disposal of the "Derby Ram."

There is one, however, which should be preserved in some manner, though I have never yet seen it written. It is, "'Tis a way we have at old Yale." Perhaps the compilers of "Songs of Yale" considered it too undignified to be inserted in that publication, and some of the verses undoubtedly are, but some too are very good. And especially as some other colleges now claim it, with a little alteration as their own, we ought in some way cause it to be acknowledged as a "Song of Yale."

Two airs which have lately been introduced at Yale, are from the Military Academy. The first, "Benny Havens," was first sung by the co-leaureati at their last exhibition. It is a fine air for a full chorus, and is often heard at the Point.

The other, "Shule Shule," has more recently made its debut, and must be heard to be appreciated. It is such a chorus, I imagine, as would have delighted Falstaff, when he needed to be cheered, or when he was troubled by his conscience. It will doubtless meet with success at Yale, when it has become more common than it now is.

"Benny Havens" is, at West Point, what "Gaudeamus" is at Yale, only they have the advantage of us, in its having originated with them, while "Gaudeamus" is from the German students. It is a pity that we have no popular student song, of which we could claim the air, as well as the words, for our own. Those who are fortunate enough to possess ability to make their names famous to future classes in this manner, ought, in duty to themselves and posterity, to attempt it.

We do not ask for any that are scientific. We have enough to do with science within the brick walls. But under the elms we need something besides. There we need songs that are inspiring, jolly, and as C. would say, "bird like." May such songs long be heard at Yale, to relieve the dull monotony of study, to cheer the heart after a biennial, and to call back the recollection of money-seeking Alumni, to those

scenes of uproarious mirth, good fellowship, and happiness of their College days.

"And long may the song, the joyous song,
Roll on in the hours before us,
And grand and hale may the elms of Yale
For many a year bend o'er us."

R. R. T.

A Night in "Our Entry."

A MEMBER of this entry is different from other men. Even the bricks which compose this venerable building, in which we live, have lost the bright red which bricks ought to have, and it is said that their vitality has been exhausted in imparting a portion of their spirit to those who may come within their influence. We recall to mind one young man, once pure and upright in all his ways, the smoke of whose cigar now daily rolls through his coal closet into our room, and whose spare quarters vanish like our wood when we leave any here during vacation.

And there are also traditionary tales of brave deeds performed by those who have gone before us, which greatly arouse the spirit of the "man in this entry." He lives on the very spot of their occurrence. They are related to him by the gentleman who makes beds. They become inwrought into his very nature, and he goes and does likewise.

Such is the general influence of a home in this college. But circumstances cannot cause all natures to conform to the same mould, and there are differences observable even among us. There is a moral and there is an immoral portion, and in this respect there is an analogy to other communities. Though there is no approach to the extremes either of good or evil, yet the line of separation between the two parties is distinctly drawn.

The moral portion occasionally spend an evening in a quiet game of whist. To this there cannot possibly be any objection, when it is considered how pure are their motives, and how blessed is the end attained. The cards are by this means kept out of the hands of those in whom correct moral principles are not sufficiently established; and the only refreshment used is molasses candy. There is also a slight difference in the customary beverages of the two. This, however, we consider of little account, as we have tasted both frequently, and find both extremely good. Neither are fried oysters objected to by either; indeed, they are

looked upon with favor by all, except those who are afraid of curious dreams, which sometimes overtake those who eat too many, and came upon us one night after we had been eating only a few.

With these general remarks, by way of introduction, we will attempt to describe what this entry does after dark.

It is Saturday night. Tea is over, and all have returned to their respective rooms. Outside, perchance, the rain is falling cheerlessly and heavily on the drip-stones, but within the ruddy glow and genial warmth of a coal fire dissipate all uncomfortable feelings. A quiet sensation of comfort and satisfaction gradually arises. Neighbors are called in, lemons, hot water, &c., are procured, and a glass of *hot lemonade* increases the inward comfort and satisfaction. We desire to do good to others, and the *plaintive* notes of "Cocachelunk" lull to sleep those whose Sabbath and whose time of retiring to rest begin simultaneously with the going down of the sun. Later in the evening we take a walk through the entry, preparatory to a quiet sleep. We find much to engage the attention and gratify the senses, and therefore our absence is somewhat protracted. We enter one room and discover that our visit is very opportune. A coal scuttle filled with oysters stands on the hearth. The occupant, unencumbered by a coat, lays them one by one gently on the coals. Soon he withdraws them from their resting-place, closes his eyes, and after a few preliminaries. * * * * Nothing remains behind but the shells. Of course we help him. After eating one, however, we kindly offer to procure some salt, if we can obtain it on credit, and he will refrain from eating till we come back.

But time flies, and the oysters follow. The last one is gone and we silently retire with a heavy heart. A thought strikes us soon after, whether it was not well that we indulged our appetite no longer.

We stand for a short time outside the door, but the darkness and cold of the entry are not congenial to our feelings, and we call on another of our friends. He is evidently enjoying himself. A warm fire and an easy chair make him comfortable, while the smoke, issuing lazily from the bowl of his meerschaum, gives a pleasant turn to his thoughts. This scene of happiness overcomes all our good resolutions, and we take a pipe. The red light of the fire, reflected from the ceiling, harmonizes well with the quiet satisfaction which, we think, *would* accompany our occupation if the *weed* were not so strong. We engage in interesting conversation till he falls asleep, which he does in a few minutes, and we leave for our own room. Overpowered at length by weariness and warm lemonade, we go to bed. But our slumbers are short; for a new

scene is introduced, the object of which is to make a noise, and a noise is made.

A party have been searching in a neighboring cellar, and have discovered a large collection of bottles, *all* empty. They heave a sigh over this evidence of the depravity of past generations, and immediately think that these will furnish a new source of amusement to the sleepers and themselves. They come up from the cellar, regretting that the lock was accidentally broken in their efforts to open the door. They are moral men and would gladly do these things in a moral way; but their system of ethics has not yet taught them how to enter a cellar when the door is locked, without impairing in some degree the security of the fastening.

Regretting their inability to restore things to their pristine condition, they return to the entry and engage in the pleasing employment of throwing some of the thinnest glass ware against our door. We are somewhat concerned lest they should injure the paint, and think that we will remonstrate with them, but finally conclude that it will be the safer course to remain where we are.

The noise at length ceases. We step out to look. A piece of glass enters our foot, and we are prevented from attending Sabbath morning prayers. The person who rooms over our head, and who has been sitting on the side of his bed and drumming with his boot heels for a good half hour, at length becomes quiet. The clock strikes twelve, and "Our Entry" is still. *

The Young Poet.

ACT I.

SCENE—A College-room.—Boots and things lying round.—Enter POET in rolling-collar, and slip-shod.

Poet.—Now, the thing lies here—this is an envious world. An ambitious man is like a balloon tied down by envious men. They *cant* rise, and therefore he *shant* rise; so on they hitch and cry, down! Once let him cut the ropes, and up he goes with a general hurrah! And so they say I'm no poet. Well, say so; but can they appreciate *me*? Am I not young? Have I not the passions? Do I not love nature? And because they *say* I'm not a poet, am I therefore *not* a poet? Oh! that is very kind. But some things *have* been, and some things are *to be*;

but here is one thing that is—there is glory to be got and honor won, of which, methinks, there is no monopoly. They can set that down, I suppose they can. I say there's glory to be got; and I know it—I see it just before me. It looms up there like the splendid effulgence of the glorious—the—the—but there's no need of comparisons. It looms up though,

And by all the gods that rule on high
I'll pluck and have it ere I die.

So keep quiet, if you please, while I make way for my muse. (*Goes to the closet and takes down a bottle of champagne.*) Hail! spirit-stirring essence—ethereal nectar quaffed by men! Inspirit me with thy celestial dews. It's the inspiration that does the thing. *Poeta nascitur non fit*. Foh! your *fit* poets are good for nothing—it's the *nascitur*, the innate, inborn—of which, methinks, this feeble worm hath had a touch. Yes and by thine aid, (*drinks,*) and thine, (*takes down a copy of Lord Byron,*) immortal offspring of immortal mind, another constellation yet shall rise: therefore let us prepare for the emergency, (*reads:*)

"Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?"

Ah! I see where it lies—to most it is invisible, but not to me. (*Drinks and reads on.*)

"Gone! glimmering in the dream of things that were."

Yes! and now begin to crowd upon my sight fantastic shapes and images. Work up the inspiration! Let it come! (*Continues to read and drink.*)

"First in the race that led to glory's goal,
It fled, and passed away—is this the whole?"

No! 'tis *not* the whole; for lo! 'tis on me! (*His eye rolls and frame quivers.*) Yield me the pen!

THE CLOUDS.

Muse! that on thy quivering wing
Floatest ever high,
Come down and help me, while I sing,
To quaff the pure, celestial spring
Of limpid poesy.

Ye clouds! ye high and lofty clouds
That skim the liquid air,
I wonder if ye ever thought
Of what ye are or where.

Far in the realms of time and space
 I see ye float along,
 Borne by the soft and gentle winds,
 Precursor of a storm.

And there I see the big black cloud
 Come heaving from the West,
 With awful frowns upon her face,
 And mutterings in her breast.

The lightning, leaping from the cloud,
 Hath darted down—and see!
 The huge and vasty oak is split
 Into ten thousand pie-
 ces—poor, unhappy tree!

And such is life. Our hopes to-day
 Aloft in grandeur sit;
 To-morrow they are blown away,
 Or shattered all to bits!

and is there no poetry here? Is it not rather all pure, liquid lim-
 y? Look at the verse—what elegance—what simplicity—what
 ss—what originality!—and all couched in the choicest language—
 most polished rhymes! The poet seems at first to have been
 the wings of gentle zephyrs, till caught in a whirlwind of pas-
 is swept along with unmitigated vehemence. And will ye
 oubt the poet's power? Presumptuous mortals! flies that suck
 lesert!—harpies!—but no—ye cannot. Henceforth what glory
 e! Prepare the way, immortal few, for lo! I come. Fortune,
 thee. Kind nature, I adore thee that I, thy favored child, have at
 at loose from those rapacious kites, and am soon to rise above the
 of terrestrial things, and pluck ambrosial fruits—(*Enter penny-*
a letter.) Perhaps they are already ripe. (*Breaks open the*
! reads:)

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x:—A copy of your poems has been put into our hands for criticism.
 less to enter into their examination in detail. [And with good rea-
 e way before you lies straight and plain. [I knew it did.] With re-
 e merits of your poems, they are beneath criticism; with regard to
 its, they are beyond criticism. [Yes! I've subdued them; the critics
 a me.] To talk less at random, dear sir, have you no respect for the
 our class? [What! why that's all I care for!] Have you no regard
 erests of society, and, more than all, do you care nothing for your
 oral and spiritual welfare? [What fools!] If you *do*, then, dear sir,
 ur talents in a proper channel. Attend to your studies, or if you can-

ACT III.

SCENE—*The same.—Thirty-six hours after. Enter some Students on an excursion.*

1st Stud.—This is a charming day.

2nd Stud.—Yes, and the view here is delightful—but hark! Heard you not a noise?

3rd Stud.—I think I heard a groan, and some one cry mercy!

[*All hark.*]

Poet.—Ugh! ugh! Oh! For Heaven's sake, help! Leave me not here to perish!

2nd Stud.—Comes it not from down the ledges? (*Looks down.*)

1st Stud.—What see you?

2nd Stud.—A man down there about thirty feet, lodged in the top of a branching cedar. Holloa! friend, (*calls*) what do you there?

Poet.—Oh! for Heaven's sake get a rope and raise this fallen piece of humanity. [*Exit 3rd Student after a rope.*]

2nd Stud.—But say, friend, how came you there?

Poet.—Oh! do be still. Speak not to me!

[*Enter soon after Student with a cart-rope, which they let down, and Poet ties about him.*]

Poet.—All right, good friends! Now, gently; for I am somewhat exhausted.

[*All pull, and with some difficulty draw him up and land him on the top.*]

All.—Well, old boy! (*recognizing him.*) How's this? Explain.

Poet.—Thank you, fellows! But never breathe it. I've been duded. I've dabbled in poetry these six years, which, not being appreciated—and probably not being appreciable—I came up here two nights ago, and, like a fool, threw myself down; and caught, as you see—

All.—Ha! ha! ha!

Poet.—And now, by all the powers that rule in heaven and earth! if ever I call on the muse again, or touch the quill, or make one rhyme, then tear me up and hang me on a clothes-line. Come, let's go and have a lunch.

[*Omnes exsunt.*]

Music.

"We would liken music to Aladdin's lamp, worthless in itself, not so for the spirit which obeys its call. We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon with a touch.—MISS LAMONT.

THE history of music is much the same in one at least of its particulars as that of every thing else. It has been cultivated even to excess, if that were possible, regarded not as an accomplishment, but as a *necessary part* of a good education; it has been set aside as unworthy of the notice of men of mind. It has always formed an essential part in the ritual of every religion, but has fallen so far into disrepute that The Mass of Pope Marcellus by Palestrina, alone saved it from ignominious banishment from the Church, and it is worthy of remark that at the same time that corrupted Rome was trying to drive music from the Church, reforming England cultivating it with the greatest zeal produced music for the Church service which has never yet been equaled. At the present time, music, though not cultivated to so great an extent as it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, occupies a prominent place in the estimation of the world. Lord Chesterfield is the only man who has used a powerful influence against it, but we could hardly have expected any thing else, either from him or his times.

The study of music has been carried on in three different ways, as a luxury, as an art, and as a science. Its study as a luxury, as an expensive addition to a list of useless accomplishments to be given up as soon as their possessor enters upon the active duties of life, is by no means conducive to its legitimate cultivation. It necessarily favors what in musical literature goes under the name of trash, and lowers not only the standard of the mechanical execution of instrumental as well as vocal music, but also that high ideal of taste wanting which its performance degenerates into mere muscular effort. Without this ideal, there can be none of that fire, that animation, which so to speak, is the very soul of music. The issue of this method of cultivation deserves to be classed with that music which is no music at all. Its study as an art, makes it too much the subject of undeviating rules, and lays open to too great an extent the field of ingenuity. An ingenious composition is in itself a curiosity and that is all. It excites our wonder at the contrivance, but does not fill that want which music was intended to supply. The old fuguing music sung as it used to be by choirs, (to use the words of

an old Puritan Divine,) "bellowing the tenor like oxen, barking a counter like a kennel of dogs, roaring the treble like a sort of bulls, and grunting the bass like a number of hogs," is but a too painful illustration of this point. There is very little music in those old Fugues; what little there is, is confined to the melody, but the almost entire ignorance of counterpoint displayed by most of the writers of this kind of music, renders the blending of the parts disagreeable, and what little harmony there is in them seems rather to be the result of accident than design. There are some, such as Lenox, Majesty, Ocean, Sherburne, The Easter Anthem, and a few others of that class, that we should be glad to hear oftener, but there is so very little music even in them that were it not for early associations, we have little doubt that we should cast them aside too. The original idea of the Fugue was that each part in succession should catch up the melody of another as it died away, and so carry it on. Such music when well performed has a most touching, thrilling effect; there is here worship and devotion. But this idea has been almost entirely lost, and what are now known as Vocal Fugues have degenerated into mere exercises in time, in which there is not, and cannot be either reverence or solemnity. Catches are of the same general character as Fugues, in fact the only difference between them is that the professed object of a Catch is ridicule, which is beyond the province of music, and is or rather ought to be foreign to it, while the Fugue produces precisely the same effect, though written for a different purpose. The famous Catch of Baidon, "Mr. Speaker, though 'tis late," is perhaps the best of them all, but after all it is merely an ingenious composition, the art of which is appreciated only by the performer, and perhaps would not be noticed even by him, were it not for its difficulty.

The study of music as a science, has brought it to its present high state of advancement, and is continually raising it in importance, showing as it does that its influence has always been undervalued. It is not only ennobling in its effects upon minds of the pure, but also it has been shown by actual experience to be both a preventive of crime, and an incentive to labor. So great importance is in England attached to its influence, that musical culture has been made a matter of legislation, as an important element in the science of political government. The touching, elevating effects of music are better known by those who have felt them, (and who has not!) than can be described. No less a mind than Shakspeare's was alive to their influence, and how much to be dreaded he considered the absence of a taste for music, is shown in that celebrated passage in *The Merchant of Venice*.

How far music has had an influence upon the minds of men, it would be difficult to say, not because it has had so little, but because its very great power has been exerted in such indirect methods. It is much more easy to say how far men have had an influence upon music. A comparison of it as it was first known with what it is now, will fully illustrate our meaning. The first music consisted of "rhythm without harmony," and the first musical instruments were those of percussion, serving only to mark the time. In further illustration we mention the miserable drawing rounds which *pass* for music among the Chinese, and the howling which is the chief element in the music of the Aborigines of this country. Civilization has changed men, and men have changed the music.

The power of music, if tradition be true, is very much inferior to what it was in ancient times; he would be considered a madman, who should venture alone among an angry mob to quell them by the Lyre, or who should hunt wild beasts with a Lute only for a weapon, or who should endeavor to fell trees by singing. The walls of modern churches and concert rooms too "must be much stronger than those of Jericho, or they would have been roared to rubbish long ago." In modern times its influence is gentle, and subduing, exerted imperceptibly on its subject, and though it may sometimes overpower rage, it is not to the fiercer more brutish passions alone we look to find examples of its power; its influence upon the finer feelings, the more refined taste, is no less remarkable. Yet here we find it difficult to draw a line between the uncultivated and refined taste. An amateur would tire of hearing orthodox sacred music or old ballads, in which the simple country musician delights, while each in those more splendid exhibitions of musical skill will hardly dare to breathe, lest they may lose some of those notes which if not inspired seem more angelic than human. The one finds an ideal only in the more difficult execution, while the other finds exquisite pleasure in both. The one finds music only in that extreme cultivation, which is the result of a life of study, while the other seeks and finds it in everything. Heaven deliver us from ever becoming a devotee to one particular kind of music, disposed to find flaws in all styles, but our own model. Such a person finds no real pleasure in music, nor even in criticism, unless it be that of fault finding. But we will not dwell upon this point. The power of music varies as its expression is suited to the mood of mind.

"The soul of music slumbers in its shell,
Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell;

And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before."—ROGER.

A person's taste for music varies with the nation, the cultivation and the formation of the ear. That which seems most natural to each is to him the best music, but what is natural to one may be unnatural to another. The performer upon a musical instrument will tell you that for power, compass, and tone, there is no instrument like his own. Ask him about the instrument of his neighbor, he will shrug his shoulders and tell you that it is not as good as his. Converse with his neighbor and he will assert the same thing of his own, and disparage the instrument of the other. Musical taste is entirely relative. There is no undeviating standard—there can be none.

Music has to some extent been cultivated in College, for the last quarter of a century, and though the time seems so long it would be very difficult to class the different kinds of College music. The worn out division of vocal and instrumental must be made of necessity and under them the very trite classes of good and bad. If a third class were added, it would be, very bad. The best of our music aims at a standard none too high, and the worst would very successfully compete with the first attempt of an uncultivated choir to sing The Hallelujah Chorus. No one can rightly appreciate this third class of music, unless he has heard the completest murder even of discord which sometimes greets our ears after tea, especially on a winter's evening. It is plain enough that the performers have no knowledge of music, and as plain that they desire the reputation of having large musical capacity and great compass of voice. Often small companies pass under our windows trying to sing some popular song, and sustain all the parts. The only idea they seem to have of the bass and tenor, seems to be that it must be sung upon one note without reference to the key of the air. The bass accordingly descends to the lowest capacity of his throat, the tenor to the highest note in his head voice; some one screams for an alto, something (it is as nameless as it is indescribable,) bringing in all the notes that are in the gamut, and more that are not, the air usually supported or rather unsupported by one voice, meanwhile gets lost not only in sound but in reality, and the result is discord, worse than a cat-concert. How often do the lines of Coleridge come to our mind.

"Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing."

But this is an extreme case and bears upon only a small part of our aspirants for musical fame.

The true representative of our College music is Beethoven, that society being composed of selections from our best musicians. The effects of the establishment of a musical society, in a place like this, are felt more directly by the members, though they are by no means confined to them. Though Beethoven as it is, is by no means Beethoven as it ought to be, it is far from being appreciated by our College community. This want of appreciation has been owing partly to the ignorance of music or its benefits in those who have launched their criticism and wit against it, in every college paper that has been published for some years, and partly to the fact that the society has attempted that which was beyond it. Very few in College are capable of appreciating very difficult or scientific music. The choir as it is now, and as it has been for two years, is certainly not capable of performing it, and if they will attempt to sing music beyond their capacity, they must not expect to get credit for what ability they have. Beethoven is and always has been abundantly able to perform sacred music and fulfill all the wants of our religious worship. How far it has carried out the design of its founders, "the culture of music in Yale College," we are not competent to say, though the musical taste and appreciation of the students was shown a few years ago, when Mr. Wilcox used to play the Organ for us, in Chapel. Doubtless those who really enjoyed it, will remember their vexation at hearing the continual calls for Ernani, Ernani, which used to be made even when the most beautiful compositions were being played. Many of us will never forget that Echo Piece, The Overture to the Bronze Horse, and those airs from William Tell, Masanello, Zampa, Moses in Egypt, and many others, to which the brilliant execution of Mr. Wilcox, gave an additional charm, and we will doubtless think of him when we hear them in Opera.

The greatest fault of Beethoven is indistinct utterance. How often are we reminded of what was known about College, a few years ago, as "Hash Boots." It appeared in the Tomahawk of '49, and we insert it below for the benefit of those who may not have seen it:

Solo.—Go it, go it, boots! settle, settle

Their ha a-a-a a-a-ash!

Semi Chorus.—Settle, settle, their hash, their hash,

Their hash, Amen!

Full Chorus.—Their hash settle! Go it boots.

Their hash, their boots, hash boots,

It makes us joyful, hash, hash their boots,

Their boots, their bo-oo-oo-oo-ts! Amen.

Jerusalem, their boots, Amen!

Hallelujah, A-a-a-a-m-e-e-e-en!

Any of us who sit down stairs will see the justice of this. It is impossible for us to hear the words, except now and then a disconnected one, and the only impression the performance conveys is of a ridiculously confused jumble. This is especially true of fuguing music. The words and the parts seem to go along smoothly for a while, and then comes a complete chaos of sounds, and just as we begin to be fearful that there has been a general break down, the other parts stop, the bass comes thundering in like a triumphant elephant tramping up stairs, the other parts follow in their order, and the same is repeated, chaos and all.* We do not know how much devotion there is in the choir, while performing in this way, but down stairs it excites only laughter, and that too while the most beautiful sentiments, the most solemn warnings, and endearing entreaties in the Bible are being sung. This should not be so—every singer should remember that he has “sentiments to utter as well as sounds.” *It is possible* to articulate distinctly. Beethoven has done it, and can do it again.

There are some rules which, in a choir like our own, are almost of necessity violated, unless the music is written especially for men's voices, which is a thing comparatively rare to find in published books. The alto and the air, written as they are for females, when sung by male voices, invert the chords; and though this is not so much noticed when the air alone is sung, it becomes especially prominent when the alto is attempted to be sustained by a male voice. Men's voices were never intended to sing falsetto, and the attempt is not only excruciating to every musical ear, but ruinous to the voice. If a person wishes to be a good singer, he must give his whole attention to one part; but to ramble from one to another, under the idea of attaining skill in all, incapacitates one for excellence in any. The habit, too, of changing from one part to another during the performance of a piece, not only destroys the balance of parts, and renders the music intolerable, but is equally pernicious to the voice.

It is a great mistake to put an alto into our college choir. As we have said, men's voices are not fitted for it, and the result of the trial has generally been a miserable failure. Since the assistance of ladies was, by

* It has been said by some one that it is possible to set the 47th Prop. of the 1st Book of Euclid, to music. We would suggest to those who relish this style of singing, to have it done. There would be just as much meaning and devotion in singing it, as in singing words, in which there is a sentiment expressed in this style, and it would relieve some persons from the sin of a great amount of irreverence.

formal vote of the Society some years ago, rejected as unnecessary, and from the nature of the case, could not have been accepted, why try to fill a falsely so-called want by the addition of a part, the insertion of which makes such intolerable discord, while the omission of it is not noticed. The Pope's choir is the only one of which we know that has a proper alto. It is sung by boys whose voices have not changed, and who have not arrived at that age when the voice is injured by singing. As soon as they become too old they are replaced by others, a number of whom are always in training. Besides the great expense necessary to supply this part, we should have to go out of College for assistance, which none of those who take an interest in our music would be willing to have done. It is true there is a great deal of beautiful music which cannot be sung without an alto; but would it not be much better to sacrifice now and then a gem rather than spoil the whole?

Beethoven, as we have said, is the true representative of our music, and musical taste in College is formed in a great measure by that society. There are two reasons why our music is not any better. The first is, the material out of which the choir is formed is very often far from good, though perhaps the best that can be obtained. For this, of course, there is no remedy. The second is, the method of instruction is changed too frequently, and the direction of the choir is too often in the hands of incompetent persons. The President being elected by the Society, and holding his office generally for a short time, does not feel the same interest he would if the office was a permanent one, nor could he (provided he was perfectly competent) drill the choir in so short a time. Often more than half the period of office is taken up in eradicating bad habits, into which the Society has fallen while under the control of some previous officer. Most church music, as we have said, is written for male and female voices together, and if sung by male voices only, requires to be arranged with a first and second tenor—first and second bass, if it would be sung without offending a musical ear. Very few, if any, of the Presidents of Beethoven have been capable of doing this, nor would they have done it if they could, because it requires time and labor, and the office is an unsalaried one. There is for this a remedy, and however impracticable it may seem, it is the only one. It is that a Chorister be appointed who shall be a *fixed and salaried* officer, who shall have the entire control of the chapel-music, shall be capable of selecting it according to the capacity of the choir, and of arranging it for men's voices, whose duty it shall be to examine all applicants for admission to the society, and who shall give instruction, to all those who wish it, in vocal music, as well as in theory and composition.

Sufficient attention has by no means been given to music in our colleges. This cannot long remain so. Those who have the direction of our Public Schools, are awakening to its importance. In every instance where it has been tried, the success has been complete. *There ought in every Theological Faculty to be a Professor of music*, and we doubt not of the entire success of such a Professorship, could it be established in our Academic department. They have them in Europe, and no one will pretend to say that our music can compare with theirs. We ought not to forget the importance of music when even the birds sing matins and vespers.

Those who can find no music in nature, have either no wish to discover it, or are deprived of that delicate ear for sweet sounds, which is the source of so much true enjoyment to its possessor. The music of nature is grand, sublime, though sometimes touching and subdued. The intonations are clear, the chords perfect, (there are no discords in nature's music,) it matters not that the strains are wild, incoherent, the music which belongs to every movement of nature, is still there. Who has ever listened to the murmuring harmony of an *Æolian* harp, and not felt, that could that be directed to a method, the music must be sweet, beautiful, powerful, beyond that of man. The lover of music is the true lover of nature, glad to take her as he finds her,

"A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound."

The music of the spheres, though long since rejected as a fanciful notion, may have a reality in it. Does it not seem at least probable that when there is harmony and beauty pervading everything we see, that in those greater, vaster creations, the beauty of which is made apparent to our eye by optical instruments alone, we do not hear the harmony for want of proper means to convey the sound? Is it probable that this harmony and beauty which "pervades all the works of Him who is invisible," will be separated in the most magnificent of all His works? There are times when the soul longs for that richer, rarer, purer music, which

"Swan-like and sweet shall waft us home;"

and to how many who now hear celestial symphonies has this world's music been but the "discordant prelude to some choral harmony."

X. Y. Z.

Clockwork.

SWING, swing, swing,
 Of the clock I sing,
 Tick, tick, tick,
 In spondee rhyme,
 Keeping step with time,
 With a click, click, click,
 Like a steel-shod sentry on his round,
 When the night clouds thick
 O'er city walls of brick,
 Descend, and the Earth in dishabille is wound.
 The Earth, Mother Earth,
 Whose heart full of dearth,
 Her downy couch of feather,
 The undulating aether
 May never soothe to rest;
 But on, on, on,
 To the length of her chain,
 Full of grief—full of pain,
 Rushes Mother Earth in her maniac unrest,
 And at deep night-noon,
 When but the stars aboon
 Keep their blinking, sleepy watch o'er our path
 Her myriad monitors
 Athrob with pulsive stirs,
 Beat like little hearts upon her bosom in their faith,

One!

The old day's done,
 And a new one is begun,
 Tolls the clock from the lofty tower,
 The Memnon of the Morn,
 In its mechanism born,
 Warbling now the coming day's very firstling born.
 And I dream,
 And methinks I see the world
 In Trade's evolution whirled,
 And the mighty engine's parts I behold,
 Behold the commerce-valves,
 The opening shutting valves
 Of the bartering nations as they give and get for gold.
 * * * * *
 Thus the Engine booms—
 Vapor, Time consumes,

But aloft o'er the din swings the tiny Pendulum;
 Swings there the *Governor*!
 Jarring the Engine more,
Clashing the World wheels without the Pendulum.

Waiting for the Mail.

"THE mails are in' and the females out," quoth we, and donning hat and outer garment, pushed boldly down stairs and out into Chapel street, reckless of enticing friends, who, frog-like, are generally found about Pond's. Chapel street is a very pleasant place on a summer evening, when the elm-shadows lie long and heavy over the Green, and light feet trip over them. But on a cold spring-day, with a searching wind prying into the crevices of garments and good nature, it is a neat pocket edition of the Sahara in a Simoon, barring the heart.

The locomotive having done its work, and now off duty, was comfortably smoking its pipe in the faces of good citizens in a most disagreeable way, as Æneas-like we walked in a cloud over the depot-bridge of this modern Carthage, unseen by any Didonian "widders," wishing all times of anthracite were in the same locality in which the intelligent showman of yesterday informed us the elephant was sometimes found—the Indian Ocean.

And now we were in that republican place the post-office, which is so noted for the celerity of its incumbents, and the emulation of its collected letter-seekers. A letter in our box, strange to say, a most immaculate and neat seeming epistle, suggestive of young lady-friends, and another eloquent appeal in favor of Woman's Rights. Apropos of this last matter, the utter want of respect shown to the sterner sex is wonderful. Hear what *insinuations* a very sensible young lady manages to introduce in relating her first impressions of Bayard Taylor. "I had imagined the Bayard Taylor of 'Views Afoot'—the traveler in Egypt and the Holy Land—the writer of 'Hylas'—the hero of such a mournful romance in real life, would be something more interesting than the generality of his flat, stale, and unprofitable sex;" but fancy my consternation when he was looking the exact counterpart of dozens of young men, such as one dances with at parties, and bows to in the street, who, beyond the arrangement of their hair, and the immaculateness of their gloves, never had an idea in the world, and never would have if they were permitted

to cumber the ground to the age of Methusaleh." There seems to be a want of reverence in these days which betokens an advance upon the one side, or a retrograde movement on the other, which the *Proper Spherists* had better see to.

But we were in the post-office. It is now nearly time for the boxes to be open, and people begin to linger about the door, or take easy positions of great intricacy against, upon, and under the railing.

Here are two old men of business talking together—faces a physiognomist might study—long past the changeable season of youth; not yet, thank God, old enough to wear a lie upon the face; one may trace the hard lines of character on each countenance, and read a whole life history of passion, sorrow, peace, in their various proportions. They have grown up staid and orderly, in a staid and orderly town. They talk of old places, old people, and old things, in a very quiet and dull way. Their very ideas seem sapless, and give no promise of a second growth. And yet tracing back, through gone years, the life of these men, one might learn of a noisy youth, yea, even somewhat of an old love for a fair damsel who fascinated and flirted thirty years ago with these proper old men; but is now an old wife, gray-haired, and cosily sitting among grandchildren at home. "O, Time!"

Not much like what she was, we'll warrant, the old gentleman thinks those young damsels who have just entered and retired so immediately. He doubtless bethinks him of a modest maiden, long ago, whose health sufficiently established by active domestic duties, did not require so many hours' exercise on Chapel street daily. No doubt in his ancient simplicity, he fancies that these young ladies are somewhat too brazen of demeanor and loud of voice, but doubts the propriety of starting any objection to the progressive spirit of the age. Perchance, however, there *will* glide into the mind some idea of retiring, gentle beauty, more like that of Hégésippe Moreau,

"Amour à la fermière elle est
Si gentille et si douce!
C'est l'oiseau des bois qui se plait
Loin du bruit dans la mousse!"

But here comes the reciprocal cause of these many revolutions in the eccentric orbit of fashionable promenade. You may tell him a student afar off. The old gentleman in the corner wonders and comments. A full grown young man with a shawl on, was not the fashion of his day. And a better leg and a handsomer foot than this individual possesses, he fancies should be encased in such tight pants and short boots. Fallacies

all. And it is quite possible that if he could hear the young gentleman's daily converse, how that he had met Miss A. three times in the street, to day, and that Miss B. dressed in fine taste : how that he "must call on a young lady to-night," and go to York Square or Grove Hall next Wednesday—possible that he might in a very old fashioned way cry out that this was all nonsense and disgusting to boot,—for boys not yet out of grammars, to set themselves up as amateur mantua makers and to discuss female humanity on purely æsthetical principles, like old stagers of forty, who were quite above all boyish and minor considerations of common sense and good heartedness. And then he might in a rather ineffable way quote Burns :

" A set o' dull conceited hashies,
Confuse their brains in college classes !
They *gang* in stirks and *come out* asses,
Plain truth to speak."

All this passes pleasantly before us. But here standing near by is another figure. It is a woman, well-stricken in years : if she were ever beautiful, it was long, long years ago, before sorrow subdued that expression, before care, heavy and long borne, had caused that hair to whiten, or that face to wrinkle. She is very poor : her coarse black garments and faded bonnet tells that, and her expression is that un murmuring hopelessness, which makes the heart ache to look upon. She stands with hands clasped, and all the expectancy which can be in that countenance depicted upon her face. Perhaps some kind words (few enough now) from some far off old friend, are making that sad heart glow even before the reading—perchance some ungracious son, whose waywardness has long sorrowed but never embittered, may have vouchsafed a few lines to his deserted parent. Either is common enough. O Life ! it is pleasant to think of the sorrowless world, whither the sorrow-laden of this can go, and cease from their troubling.

* * * * *

The crowd thickens. Young clerks of spruce appearance and looking as business-like and in as much of a hurry as possible, come in, and a liveried colored-gentleman and cotton-clothed Chinese servant take prominent positions. A noise of opening doors and a rush succeeds. The old gentleman stands back, a little awed by the enthusiastic emulation of Young America. Students, Clerks and Servants dive in and emerge with "persons and papers." A calm succeeds. The sad old woman rejoicingly bears off the precious letter tightly grasped in her thin bony hand, and we cannot but rejoice with her.

For ourselves, we have also procured our epistle and start up. Let us see. — — —, Editor Yale Literary, New Haven, Conn. [ah a communication.] Postmarked — [yes, —'s residence; that piece he promised to write us; just what was wanted.] We break open the seal.

—, April 18th, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER EDITOR:

I suppose you will think, when you see this note, it is rather ominous—and so it is, I am sorry to say. I thought when I saw you last, that I should be able to finish that piece for you—I fondly imagined that here I could sit down in peace and quiet, and write; but vain illusion. I am so occupied that my thoughts are not my own. You know, perhaps, that when I have to write anything, I am obliged to give up everything else. I cannot do two things at once. Such is the weakness of some of human nature. Well, here there is no such thing as shutting one's self up. Even now while I am writing, I hear the voices of young ladies in an adjoining room, and how do you suppose the susceptible editor can resist such things?"

* * * * *

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The printer alone can give the reader an opportunity of painting to himself those feelings of disappointment and indignation "which are more easily imagined than described."

Memorabilia Yalensia.

THE RIOT.

We are called upon as faithful chroniclers, to record a disgraceful affray, between some of our own number and certain town-boys, which ended fatally, and for some days created great excitement among citizens and students.

On Thursday evening, the 16th of March, certain students got into some difficulty with some town-boys at Homan's Atheneum, in the Exchange Building, which ended in blows given and received at the door, and an interference of

the police, who took into custody the students, and one of the town-boys, Patrick O'Neil by name. They were all discharged in the course of a few hours. Which party was least to blame, is uncertain, but the evidence rather favors the students.

On Friday evening students and town-boys attended in large numbers; of the students, forty or fifty, possibly more. There was no disturbance in the theatre. The students remained until the rest of the audience had retired, and then went out in procession, two and two, taking the south side of Chapel street, and came up towards the Colleges in perfect silence. The town-boys followed, pressing on the students' right with abusive language and threats. No violence was offered, we believe, however, until the time of reaching Temple street, when the collegians struck up the favorite student song, "Gaudemus igitur," and had hardly reached the middle of the second verse, before they received a volley of brick-bats. Those in the procession scattered for a moment, to avoid the missiles, and then closed up and continued on their way. This was repeated once or twice, and several students received severe blows. The rear part of the procession, at this juncture, halted and fired several pistol shots, some in the air, and some into the crowd, two persons being slightly injured, one being shot through the arm, another receiving a flesh wound in the leg. About the same time the man O'Neil, who seemed to be the ring-leader of the town-boys, was seen to stagger and fall, and upon being raised up, was found to have received a stab, which caused immediate death. Both parties retreated—the students to South College, which they barricaded and prepared for defense,—the town-boys down the street to get possession of two cannons belonging to the "Blues," which they loaded with various materials and brought up in front of South College, between twelve and one in the morning. Meanwhile, Mayor Skinner and the Officers of the College had been sent for, and arrived on the ground about the same time. Captain Bissell and the policemen had meanwhile made ineffectual efforts to stay the mob, but succeeded in secretly spiking the guns and gaining partial possession of them. The combined efforts of the police and Mayor finally prevented the firing or any other violence, and the mob gradually dispersed. A large police force for some nights following, prevented any further outbreak, and the excitement gradually died away.

PRIZES.

The Townsend Prizes for English Composition have been awarded to

W. H. FENN, Charleston, S. C.
S. H. NICHOLS, Danbury.
L. S. POTWIN, East Windsor.
C. E. Trumbull, Stonington.
A. S. TWOMBLY, Boston, Mass.

The Sophomore Prizes for English Composition awarded in the second term, are as follows:

	1st Division.	2d Division.	3d Division.
1st Prize,	L. R. PACKARD,	W. JOHNSON,	N. BARTHOLOMEW.
2d Prize,	{ C. M. DEPEW, L. C. FISCHER,	G. C. ROBINSON,	{ G. F. BAILY. H. B. BROWN.

3d Prize, C. H. S. WILLIAMS, { H. DU BOIS,
W. H. W. CAMPBELL, S. F. WOODS.

ELECTIONS.

LINONIA.

<i>President,</i>	<i>Vice President,</i>	<i>Secretary,</i>	<i>Vice Secretary,</i>
A. H. GUNN.	H. L. HUBBELL.	A. J. WILLETS.	L. W. FINLAY.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Came off on Tuesday, the 11th of April. The day was fine—the ladies many and beautiful. Dodworth's Band discoursed some very sweet music, and the speaking was good. We give the order of exercises below:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

AFTERNOON.

1. Latin Oration, "De Clade Varians," by WILLIAM D. ALEXANDER, *Lahaina, Maui, Sandwich Islands*.
2. Oration, "Revolution as affecting the Advancement of Mind," by FREDERICK W. OSBORN, *Bloomfield, N. J.*
3. Dissertation, "Wait," by JUDSON B. ANDREWS, *New Haven*.
4. Dissertation, "Limits of Human Power," by GILES POTTER, *Lisbon*.
5. Oration, "Roger Williams," by Henry N. COBB, *Tarrytown, N. Y.*
6. Dissertation, "The Struggle of Life," by ROBERT CHARLES SHOEMAKER, *Wyoming Valley, Pa.*
7. Oration, "Cromwell," by HENRY TREAT CHITTENDEN, *Columbus, O.*
8. Dissertation, "The Elements of Earnest Life," by FREDERICK ALYONS, *Bolton*.
9. Dissertation, "Olden Times," by SAMUEL LATHROP BRONSON, *New Haven*.
10. Oration, "The Man of Action," by THEODORE LYMAN, *Hartford*.
11. Dissertation, "Francis I," by CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON, *Owego, N. Y.*
12. Oration, "Obedience to Law," by JOHN L. MILLS, *Norfolk*.
13. Oration, "The Three Blind Poets," by WILLIAM WHEELER, *New Haven*.
14. Philosophical Oration, "The Hidden and the Revealed," by JOHN E. TODD, *Pittsfield, Mass.*

EVENING.

1. Greek Oration, "Οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι ἐν τοῖς Ἑλλήσι κρείττεστές," by GEORGE TALCOTT, *West Hartford*.
2. Oration, "Our National Foible," by STERNE CHITTENDEN, *Columbus, O.*
3. Oration, "Aspasia," by GEORGE STUART, *Sherman*.
4. Dissertation, "The False Philanthropist," by LEWIS ELLIOT STANTON, *Canton*.
5. Oration, "Christianity and Civilization," by CHARLES RAY PALMER, *Albany, N. Y.*
6. Oration, "The Genius of the Mahometan Faith," by WILLIAM C. WYMAN, *Brooklyn, L. I.*
7. Oration, "The Unity of Faith and Philosophy," by CHARLES MELLER TYLEY, *Boston, Mass.*

1. Poem, "The Quest of the Escalibor," by CALVIN GODDARD CHILD, *New York* by.
2. Oration, "Nationality in American Literature," by N. WILLIS BUMSTEAD, *ston, Mass.*
10. Philosophical Oration, "The Imagination, a Pioneer," by GEORGE A. KITEDGE, *Roxbury, Mass.*

Editor's Table.

"LAST but not least," fellow students, we take ourselves off as to our editorial t, (as a synecdochical classmate in the fourth story would say,) preparatory a final taking ourselves off altogether. We see no present prospect of being ry sharp; the trains of humorous thought don't run in vacation, so we see chance of making fun: but a few items of intelligence from the world of t, may not be amiss even if ours only by adoption. But first we must give a bit of news from abroad, which we are confident will interest all Valen-ns:

"One of the members of the Class of 1852, at Yale College, had the honor, t long ago, of calling upon M. Guizot, the eminent statesman and scholar, so was for many years Prime Minister in France, and whose works on the story of Civilization, are known to all American students. M. Guizot is re-ling at the present time in Paris, where among other positions, he holds the ice of President of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. At the ne of the visit to which we have alluded, he was preparing an essay to be ad before that Academy, upon the Intellectual Power of the United States. rdingly he made many inquiries in regard to the Educational Systems of erica, and spoke in high terms of the results they had accomplished. He nifested much interest in the course of studies prescribed at Yale College, d expressed a desire to know more about the history and the present charac- of this institution.

"The gentleman who was calling upon him, had the pleasure of sending him e next day, the annual and triennial Catalogues of the College, Professor ingsley's Sketch of its History, and some other documents prepared by Hon. nry Barnard, in regard to Education in Connecticut. In doing so, he alluded the fact that M. Guizot's History of Modern Civilization is one of the books quired to be read by every Senior Class, stating also that he knew of no work which the students took a deeper and more general interest. He received the lowing reply from M. Guizot, which will be perused, we are sure, with much atification by all our readers:

"Je vous remercie beaucoup, Monsieur, des trois brochures que vous avez eu bonté de m'envoyer; elles m'intéressent infiniment par leur objet, et les ren- gneimens que vous avez bien voulu y ajouter sur l'usage qu' on fait à Yale

College de mes ouvrages m'ont fait un vif plaisir. J'ai souvent sacrifié ma popularité dans mon propre pays à ce que je croyais la cause de la vérité et de la bonne politique; mais j'attache un très grand prix à l'estime de votre patrie, et je suis heureux toutes les fois que j'en reçois quelque nouveau témoignage.

Recevez, je vous prie, avec mes remerciemens l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

"GUIZOT.

Paris, 27 Fevrier, 1854."

The following acrostic we recommend as a model of simplicity:

Eternally mine,
My Emma,
My Emma,
Aternally mine.

A good story is going round College, which deserves record, of a worthy divine, not less celebrated for the excellence of his sermons than the magnitude of the hands, which hebdomanally gesticulated above them. One Sabbath, impressively discoursing of the sinner's headlong way, he stretched forth his hands over the heads of the attentive congregation after a somewhat bearish fashion, exclaiming, "*Pause, friends! pause!*" The effect is said to have been good.

We must say a word or two on Autographs, for the benefit of Seniors in particular and College in general. Every one seems to be disgusted with the fulsome way in which it has become almost customary to address one's classmates in these memorial leaves. The remedy is simple. Write only what you *feel*; better too little than too much. There are few to whom you cannot give heartily good words of parting cheer: there are few whom you *can* laud to the skies and prophesy fame or fortune of. Apropos of Autographs, a classmate tells us that such power has the habit of writing autographs gained over him, that he actually concluded an affectionate letter to a female cousin, a few nights since, by signing himself "Your Friend and Classmate." The chum to aforesaid classmate informs us that he was asked out in New York if *lithographs* were not taken on *wood*. And, apropos of lithographs, what a fine looking lot of fellows the Senior Class are, (on paper.) On at Harvard last vacation we *overhauled* amongst other matter the College periodicals. The earliest, as near as we could ascertain, was the "Harvard Lyceum," published semi-monthly in eighteen numbers of thirty two pages each, from July, 1810, to March, 1811. Edward Everett was principal contributor. The next on the list is the "Harvard Register," a monthly of thirty-two pages, began February, 1827, and continued until March, 1828. Professor C. C. Felton, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, and G. S. Hilliard appear to have been its chief supporters. The third was "The Collegian," published from February to July, 1830, in monthly numbers of forty-eight pages. Of this O. W. Holmes, the poet, was the life and soul. Many of his humorous poems made their first appearance in "The Collegian." Fourth and last comes "Harvardiana," a monthly of thirty-two pages, which was continued through the years of 1835-6-7-8. James Russell Lowell was one of its contributors. Since that time no periodical has been attempted. We may add in passing that a Harvard friend, of joyful temperament, gave us a

few items from Freshman examination papers which evince research truly marvellous on the part of some of the youthful aspirants to academic life. One asserted that "The Gracchi were a barbarous tribe in the north of Italy." Another thought the Piræus was a fabulous monster, and a third, "aided and instigated" by the aforesaid merry friend, averred that the descendants of *Ham* settled in *Westphalia*.

A friend of inquiring mind, begs leave to propose the following queries :

Why do some men who study almost all night, declare they did not see the lesson until they went into recitation ?

What kind of hair-persuatives do some men use who appear in the evening with a smooth face and come out next morning with a heavy beard and moustache, and how do they manage to make them such a "jolly black?"

Why do men show a bottle, concealed about their persons in such a mysterious way, when it contains nothing but "pop?"

Why do the Shanghai fellows make such a noise at night? Is there any connection between late dinners and hubbub?

Why do certain fellows down stairs, put their heads down so devoutly during morning prayers?

What necessary connection is there between cold and the Chapel, and why is it never heated above 55°?

Why do crowds collect around a notice they have read again and again?

What necessary connection is there between an interlude and "The Prima Donna Waltz?"

Why does the poorest scholar in the Class glance 'round the room with such a satisfied air, when by mistake he has made a rush?

What kind of consciences do men have who *lie* out?

We never liked to say good bye, but here it is to be done. Yale will soon be, to many of us, among the things that have been, "*Ilium fuit*," and to those who go and to those who stay, we must say farewell. Not but that getting through college is a joyful event, but to leave *Alma Mater* and our many brethren, is a sad one. There is much good advice we might give, but we shall indulge only in one bit. Care for *Maga*. Let her be well dressed. Let her table be well provided. And as she is not extravagant, let her have what money she wants and expose her not to cold charity.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the Georgia University Magazine and Williams Quarterly for February, the Amherst Collegiate Magazine for March, The Nassau Literary, North Carolina University Magazine, The Stylus, Beloit College Monthly, and Knoxiana for April, and the Knickerbocker and Ladies' Christian Annual for April and May.

ERRATA.—In the article "Cuba," of last number, page 185, for "Cubanas," read "Cubañas;" for "eight yards," read "six yards;" page 184, for "nina bonita," read "niña bonita;" page 185, for "las dilicias," read "las delicias."

VALEDICTION.

THE Editors of the Class of '54, with all decency and as little pain to themselves or surviving friends as may be, would beg leave to shuffle off the mortal coil of their periodical existence. Without any flourish of trumpets, which is little indicative of the worth of the departed, especially if it be of their own blowing, they would yet bid adieu to the pleasant hours they have passed together: to the many who have proved themselves friends, they would tender their warmest thanks: for their own derelictions they would crave pardon: for Maga and her future guardians, they would bespeak favor: and to all they would give their best wishes, and bid an earnest Farewell. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

WILLARD C. FLAGG,
JOHN W. HOOKER,
WILLIAM S. MAPLES,
LEMUEL S. POTWIN,
CHARLES T. PURNELL

TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present Number we enter upon our new duties as Editors, and assume the new responsibilities incident to that position. It is usual upon such occasions to say something by way of an Inaugural, and we will neither question the wisdom, or neglect the requirements, of a custom which precedent and propriety conspire to sanction. We confess, however, that we approach the tribunal of College Public Opinion with much anxiety. We know that upon this tribunal a refined literary taste and a keen discrimination sit as judges, and that demerit, though it may be pardoned, cannot hope to be excused. Our anxiety is not unmingled however with comfort, for we expect, indeed know, that your assistance and coöperation—your sympathy and kind feeling—will attend us in our labors.

To our Classmates, by whose kindness we have been called to the chair Editorial, we return our sincere acknowledgments. Unworthy as we are of such favor, we can do no more than promise them our earnest effort to render the Magazine worthy of their support, and consistent with the character of the Class which we unite in loving.

To all our Readers, we desire to set forth as distinctly as possible, our plans and purposes in reference to the "Yale Literary;" the immediate charge of which has fallen to us.

The Yale Literary Magazine will soon reach its twentieth volume. Its *age*, therefore, removes it from that critical condition called experiment, and from liability to those afflictions peculiar to infancy. It must be regarded, not as one of those deceptive luminaries, which twinkle for a time in the firmament and then go headlong into darkness; but as a fixed star in the literary sky—obscure perhaps, but still permanent. It was established to subserve no narrow purpose, or unworthy end, but to satisfy a want in the community of College, which was felt and acknowledged. Its history is one of constant improvement, marked, it is true, by times of trial—but in general character *progressive*. While from one cause or another, similar experiments elsewhere have failed and been abandoned, the student of Yale finds in the history of his Magazine, no period of despair. And, for the benefit of those who are not already aware of it, we may add that ours is the oldest College Magazine in America.

With such an origin and such a history, the "Magazine" should be supported by the College generation of to-day, not grudgingly, but cheerfully, not as a burden, but as a duty and a privilege.

We are ambitious, and we trust laudably so, to render our connection with the "Lit." beneficial to its prosperity, and, as our predecessors have done, to promote its improvement. As it is regarded in the light of an exponent of College thought, and an index of College spirit, it should more nearly fulfill its just purpose. Its contributors, therefore, should be confined, even mainly, not to any *one* class or department of College. Its character should be eminently *catholic*. Its pages should be open to Freshmen thought, no less than to Senior homilies; to the contributions of students of *Æsculapius*, Blackstone and Bacon, no less than to those of Sophocles and Tacitus. It is a mistaken conception of the relation of Editor and Reader, which makes it the duty of the former to go about soliciting contributions from individuals. His office, beyond the writing of his "Table," and perhaps a single leading article, should be merely to select from those *sent* for insertion, the contributions most suitable for publication. The right to select implies of course the right to reject, but in the exercise of this prerogative there should be no harshness. The Editor's Table is not the place, it seems to us, to ridicule, or to pervert, any honest, intellectual effort. The articles not accepted, can be returned in the prescribed way to their authors, without giving cause for heart-burnings or suspicion of malice.

One word in regard to the *style* of productions suitable for a Magazine like this. College writing, from a variety of causes, has come to be too largely *artificial*. Nothing, perhaps, has injured the character of the Lit. so much as this. To place the Magazine in the position which it should occupy—to make it a true index of College character—more *nature*, both in the subjects treated of, and in the manner of treatment, should be evinced. Captivating antitheses, and profound periods, should be made the vehicle rather than the impediment to thought—the means, rather than the end to the author. For the last few years, neither "The Edinburgh," nor "Blackwood," "Putnam," or the whole family of Magazines united, have compared with the Lit. in the magnitude of subjects, which they have respectively discussed. This may be attributed either to lack of erudition in their contributors; or possibly to a just conception of the proper character of the Magazines for which they wrote.

In conclusion, permit us to express our earnest wish, that all Classes and departments of College, join us in an effort to maintain and improve the character of the "Lit." Its past has been successful, let its present and future be no less so!

YOUR EDITORS.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

JUNE, 1854.

No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,

W. T. WILSON,

E. MULFORD,

S. T. WOODWARD,

H. A. YARDLEY.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

THE spirit of the present age is truly a commercial one. Its representative is the princely merchant. The railway, and steamship, and telegraph, increasing the facility for human intercourse, minister especially to its advancement. Political economy is studied more than the records of martial valor; and nations have sought to promote thrift at home, rather than acquire glory abroad. The forty years of peace that are just closing upon the civilized world, have given a stimulus to the industrial arts, greater than ever before known; and the Crystal Palace gathering within itself the products of all countries, will go down to future ages as the true historical exponent of the century. That Romances like those of Hawthorne should be written in such an age,—one whose tendencies are so practical,—seems to indicate that romance need not depend for its subjects upon a dim, past history, nor choose its scene in some classic land alone, but that the humblest sphere of life furnishes rich materials, and the world everywhere presents a fitting field.

* The Tales, Sketches and Romances of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Boston: 1837-53.

Wherever the actions of men are moulded by wild passion, or gentle affection, there is a subject for it. Wherever the human heart with all its strange emotions and its solemn mysteries is revealed, it may find a theme. It is seen as well in the straw-thatched cottage as in the marble palace. It exists alike in the life of the historic queen, and of the peasant maid. As Hawthorne says of the *Scarlet Letter*, it has a great deal more to do with the clouds overhead, than with any particular locality of Earth. Indeed, it resembles more the western sky at twilight, with its dim shadowy outlines, and its gorgeous coloring, than any scenery in the world around us.

The Germans have especially excelled in the pure romance, and the *Undine of Fouqué*, the marvelous story of the birth of a soul, attests their excellence. Poe, in some of his minor tales, has been singularly successful in the same field. But the writings of none of these equal Hawthorne's, either in their design or execution. He first appeared as a writer of tales and sketches in *Souvenirs*, and *Annals*, and *Magazines*. His efforts were found in the corners and by-ways of literature, but like the flowers of spring which start up by the way-side and in the dell, there was promise of a rich and tropical growth in maturer years. More recently he has published his great works, the *Scarlet Letter*, the *House of the Seven Gables*, and the *Blithedale Romance*. The first is perhaps the most studied and elaborate of all his productions. It is a story of suffering and crime, and depicts the progress of remorse in the life of one who, in a position of honor and influence, is compelled secretly to share the punishment of his companion in guilt. The *House of the Seven Gables* is the longest of his works, and is spoken of by R. W. Griswold as the "finest piece of imagination in our prose literature." It shows how the crimes and errors of one generation are transmitted to their descendants, and how dangerous it is to attempt to accumulate ill-gotten wealth for their possession. The *Blithedale Romance* is based upon the record of his life at Brook farm. To us there are few episodes in the history of modern society more interesting than that. It was a singular life that was passed by those scholars and thinkers at Roxbury, filled with the idea of creating a revolution in social theories, and building anew the fabric of social life. So much that was pleasant and hopeful, mingled with the gloomy and sad; such a union of the noble and beautiful, with the erroneous and absurd, we can rarely expect to find. It is pleasant upon this sunny day, when the Spring is budding with the promise of new life, and the fields are ripening into golden prosperity, to think upon that little band of dreamers, who were hopeful of uniting

men in a closer brotherhood, and establishing society upon a fairer basis. There was the classic Emerson, the gifted Channing, the scholarly Ripley, the luxuriant Howadji Curtis, and the brilliant Margaret Fuller, as the centre of all. In the belief that they had at last struck upon the great world problem, for five summers they experimented upon their new system. Sometime it may be that their ideas can be grafted on to the old stock of society, and in some later, higher age, their theory may become a reality. But the reader must pardon our digression.

There are three phases in which the author of a Romance appears, as a writer, in his style and modes of expression; as a creator, in the conception of his characters and personages; and as an artist, in their movements and scenes. There is an inclination among many modern writers, to follow Carlyle, and Emerson, and German Transcendentalists, in introducing a broken jagged kind of crocketry into style. The pure old wells of English undefiled are deserted by them, for the muddy pools of modern literature. They like not the language of the court, but of the people, and to them the age of iron is more pleasing than that of gold. They search eagerly for old Saxon words, and regret that the more elegant dialect of the Norman was ever grafted on our mother tongue. With this feeling the writings of Hawthorne indicate no sympathy. His style is especially marked by beauty, simplicity, and tranquillity. It flows along smoothly as some pure placid stream, that bears upon its bosom images of trees and flowers, and sailing clouds. Nothing is done for the sake of brilliancy or effect, nor are his ideas ever concealed by a garbage of words. Of him, it may be truly said, borrowing the figure of one of the most beautiful of our poets, that

"His words severely simple,
Like the Grecian drapery wrought,
Show the clear symmetric outline
Of his thought."

In the conception of his characters he is always original, and never repeats by dressing up the same personages in different ways, or exhibiting them in different works. He shows great fertility of thought, often describing minutely, as in the Toll Gatherer's Day, or Lights from a Bridge, long processions, whether festal or funereal in human life. His characters are not like those of Dickens, of one idea, but are fully and completely drawn. So delicately and elaborately indeed, that they seem more like the forms upon the canvas, than the fictions of the author, and dwell in the mind like memories of people we have somewhere seen. Who can forget the gentle affection and tender love of beauty in Clif-

ford Pyncheon, which not life-long suffering, nor gloomy prison walls could ever drive out; or the pensive sorrow and nunlike spirit of Hester Prynne; or the sparkling gayety and grace of Pearl; or the stately bearing of Zenobia, worthy of princely story. Of the plots of his Tales and Romances, we may simply say, that while they are not as intricate, nor perhaps as life-like as those of the great English Novelists, they are never simple nor bald.

A remarkable characteristic of his writings, is a delicate and exquisite sense of the beautiful, so that he may well receive the title of a Prose Poet. Indeed, if poetry can ever be separated from music, if they need not always traverse the world like Rose and Blanche in an eternal sisterhood, we should certainly confess its existence in Hawthorne. Not in Shelley, nor in Keats even, can we find a spirit more alive to beauty in all its forms—that beauty which idealizes the characters of life, and indeed, transforms all life into a stately poem.

One is struck in reading by his fine reflective powers, and the richness and suggestiveness of his fancy. His are not the lessons of the prosy moralist, nor the common place expressions of the every-day critic, but the rich fruits of an original and penetrating mind. How happy are those over old Governor Pyncheon, as he sits in his arm-chair, with the stain of blood upon his ruffle, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking! How original are those upon David Swan, over whom the phantoms of wealth, and fame, and love, hold their rich prizes! Often they are the pleasant reveries of the dreamer, and are filled with a spirit of hope and joy, only now and then tinged with a passing shade of pensive, subdued melancholy. We are aware that any quotations which we can present would fail to do him justice, since his merit is not seen so much in a single sentence or paragraph, as in the unity and tone of an entire sketch, and the length of his finest reflective and fanciful pieces, forbids all idea of our introducing them here. The following, taken from the opening chapter of the *Scarlet Letter*, may, in some degree, perhaps illustrate the first mentioned characteristic. Speaking of a flower which blossomed close by the prison door, he says: "On one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild rose-bush covered in this month of June with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner, as he went in and to the condemned criminal, as he came forth to his doom, in token that the deep heart of Nature could pity and be kind to him. This rose-bush, by a strange chance, has been kept alive in history; but whether it had merely survived out of the stern old wilderness, so long after the fall of

the gigantic pines and oaks that originally overshadowed it,—or whether, as there is fair authority for believing, it had sprung up under the footsteps of the sainted Ann Hutchinson, as she entered the prison-door,—we shall not take upon us to determine. Finding it so directly on the threshold of our narrative, which is now about to issue from that inconspicuous portal, we could hardly do otherwise than to pluck one of its flowers, and present it to the reader. It may serve, let us hope, to symbolize some sweet moral blossom that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow." What we have said of his rare fertility of fancy, may be seen by the following sentence, taken almost at random, and chastely and tenderly penned, though furnishing a painful, saddened category of crime. The Wizard says, in "Young Goodman Brown"—to the new convert to the mystery of witchcraft—"There are those whom you have revered from youth. This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds; how hoary bearded elders have whispered wanton words to the young maidens of their households; how many a young woman, eager for widows' weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom: how beardless youths have made haste to inherit their fathers' wealth: and how fair damsels—'blush not, sweet ones!'—have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's burial."

We cannot fail to notice one important characteristic of Hawthorne's writings, which is lacking in most recent American works of fiction, and that is, a calm, deep, self-reliant spirit, which may be summed up in one word—Repose. It is a necessary element in every superior production, and is indicative of latent power. In the great works of the old masters, in the paintings that adorn Cathedral walls, where are reflected the calm, solemn depths of the sky and of all nature, it is always apparent. It is proof of high intellectual confidence and of well-tried strength, and can never be attained by the imitator or trickster. It were well, indeed, if this breadth and depth, which we see in Hawthorne, could be found in the writings of more of our authors.

He does not, moreover, share in the fault, so deplorable of late, of writing to gratify the existing taste, and to win a temporary popularity. His works, indeed, are not suited to please the masses, but are for a select audience. Yet they exhibit an accurate knowledge of his own age and a sympathy with all the great popular movements of the day. Scattered all through them are the shrewdest and finest comments upon subjects which are rarely discussed outside of the columns of the

Newspaper even. His views upon one of the wants of the times accord so well with our own that we cannot forbear to quote them. "Were I to adopt a pet idea," says he, "as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be that the great want which mankind labor under at this present period is—Sleep! The world should recline its head upon the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap." We have a peculiar theory on this subject which we may sometime divulge, but the world is not ripe for it yet. We must moreover dream over it a little longer, and after it has received about as much of the dreamy as enters into nearly all human theories we may give it forth. But the age is too fast, and seems to us to be bordering on distraction. We have scarcely time to stop and think, but are hurried on at a railway speed. Doctors, in the reports of insane asylums, tell us that the chief cause of insanity, is want of sleep. Who knows but that the world itself may be changed into one vast asylum for lunatics? It would be fine to go to bed at night to rest, and "sleep over" for a quarter of a century. It would be pleasant to lay down quietly some afternoon, and, stowed away among the hills, to sink into a Rip Van Winkle sleep; or to float away and moor upon some Lotus-eaters' shore, where the poppy blooms, and where it is always afternoon; or, better yet, to be the subject of some enchantment like the palace in the fairy-tale, where

"Each Baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gathered in a ring;
His state the King reposing keeps.
He must have been a jolly King.
There sleeps the Butler with a flask
Between his knees, half drained; and there
The wrinkled Steward at his task;
The maid of honor blooming fair:
The Page has caught her hand in his:
Her lips are severed, as to speak:
His own are pouted to a kiss:
The blush is fixed upon her cheek."

A number of Hawthorne's writings have their scene laid among the Puritans in the early annals of New England. The religious gloom which rests over that period adds greatly to the coloring of romance. There are few characters, indeed, which stand out more boldly upon the background of history than the Puritan, with his strange contradictions, his sober demeanor, and dark enthusiasm. All these traits Hawthorne

has developed with great skill. The reign of witchcraft and the persecutions of the Quakers, furnish materials for some of his finest tales. We know not, in the whole range of literature, where to find finer conceptions of superstitious ceremonials than in his accounts of Salem witchcraft.

But it seems to us that the chief power of Hawthorne lies in his development of the inner character, and in his analyzing and portraying the human soul. He leads us back of events to causes, and of actions to their motives. He seems to possess a sort of mesmeric power by which, like some conjuror, he can tear away this masked face and look with clear insight into the inner spirit. Through all the solemn avenues and secret chambers of the human heart he will lead us, and bid us peer far down into its mysterious depths. With what anatomical skill does he depict the character of Clifford Pyncheon, before he introduces us to his person! How keenly is remorse portrayed in the life of Arthur Dimmesdale!

An objection has been brought against his writings on the ground that they do not have a healthy influence on the mind; and if there be any justice in the charge, it must be owing to the fact, that while they depict life with an exaggerated coloring, they deal in this way wholly with the passions and emotions of the heart. It may be that the proper study of mankind is man, but it is nevertheless often a sad and tiresome one. We grow weary of looking into the mysterious depths, and following the winding labyrinths, of human passion and human affection. The mystery of life seems oppressive to the spirit. We have heard enough of saddened economy and thrilling tragedy, and listen gladly to the sound of pipes and of pastoral song. We turn from the internal to the external, from the soul to the world, and from man to nature.

A shallow objection has also been made by those who confound the Novel with the Romance. There is much the same difference between them as between the outlines of Darley and of Lawrence, or between the rude caricatures of Hogarth and the shadowy paintings of a Venetian master. The one is a picture that must be true to every-day life, but the other need not. While the one must confine itself to the natural, the other may employ the supernatural. The one is akin to history, the other to poetry. And it is in this view of romance that him of whom we write stands prominent. To that land, which is such as the old fable-ists described Romance to be, which lies also out upon the borders of human thought, where the real sinks into the unsubstantial and vague, and the characters grow shadowy and dim, where the light of reason

fades into the strange twilight of fancy, to that land Nathaniel Hawthorne is our guide. Δ.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

"Sacred."

IMPORTANCE OF IDEAS INVOLVED IN THE WORD.

BY A. S. TWOMBLY, BOSTON, MASS.

A MEASURE of compliance with the prohibition, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further," is guaranteed by certain elements of mind and matter. The mind recognizes the propriety of the law of limitation; but the body experiences its inability to transgress. The one does homage to principles within itself. Hence springs a mental self-control, a self-imposed restraint. The other yields obedience of necessity. Here, restraint is forced, objective; there, voluntary, entirely subjective.

Thus the word "Sacred" differs widely from inaccessible. A temple is sacred, for it calls upon elements of the moral nature, as willing conservators of its sanctity. An Alpine crag is inaccessible, defying man to o'ertop its summit.

Displays of objective restraint may, by association of thought, develop and give into form, many of the ideas involved in the word "Sacred;" but a shrinking from certain modes of activity, and an impulse towards their opposites, both of which postures are instinctive to the mind, alone give rise to those ideas; they are the legitimate offspring of man's mental constitution, whatever consequent forces may nurse them into symmetry and strength.

Thus the word "Sacred," as a *result*, towards which certain constituents of mind, as causes, converge; and as an *historical fact*, a development produced by the action and agreement of mind with the world of nature and circumstance around it, involves ideas, the keys to many problems of man's progress and destiny; ideas, both of its own origin and its outworking. Some of these we may discover; others are mysteries written only in the book of Omniscience. *We cannot know them,*

"Nor dares the favorite angel, pry
Between the folded leaves."

Whatever is in itself terrible or conversant about terrible things,* is a source of the sublime; whatever excites a mingled feeling of awe and affection, a source of sacredness. Here then, the difference between sublimity and sacredness. Terribleness we flee from; sacredness we refrain from. The two ideas spring from the exercise of different elements of the mind. The one is mainly induced by fear; the other by a mingling of awe and affection; in a word, by reverence. There is a wide distinction between the "*metuens velut contingere sacrum*" of Horace, and the dread of a mighty earthquake. We conclude then, that the feeling of inferiority in the imagined or actual presence of a superior power, (a feeling natural to the mind,) may produce the idea of the sublime, also the idea of sacredness. A superiority in which the idea of power to injure is prominent, produces, in connection with other elements, the sublime; where the idea of entitlement to respect, of worthiness to be revered, stands foremost, the idea of sacredness. In the presence of the one, man stands in awe, and does not *dare* to sin; before the other, he stands in awe, and does not *care* to sin. Reverence guarantees a willing forbearance. Fear does but compel compliance.

These then are the ideas of origin of the word "Sacred." And with the above distinctive definition constantly before us, their importance may be seen in their application; in the tracing out of what we have termed, ideas of development of the word "Sacred."

A seeming inconsistency meets us in the application of the word. To the Christian traveler amid the "calm, dead grandeur" of Palmyra's ruins, "the very air a solemn stillness holds," and his foot-falls seem to invade the sanctity of the columned halls; but the Arab tethers his camel within the Temple of the Sun, without a thought of violation.

The hideous features of an idol god, appear peculiar sacred to the devotee; while nought but ludicrous sensations, the opposite of sacred emotions, are excited in an enlightened mind.

Reflect a moment on this apparent contradiction! Nothing is sacred but by a direct association of it, with what we may call the idea of sanctity in the mind. The Christian at Palmyra, associates with the decay of a majestic city, the idea of a place which God has chosen for the display of his mighty power; and he allows the sacredness of the thought to hallow those piles, which to the Bedouin, possessed of no such elevation of mind, are but a dreary waste of stone, a choice shelter for his tent. The attitude of mind assumed by the Idolater, is the result of an

* Burke.

immediate association of some divine power, with the block of carved ugliness, which presents no such association of ideas to a refined taste. This very diversity in applying the idea of sacredness, proves its sources to be the same; like circumstances do not surround any two minds, but since mind in its general elements is ever the same, these elements, developed as they are by various external forces, must find expression in manifold forms. Hence we find, that the wide application of the idea of sacredness, does not overthrow the position, that it has its origin in certain mental qualities in all men, alike in kind, though diverse in degree.

These qualities, the germs in man, which ensure to the word "Sacred" an existence, are directed in their development by two mental faculties; which are also themselves somewhat subject to circumstances. These, conscience and the sense of beauty, proportion and fitness, are the Privy Counselors of the mind; conscience in matters of a moral nature; the other, in things possessed of no such significance.

Each, with some bias from outward forces, has unmistakable existence in every mind. Though a few intellects "of noble stamp, walk independent by themselves, freely manumitted of externals," yet a vast majority "lean upon the accidents of life," and are by them, disciplined in their faith and æsthetic culture. Education teaches a peculiar creed, and cultivates peculiar tastes, and we know that to a certain extent, belief regulates the conscience, and familiarity with certain forms and rules of beauty, the taste. That these faculties, however, are under certain limitations, powerful in applying the idea of sacredness, we shall find by tracing their modes of action.

Conscience gives a verdict upon the moral character of states and qualities of mind. It thus defines vice and explains virtue. Without conscience selfishness under guidance of expediency, would regulate activity. There would be no moral test, of which even the degraded Caffre has now some notion. Man would then by reason alone, be separated from the brute. Now, the power of discerning right and wrong, allies him with his Maker. Let the voice of conscience be often unheeded, yet stationed, a sentinel on the threshold between right and wrong, it at least points out objects worthy of reverence. It thus asserts the idea of moral superiority, and a channel is opened through which the feelings of reverential esteem and affection may bring their offerings of voluntary homage.

While conscience has the prerogative of determining the application of the word "Sacred" to moral qualities; to the morally inviolate, the

sense of proportion and fitness, has the especial province of choosing the modes, objects, and occasions, to be invested with inviolability. Considering then as we do, that only the sacredness of things, of times, seasons and places, arises from this latter faculty, we cannot be supposed, to argue the Utilitarian doctrine, that virtue is entitled to reverence because of its adaptedness to promote man's highest happiness; that virtue is but the perfect idea of utility. We should soon, with Hume, decide that everything is right that appears to be useful. We do not believe this! With us Virtue stands on her own high vantage ground. As before implied, reverence for virtue springs from its inherent exalted worth; its superiority as an ideal conception over the known attainment of the mind, thus placed in a worshipful posture. To return, the value of this sense of beauty lies in its power of associating ideas of qualities worthy of reverence with appropriate forms, thus made the signs of those qualities. This it is which leads us to look with silent reverence upon that choicest work of art, the Greek Slave. An atmosphere of sanctity guards it well! for those marble lineaments are an almost living presence of the qualities, which in woman, we respect and love. This tends also to conserve those impressive forms of worship which, by their fitness as a medium of communion between man and his Creator, are defended from profane innovation.

One word of Imagination, which is so connected with the machinery of mind, that every fabric issued thence, gets from it some fashioning. Apply this fact to the idea of sacredness. Reverence is awakened in proportion as an object seems worthy of reverence. Imagination forms arbitrary combinations, of conceptions existent in the memory; often selects the choicest features, and with them, as with a mask investing an object with ideal value, thus secures for it a degree of sanctity otherwise unattainable. Thus the idea of sacredness owes much of its intensity to the Imagination. Within due bounds, how valuable this power! Uncurbed, how dangerous! Even Vice oftentimes gains homage, because the Imagination has clothed it in the sacerdotal robes of Virtue! May not Milton's imagination have led him, for the moment, to forget that "Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line," when he penned that eulogistic description of the fallen Prince of Hell, where—

"He above the rest, in shape and gesture
Proudly eminent, stood like a tower."

Who to such a chief could yield a less than reverential obedience! Even the low and groveling traits afterwards ascribed to Satan cannot dispel the feelings which his early appearance in the poem, has awakened.

The world has seen two periods in the development of the idea of sacredness. As a merely natural outgrowth of the mind; moulded by circumstances; taking form from exigency, it has followed the progress of society. Now rank with the mould of superstition; now giving rise to systems of philosophy, till at last, mind grown skeptical, assumes the posture of one reaching after positive knowledge, and clamors for a sanction; a ratification of *some* belief, it cares not what. Then Revelation, for ages hidden within the precincts of the Jewish tabernacle, darted its beams athwart the Gentile world; a star amid the clouds of Pagan doubt and superstition, till it came and stood over where the young child was, even Emanuel, from whose lips was soon to come a sanction, mighty in its conclusiveness, victorious in its issues; a sanction making plain as a duty that obedience to the idea of sacredness, hitherto but a result of man's mental constitution.

Skepticism had propounded a riddle to the world. Sphinx-like, it threatened a moral ruin to the nations. No schoolmen dared assert an answer. No oracle was now omniscient at Delphi. The Persian Magi stood aghast and were silent. A divine Œdipus appeared; expounded the mystery, and the world was saved.

Sacredness now became a solemn fact. Man must rebel against the outspoken voice of God, would he violate the divinely confirmed instincts of his nature.

The existence of man without revelation, sacredness being yet a crude and but partially developed idea, and its outgrowth a merely natural one, may be termed the Formative Period; the mind is here in a state of preparation for the second or Positive Period, wherein it may operate, guided by the sanction of a revealed law. In the one period, "Feeling creates the Faith;" in the other, "Faith the Feeling." In the first, the feeling of inferiority, awakened by the mind's position amid Nature's mighty manifestations, gives birth to belief in a Superior Intelligence—the motive power of a world's order. Fear of this unseen energy, may at first, have the effect of sublimity upon the mind. "Primus in orbe deos fecit timor;" but the recognition of benevolence, in the rich fruitage of harvest, in the regularity of all things, has created other gods, the only objects of reverence and affection. The Hindoo Siva was a sublime compelling force. Vishnu or the Preserver, as the personification of protective power, an awful but beloved Deity. Pantheism in its multi-fold forms, the belief in

———"one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul,"

embraces both the ideal of sublimity and of sacredness; sublimity, when

God the Soul moves in destructive grandeur. Hence the sea is deified as Neptune or the Earth-Shaker. Sacredness, when this invisible power clothes the hills with verdure and pours the wealth of corn into the granary of man; hence Ceres as the Goddess of Plenty.

Turn to governmental development. Let it be violence or any other force, which presides at the birth of Governments;* whatever may beget, surely the legitimately begotten is nurtured of those principles which the word "Sacred" involves.

Bacon says, that reverence for government is the only safeguard against brawls and civil strife. We venture to expand the idea, and state that government has its strongest citadel in the idea of its sacredness; and we shall see that a good government only, can have this security. Tyranny can but compel a submissive citizenship; but a just authority becomes a very deity, set up in the inviolable sanctuary of a nation's reverence, where willing incense ever burns upon the altar. The shoulders weary under an unwelcome burden, be it never so light; they hasten, under a double load of self-imposed hardship. Authority, which is loved as a protection, as well as honored for its power, is ever ominous of patriotic citizenship. Why was this, the sacred standard, around which rallied in ancient days, Roman valor and Roman worth! Brutus shed no tears while his sons stood bound before the executioner of Justice; uttered no sign of anguish, as their life-blood expiated their country's dishonor! Why this steadfast, almost unparental severity! Why do we hear him say, "My own life, the lives of my children, are of no value, compared with the smallest interest of Rome!" The heart of that sturdy Roman dared not violate by an unjust pardon, the sanctity which he felt to be around that Republican System, the object of his reverential regard. That this sacredness of just authority was a living reality in Greece, is seen in the legally secured inviolability of the Spartan Ephors; the representatives of such a power. The Roman Tribunes too, needed like Appius Claudius, no guard of lictors! The popular idea, that on the safety of their persons depended the security of Plebeian liberty, was their sufficient protection.

From history then, what else can be gained, than that the idea of sacredness, with no higher sanction than man's own consciousness, has ever tended towards a healthful form of executive authority.

Again in social life, filial affection—the honor yielded to woman, all out-
trise from the idea of a superiority, which wins for itself reverence and affection.

* Guizot.

The child has wondered at the parent's wisdom with his earliest thoughts; has ever felt his father's kindness. Here is the source of that reverential esteem which places the household gods in the heart's holiest temple. A mother's memory! withered indeed the heart which does not throb more quickly; infamous the eye which does not gush with tenderness, at the mention of that hallowed name! Here is the secret of woman's power; no Salic laws can exclude her from this throne! Not as a forensic antagonist; not as a rival soldier has she gained her victories, but in the sacred enclosure of a well-ordered home, does she sit inviolate, an object of love, yea, of reverential awe! Neglected as weaker than the more sturdy sex, absolute authority over his household may have led the savage chief to bind upon her shoulders, menial servitude; but as woman's superiority in the soul's finer qualities has become manifest, she has risen, till we find her, even in ages of superstition, guarded by the reverence she has inspired in man.

Milton expresses this idea in unrivaled beauty, where he makes Adam say of Eve,—

"When I approach her loveliness,
Absolute she seems, and in herself complete;
* * * and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness, create an awe about her,
As a guard angelic, placed." —

Thus is the true idea of the inviolability of woman recognized, else would Adam have looked upon Eve as

"Fair no doubt and worthy well his cherishing,"

but without that reverential feeling, which left her, in his eyes, "so awful that with honor" only, could he love her.

Acknowledging then the idea of sacredness in the early development of social order, as foremost in true religious sentiment, and as the foster parent of all governments, which appeal to the willing obedience of the people; a glance at its first period is like the sight of a majestic arch, with its stones carved in elegance, and graven with bossy sculpture, while yet the key-stone is wanting. It has no security against demolition. There is still a want! This want was felt, and mind passed into a state of transition. Civilization had advanced, and superstition almost died in the midst of formal worshippers. The statues of Apollo were standing, but the fire had gone out upon the altars.

Inquisitive sagacity had dared to look into the volumes of magical lore; curious violence had cut down the groves to find the retreat of the Goddess. Both had found nought but imposition. Demosthenes accuses the oracle of being but the mouth-piece of Philip.

Soon philosophers long to reverence something, and speculate about a rational Deity. Socrates, though speaking of "the Gods," that he may influence the popular mind, inwardly believes in one mighty Divinity. Protagoras does not hesitate to declare, that "respecting the gods, he neither knows whether they exist nor what are their attributes." Plato considered beauty the sensible representation* of moral and physical perfection, constituting one with truth and goodness. The strictness of the Union, which he maintains between Virtue, Truth and Beauty, led to mysticism, and from that came many systems, which did much to keep the mind alive for truth. Says a careful writer, "The want which all began to feel, of positive and established principles, gave birth to many systems." Thus was Plato, at first a suggestor of truth, and afterwards, by his very mysticism, the unwitting cause of much progress in knowledge. Cicero's treatise on the nature of the Divinity, is a gleanings of the wisest opinions of his times.

Power had grown despotic; arbitrary in its exactments; and subjects became incredulous of its legitimacy. The sanction of the gods by omens no longer convinced the oppressed of the righteousness of their oppression. Before the battle of Pharsalia, Delphi was silenced.† In Rome the strong arm of power held sway, but those stern dagger thrusts at the base of Pompey's statue testified the popular restlessness.

In the East the Trimurti were worshiped, but even there, the Vedas were modified by interpretation, to suit the march of mind. Man was everywhere groping in caverns of superstition and doubt; to some there was now a faint glimmering in the distance. They had before worshiped the idea of pure sunlight, but ignorant of any other, had judged the light of their own feeble torches, the perfect brightness. A forecast of the true light already peered through the gloom.

Ethics amounted to nothing more than deductions from principles found in the mind. Here the dividing line between the two periods. On the one side, speculation tasked itself to discover truth; on the other, based upon truth, it tried to discover its ultimate workings. This risked nothing; that might result in dangerous error. The one, a struggle for life; the other, a playful rencounter.

At the close of the Formative Period, the idea of sacredness was a powerful but well nigh passive principle in the mind. It was recognized by many customs, which were but shadows of the ancient religion. Forms and ceremonies were observed more as homage to that idea than

* Tennemann.

† Lucan.

as religious worship. Revelation came as a fact. The idea of sacredness took an active form, and we are now to trace its development in the second or Positive Period.

The cross gleaming from the heavens upon Constantine, was also a sign to all the earth. Hitherto confined to a sect, Christianity was now to become a world-wide religion. A God of perfect attributes was offered, in lieu of speculative deities. "Sacred" was graven legibly upon certain times and modes of worship. The Bible was now to men, instead of

"Hammon, Delphi and Dodona's oak, instead of Phœbus;"

Philosophy had asserted possibilities; Revelation now asserted facts.

One would suppose that everything terrible in nature would be called up to heighten the awe and solemnity of a revealed Deity—but no! that would be but to make him a sublime God. The manifestation of God to man was in a form to inspire love as well as awe. Christ, the Saviour, a God of love; in miracles, a God of awful majesty. Thus was the highest idea of sacredness made known to man. The master himself now directs his servants, who before had been guided only by their own sense of duty.

This period was positive, only in that a sanction had been given. Skepticism still arrayed arguments against it. Absolute power denied the divine authority of this sanction; and yet it grew silently but strong, till like the coral reef it became an island; philosophy and even monarchy were glad to receive its protection; false religions, too, sought refuge under the shadows of the influence which it had gained over the mind. Even in the 17th century, the divine right of Kings was argued from the revealed word, before an enlightened parliament, by the unfortunate Charles. Popes lift a civil diadem to their brows, and quote the sanction of revelation. These claims do but prove the power, which this confirmation had given to the ideas of sacredness as a protection. Even tyranny would flee unto the horns of this altar!

In this period, mind has been more unflinching for the right. A mind sure of its position, can brave a world. Cowards by nature, become courageous martyrs when firm in the faith.

Governments too, based upon principles of justice, are safer in this confirmed notion of the sacredness of such authority. "St. George and Merry England!" has a deeper meaning than a mere war-cry. It tells of English liberty, and asserts the sanction of God as its foundation-stone.

The right of mind over its own opinions, confirmed in this period, found mature expression in the Reformation. The struggle took a

religious cast because religious oppression was then the most irksome form of tyranny. An outburst was inevitable! Had authority asserted unjust claims over the merely intellectual operations of mind, there would have been resistance. One peculiar feature of the Reformation illustrates the power of the idea of sacredness ratified by a divine sanction. Reformers rallied around Freedom of Thought as a principle, the sanctity of which was enjoined by revelation. Papists fought for the Pope as infallible, and that too, as secured by a revealed word. Both parties looked back to the same sanction. Hence the frequent triumph of both. Each lost ground only as other principles were allowed to interfere.

We have, thus far, only looked back upon the important part which the idea of sacredness has accomplished in History. We have seen its partial working, and its riper development. Shall we look beyond to its complete unfolding? Shall we interrogate the signs of the times? Legitimate authority is everywhere enlisting defenders of its inviolability. True religion is raising altars, the world over, to the one God; and the oracle of our Faith, of our Hope, seems to foretell the issue, when the idea of sacredness shall be inwoven with every intellectual and moral struggle, to restrain and regulate the head and the heart of entire Humanity! Pointing to this serene but mighty principle, it seems to say with prophetic emphasis,—

“Thy audience, worlds; all Time shall be
The witness of the power in thee.”

Value of the Ideal.

BY CHARLES E. TRUMBULL, HARTFORD, CT.

“For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of frame, or symmetry of parts!
Mind—mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.”

WHEN God had embodied in the material universe the archetypes existing in his eternal mind, and, beholding the work of his hands, had pronounced it good, he created also man—made in his own image, and endowed with capacities for perceptive enjoyment similar in kind (though

not in degree) to his own. Man fell, and, falling, jarred the universe. Discord superseded harmony, and imperfection was the fruit of sin. But the semblance of God's archetypes was never wholly lost from his material creations. The lineaments of His own image were never obliterated from the soul of man. There was still an earnest yearning after that perfection which material forms had forever lost,—still the power from imperfection to separate and combine the relics of perfection—to portray before the mind images approximate to the Divine conceptions. These images men call *Ideals*; this power, *Imagination*. An *ideal*, then, is an *imaginary model of perfection*, and of a perfection not absolute, but itself imaginary or conceived.

From the minutest animalcule luxuriating in its ocean-depth of a rainbow drop, up to man, "a little lower than the angels," all bear, with Cain, the mark of sin. The grain of sand is an imperfect crystal, and the path of Earth among the starry worlds is but an *almost* circle. But, as the Real was formed originally from the Ideal, so from the Real may we cull out our fragmentary Ideal; as one gathers the bones of a mastodon—one here, another there—and builds him a skeleton; even then necessitated, it may be, to supply some missing joints with clay.

To gather thus, compose, and present for contemplation objects more nearly perfect than material things; to lift the soul above longings after gold, or power, or sensual pleasure, to holier aspirations after that "which eye hath not seen nor ear heard;" to pull aside the veil of sense and permit the soul to gaze out upon a world coëxistent with God, coëxtensive with space; to kindle into flame the sparks of that ethereal fire, which, never quite extinct, beneath the ashes of six thousand years is smouldering still; such is the sacred office of the Ideal.

That metaphysical view which regards the Ideal, not only as distinct from, but as in direct antagonism to the Real, and therefore *false*, is incorrect, and tends to embarrass and confuse. The Ideal, inasmuch as that which it essays to represent is infinite unity, perfection, and truth, is *truer* than the Real.

But the Imagination, like every other human power, accomplishes its highest result only when exercised in freedom, not *from* but *under* law. And here note, that from regarding this subject in two different lights, two definitions of Ideal have come into more or less general use. "Ideal" is sometimes used with exclusive reference to the *imaginative*, and at others, as denoting "perfection of type," in which latter sense it may be called *generic*. The perplexity and discussion which have arisen respecting the ideal conception of species, is to be ascribed to a disregard of

this distinction, and an adoption of the error which, as has been already remarked, assumes the opposition of the *Ideal* to the *True*. The generic Ideal is the source of classification founded upon sameness, and also of variety. To ascertain whether an individual belongs to a certain species, we compare it, not with another or with many other individuals, but with an individual type of that species. And again, in developing an Ideal, we are enabled to give almost infinite variety to our concrete productions, only being sure that they possess the differentia of some species. Claude Lorraine forgot this. He painted a tree so perfectly that the birds of the air might have sought to lodge in its branches. He painted fifty more; and they were all the same tree.

The Imagination must, then, conform itself to law. Those vain phantasmagoria which float before it, valueless because incapable of being realized, gleam, like the mirage of the desert, only to beguile. The wildest freak of fancy can only serve to fasten a human head upon a horse's body; it cannot impart vitality to the centaur-like creation. For if we have the power to generate a single uneduced Ideal of a new species, then the serpent did not lie when he said, "Ye shall be as Gods."

But this is *subjective* merely. Are these bright visions of the perfect to benefit only the minds that conceive them?

With every great conception there enters into the mind the consciousness of a mission. "No man," says Southey, "was ever yet convinced of any momentous truth, without feeling in himself the power as well as the desire of communicating it." It is this feeling which, kindling into glowing enthusiasm, lifts the "man of one idea" above the mass, above the shackles of prescription; which inspired Apelles when he threw back the flippant scoff, with "I paint for posterity," and Bacon, when he said, "I leave my books, and all that I have written, to those who shall come after me;" which has supported thousands, whose souls bent upon the realization of some bright Ideal, grew callous to the ridicule, and disregarded even the neglect, of the world—the pioneers of great truths, content, with Moses, to have seen from their lone hill-top the promised land, even though their graves should be forgotten.

Let us now inquire what value has accrued to man from efforts to attain and realize the Ideal, remarking, in the first place, that this value is always proportioned to the ratio which the Ideal perfection, as conceived, bears to the divinely conceived, or absolute perfection; and also to the ratio which the development bears to the ideal conception.

In all those operations in which man is guided by abstract principles, he forms *Ideal* standards. He determines, for example, a given course of

action to be honorable or dishonorable, not, usually, by applying to it any fixed law—not by referring it to any recognized existing standard or type; but by reference to his own ideal standard, which, although formed according to certain laws, and by abstractions from individual characters, is yet more comprehensive and explicit than the one, and perhaps far more nearly perfect than the other.

Thus, we sometimes see men who, professing to be actuated by a keenest sense of honor, and in the very name of honor itself, engage in transactions which we should not hesitate to regard as flagrantly dishonorable. The difficulty in such cases is that they look to a false ideal—no true type, but a false and monstrous creation, of which, though perchance its head may be golden, the lower parts are iron and clay.

The same is true of the Religious Ideal. The principles laid down in the Gospel cover the whole ground of human action. Christ presents himself to the world, leading a blameless life, as a guide and exemplar. But how many and various are the ideal standards which this perfect type supplies! Ask the ignorant and halting Christian to give *his* ideal of the perfect man as realized in Christ, conforming it to the Gospel narrative; then compare with this the glorious conceptions of an incarnate Deity that kindle in holy love and rapture the souls of a Payson or an Edwards. To this does the Apostle refer when he speaks of growing daily in a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. As the soul is purified from sin, the Ideal, freed from imperfections that disfigured it, grows in beauty and radiance, and the path of the just is as a burning and a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

With regard to the Useful—and I here employ the term in a restricted sense, with reference to what pertains more directly and immediately to the use of man—here have men striven most determinately to set the *Real* in opposition to the Ideal. After years of perplexity and error, the intellect of a Bacon could grasp and demonstrate their congruity and necessary relation. Whenever the human mind proceeds systematically in its quest for truths, it is by hypothesis and experiment. Else, experiments must be performed at random, their results to a great extent trifling and unsatisfactory, and discoveries, at best, accidental.

So in the mechanical arts. Did Sir Humphrey Davy, like Aladdin, find his lamp in a cave; or did he combine materials at random, until he stumbled upon a form which possessed the desired qualifications? Did he not, on the contrary, having asked a year for thought, first work to elaborate a perfect *conception*—the *realization* of which could then be entrusted to the hands of an inferior artist? Looking back through the

various stages of mechanic art, or tracing in succeeding inventions the progress to the attainment of the Ideal, we are almost brought to believe in the German fable of spiritualized mechanism. Thus has the Ideal given the "open sesame" to many an adamantine door; and the mind, feeling its way by these antenna-like Ideal hypotheses, has penetrated many a mysterious labyrinth of nature, over which "Katalytic" seemed to have been written forever.

Architecture supplies a connecting link between the Useful and the purely Æsthetic. Man built, at first, only to satisfy his necessities and provide for his physical comforts. But there had been implanted in his breast, a want which was yet unsatisfied,—looking beyond the merely useful to something more elevated, more spiritual. In nature, he found no definite architectural copies; but the rocks and caves and forests gave suggestions, from which man, obedient to the dictates of the æsthetic principles implanted in his soul, formed those beautiful ideals, whose embodiment, more or less perfect, we behold in the wonders of ancient and modern architecture,—the pyramid-mountains, the massive walls and interminable corridors of Egypt,—the temples of Nineveh, Athens and Rome,—the Gothic Cathedrals, with their pointed-arches, pinnacles, clustered pillars, vaulted roofs, and cross-surmounted spires, and their profusion of ornament and imagery light, delicate, and beautiful as those of nature herself in frost-work.

The Æsthetic is peculiarly the province of the Ideal. Here, the highest office of the Real is to shadow forth the Ideal; now, faintly, darkly,—now so clearly and completely that the soul's deep longing for the sublime and the beautiful seems almost fully gratified.

The aim of Sculpture is to exhibit in perfection, the—not a—human form. The form of man exhibits more traces of its original beauty than, perhaps, any other of God's earthly creations. Its simple imitation, therefore, may possess great value; but to exhibit it in all its matchless perfection, symmetry and grace, freed from all traces of physical degeneracy,—to unite in one the excellencies of a thousand varying forms—this is the office of the Ideal. We should, then, naturally look for the type of manhood to Greece, whose Olympic games, her race course, palæstra, &c. supplied to Grecian artists, in the persons of struggling athletes, suggestions for the most perfect Ideals; an ideal which, so far as it is the type of merely physical perfection, succeeding generations have vainly striven to attain. This gave to Grecian plastic art the highest place, in the estimation of a world. This, transmitted in the works of Dædalus and Smilis, of Phidias and Alcomanes, of Prax-

iteles and Scopas, has come down to us, in such miracles of art as "Apollo, the serpent-slayer," and the Venus of Scopas, of which our matchless Apollo Belvidere and Medecian Venus are but copies; and in statues of gods and demi-gods,—of athletes and warriors, so perfect, so life-like, that we listen for the quick panting of excitement and look almost expectantly for the dust of the palæstra or the blood-stains of Marathon or Salamis.

As to the Ideal in *Painting*, Ruskin has compared a dog of Landseer's with a dog of Veronese. "In the former, the outward texture is wrought with exquisite dexterity, and minute attention even to all the accidents of hair and gloss. This is unideal treatment. With Veronese, there is no curling or crisping, no gloss,—hardly even hair,—as mere apology for it, laid on with a few scene-painter's touches. But the *essence* of the dog is there,—the entire, magnificent animal type, muscular and living, with broad, free sunny daylight on him." This is *Ideal* treatment. And if the Ideal gives a value even to the picture of a *dog*, it may well be supposed to have an inestimable value in the representation of the "human form divine," of angels or of Christ. A glowing imagination enabled Titian to develop in colors rich and gorgeous as the hues of his own Italian sky, an Ideal combining the voluptuous beauty of all the blue-eyed maidens of Venice. Raphael formed an ideal, more spiritual and soul-subduing than the Grecian, from the deep-eyed, broad browed, matrons of Rome, whom he met in his daily walks through the dark and narrow streets. The lofty conceptions of Michael Angelo lead us to an appreciation of the value of the Ideal, in painting; Cherubim and Seraphim, angel and archangel, so far above, so specifically distinct from humanity, so ethereal and yet so life-like, that man is awed in their presence and feels that the place where he stands is holy ground. Ideal treatment here, as elsewhere neglecting superficial distinctions and the accidents of time and place merges all individual characteristics in the one prevailing expression of love or hate, of pity, or grief, or fear. Such ideality is attained in Tintoret's "Crucifixion,"—in which the passion is expressed not by writhing, struggle or distortion, but by a shadowy repose of despairing agony, so deep, so solemn, so subduing, that we bend to catch the wailing, "Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabacthani," of an expiring and deserted Saviour.

Yet Angelo and Tintoret painted from no study, no model; with unerring accuracy, with incredible rapidity, their glowing creations were transferred from their ideal to the canvas.

But Aschylus portrayed Prometheus more successfully than could Par-

rhasius. *Poetry* asks not the aid of chisel, or brush or colors. The vernacular of impassioned emotion; the outlet of enthusiasm; the drapery, robed in which the mysterious dwellers in the spirit's inmost sanctuary glide noiselessly from heart to heart; the still, small voice which reveals the ideal, while sculpture or painting, by their material manifestations, do but indicate its presence. One cannot conceive of poetry as a possible existence, without the Ideal; for were a fabric of so subtile a texture to be drawn about the Real, the angles and roughness which it sought to conceal would rend and utterly destroy their gossamer envelopment.

To judge of the value of the Ideal in Poetry, estimate if possible, the value of poetry itself, and you have the desired result. The highest attainment of ideality, here as elsewhere, is in overlooking or rejecting all that is merely external, to seize upon the essence,—to go straight to the heart, and thence make its presence manifest, through every artery and vein. Such ideal inspiration glowed in the breast of Homer, when he sang of demi-gods and heroes,—of Shakspeare, when he explored the secret recesses of the human heart, and laid bare all passions, motives, thoughts, of all men,—of Milton and Dante, to whose penetrating gaze the gates of Heaven and Hell became transparent. In such poetry we recognized an Ideality almost incomprehensible,—which goes where we may not follow,—whose laws we may not determine, whose conditions we dare not seek to analyze. The greatest effect of Poetry is produced when music lends its aid to verse: music, whose medium of expression is the wind of which no man may tell “whence it cometh or whither it goeth.” Hoffmann tells us of an Ideal harmony,—of harmony such as

“Is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.”

The conception of such an Ideal,—the struggle to realize it,—has called into being such productions as the master pieces of Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, who seem to have heard the voices of angelic choirs chanting “the song of Moses and the Lamb.” In these, the Ideal seems almost realized, in harmonies so sweet and touching that they find their way to the inmost heart,—that tears start unbidden, and words are few; or so solemn and elevating, that the soul is borne upward on the swelling cadences, almost to the awful presence of the Deity.

The Egyptian sought to express his Ideal of wisdom, power and the generative force of nature, by the woman-bodied, lion-headed Sphynx.

The seeds of Egyptian art, transplanted to the more genial soil of Greece, sprang up and yielded better fruit. Passing by the inferior animals, the Greek sought in the perfect man, an image of God. His mythology descended not, dove-like from Heaven, but emanated from himself, and strove, like his fabled Titans, to take Heaven by storm. The Greek had no conception of *spirit*. He could form a perfect Ideal of physical manhood; could give it majesty, intellect, colossal proportions, and call it Jove. It was yet but *man*. The Greek could frame an ideal of woman, more beautiful than the maidens whose smiles seduced angels from their heavenly homes,—could carve it in marble,—and call it Venus. Of a sinless Eve he had no conception; if he recognized the presence of souls, he saw not the spiritual presences about it;

“Impassioned grief, and tragic beauty,”

bounded the horizon of his mental vision. His struggles after aught beyond served but to materialize spirit, not to spiritualize matter. To the highest value of the Ideal, a Christian faith is necessary. There is an account in an old German catalogue of paintings, of a series by Goltzi, of pictures illustrative of Scripture history. In the earlier of these, angels appear, distinguished by no “halo of heavenly light, with no silver wings nor incorporeal tracing, but moving in open sunlight on the earth, side by side with men, in mortal forms,”—yet revealed in full angelic nature. This is the ultimatum of art—the crowning achievement of a Christian ideality. So are we led onward by the Ideal, which as with slow, toilsome steps we seem to near, behold,—it is yet shining far, far beyond us; not like the “*ignis fatuus*,” to deceive with a false light, but rather like the star in the east, moving on before, to point the wise men to where the young child lay.

“The Ideal,” says Leroux, “is the unbroken chain of tradition.” Tracing backward, link by link, this subtile chain, we arrive at a knowledge, not otherwise attainable, of the nations which have preceded us on the earth. Determining the position of the Ideal, in their systems of philosophy and religion, we read their history,—their *true* history, because that of *character* rather than *events*. Through the traditionary spiritualisms of Asia; through the systems of Attic philosophy, which strove, as Plato says, “to rise to God, borne on the wings of ideas;” through the sacred mysteries of Eleusis, which interweaving Grecian philosophy with Grecian mythology conferred upon the latter what little of spirituality it was capable of receiving; through the earnest listening to Nature’s voices, which gave to the nations of the frozen north, ideal conceptions to which the sensual Greek was a stranger,—of which Tac-

tus says, "ceterum nec cohibere parietibus deos, neque in ullam humani oris speciem assimilare, ex magnitudine Cælestium arbitrantur: lucos ac nemora consecrant, deorumque nominibus appellant secretum illud, quod solâ reverentia vident;" beyond the age of books, of written language, of hieroglyphic symbols, to where the last whisper of tradition is hushed, do we trace the chain. Losing it for a while in the darkness of antiquity, we seize it again beyond, glowing in the light of revelation,—and follow it straight to its origin,—the "men's archetypa,"—the throne of God.

Is it man's destiny to strive forever after that which is unattainable? Comes there not with every yearning after the good, the beautiful, the true, a prophetic whisper of a glory yet to be revealed?

"Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession?"

Man may shut his eyes to the light of revelation,—may close his ears to the voice of nature; but he cannot annihilate the consciousness of Ideal conceptions in himself, telling of perfection, infinitude and unity somewhere existing.

"Prognostications tell
Man's near approach, and in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types,
Of a dim splendor, ever on before."

So does this ethereal messenger, which came from Heaven, return to heaven again.

So the Ideal, like that spiritual presence which in the pillar of fire and the cloud led on the Israelitish host, is ever before,—ever advancing,—and its course is ever onward to the Promised Land.

A Vision.

I DREAMED that I was in a large and wonderful city. Some parts of it were densely inhabited while others were almost deserted, but in every part it was magnificently built, and the whole was surrounded with a solid wall. Amid all the strange objects that I saw, two especially attracted my attention both from their own singularity, and from the contrast each offered to the other. Directly opposite one another

were standing two houses so lofty that their summits were concealed in the clouds, and so magnificent as to be remarkable even in that city of palaces. The appearance of one was light, cheerful and fantastic; through its open doors floated the sound of happy voices, and fair forms flitted by the windows. The elegance with which everything was conducted denoted the mansion of a nobleman, and the perfect freedom with which visitors of every degree came and went, as to some festival, encouraged me also to seek admission. A guide appeared to conduct me through the house.

We went first into a high dark room whose walls were hung in funeral black, and whose ceiling was lost in the distance and obscurity. The sides of the room seemed covered with paintings, but they were all concealed under heavy black veils. The whole was well qualified to raise in my mind, always predisposed to melancholy, all sad and gloomy thoughts and recollections. While indulging in these reveries my guide left me and, drawing the drapery from one of the pictures, revealed to me the image of my departed sister. I was not startled, nor was I even surprised, at finding her likeness in this (as I thought) remote city, and I now see that I was so much affected at the time, as to lose all wonder at the miracle in the emotion which it occasioned. I am unable to describe this painting for it was supernatural. While it had all the effect of perfect resemblance, I could not, for more than a moment, distinctly trace a single feature. Each feature and the whole countenance, were continually fading or brightening—now hazy and retreating, again distinct, life-like, and prominent. I no longer thought the room gloomy. I tried to seize the image and bear it off, but an impassable barrier prevented me and the veil closed over it.

The guide then led me into a second room. This cheerful apartment, tasteful in its decorations and elegant in its proportions, was the counterpart of the one we had left, and was thus far more in harmony with the gay exterior of the building. The walls, that on my first entrance presented no unusual appearance, soon began to recede on every side, and long vistas in every direction opened to my view. Near at hand, in one of them, I saw a young man lead a fair and delicate bride to the altar, and in perspective were various and happy scenes of his domestic life. And in another vista I saw the same man in other scenes. He was before a great assembly of wise men, and he was pleading with them for a worthy object, and I saw that he wielded the noblest prerogative of man—controlling influence with the wise and good. But I watched him closely, and I saw that when he swayed the venerable assemblage most,

he derived his chief pleasure from the eager, blushing delight of his wife, and the trembling benediction of his gray-haired parents. The visions in this chamber were all of happiness, and in them my own image was the prominent actor. Yet ever as I attempted to throw myself amid these scenes of pleasure, and enjoy what seemed rightfully my own felicity, I was still kept back by the same impassable barrier,—and the visions passed from me.

Full of bitterness at repeated disappointments of this kind, I left the house and examined the one opposite. I was soon accosted by one of its liveried servants, and, prompted by curiosity, I sought to draw from him some information. I had noticed various messengers going to and from each of the houses; some bringing very small parcels, others carrying away large bundles, and I asked my guide to explain the matter. He bade me follow him. I did so. We went to the city gate and mounted a high tower, and looked out upon a vast and perfectly level plain, crowded with human beings of all sorts and ages, as far as eye could reach. In and out of the city were passing the silent messengers I have mentioned, leaving bundles from both houses, and there were others bearing similar bundles from other parts of the city, but amid all the crowd the most conspicuous were the gay liveries of the house I had entered, and the sombre ones of its neighbor. I was told to watch their different fortunes. The gay ones were immediately beset with a vast rabble, and in the rout and confusion that ensued, most of their packages were immediately torn to pieces, and few were handed down through the rest of the concourse except in a mutilated and fragmentary condition. Very different was the reception of the other messengers. They passed through at first, almost unnoticed—few stopping longer than to ascertain who they were, and what they carried. But some few soon gathered around, and quietly took their burdens: these were carefully handled and preserved, and soon eagerly sought for, and I noticed that all came together at the end of the plain.

My guide now began to explain the matter, but unfortunately just at this moment I was awakened, and the only part of his explanation I distinctly heard, were the words *Imagination* and *Reason*.

The Yale Navy.

READER, we have no designs either upon Cuba or the dominions of his Royal Mightiness, the Russian Czar. We merely wish, while the Legislature is in session, to give "the collective wisdom" a faint idea of the powers of Connecticut. And as the "fathers" are giving some hundreds of dollars for the discovery and publication of the resources of the commonwealth, including the condition of individual members whether married or single—their property and reasonable expectations—for the benefit of nubile virgins, we therefore put in *our* humble plea.

We plead, petition, and request that whenever in the progress of events anything relative to the power and resources of the State of Connecticut be published in the Yale Literary Magazine, the Editors of said Magazine receive from the State Treasury a bounty consisting of books, cigars, or the notes of some specie paying bank. That to this end an act be passed, entitled an act in addition to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of domestic letters. That said act make provision for the establishment of a reward, bounty or premium, for the encouragement of the ends aforesaid. And finally, that the said reward, bounty or premium, be entitled, "The Ichthyophagian premium for the Connecticut preservation of Columbia's bird of Jove." Meanwhile, we shall labor from a sense of patriotism. The Yale Navy, at the present time, consists of *ten* boats made by the best builders in the country. Two of them are forty feet in length. Their names are the Atalanta, Ariel, Alida, Halcyon, Nephenthe, Nautilus, Rowena, Thulia, Transit and Undine. Quite a goodly family of sea nymphs! There are all sorts of sea vehicles in the world, canoes, catamaraus and canal-boats, hongs, kayacs and Harvard boats. To these may perhaps be added the man-of-war gig, which the French translator of Lord Nelson's life rendered as "a sort of cabriolet." Now the owners of these various specimens of naval architecture, especially of the penultimately mentioned, undoubtedly consider their crafts as perfect as if Minerva herself had framed them. Therefore we candidly and cordially invite the aforesaid proprietors, Blackfeet, Timbuctoos, Chinese Esquimaux and Cantabs, to bring their spy-glasses some bright afternoon, and take a peep at the fleet of Yale Rowing—(o as in knowing) is a grand exercise. It eclipses everything else of the kind. There may be mere amusements which are more delightful. There may be mere exercises which are more invigorating. But for the union of pleasure and advantage, nothing can compare with

rowing. If any one doubts the pleasure, let him go by sunlight or moonlight to our beautiful bay, and look on. At the appointed hour small groups of students are standing by the shore waiting for the remainder of the crew. (There can be no doubt of this fact.) They are all attired in tasteful uniforms of all the colors that live in rainbows. To look upon the shields, and flags, and streamers, one would expect a sort of naval tournament. That is just what is going to take place. Such a one as Virgil pictures. The chosen boats ranged round the shore—the Captains glistening with gold—the rowers crowned with poplar, breathlessly clasp- ing their oars and bending forward for the signal—then, at the blast of the trumpet, shooting the galleys through wave and spray, as if the hand of sea-nymphs impelled each flying keel. The Poet's description is delightful, especially in dog-days. To extract the full aroma it should be read like Thompson's Summer, in the thick-shaded grass on a hot noon, or else repeated at twilight to the sound of dripping oars. But give *us* the glad reality! Not such a sham as they make of it in English Uni- versities, where the rowing-ground is so narrow that the boats must range one after another, stern and stern, like a procession of canal boats. Where instead of sweeping proudly and swiftly past a rival crew, they must content themselves by *running into them*, and thus enjoy a mile and three quarters of sublime BUMPING. Oh no! Keep Phrenology out of boat-races and let us go some summer day when the fiery sun has begun a little to abate his beams, or better still at evening, when the "moon and the fairy are watching the deep" together with three fair ladies who have romance enough to be a little frightened, then let us load the sea breeze with happy songs, and dash away over the white caps that are bounding like a thousand steeds. Avast a moment!

And now, on, on again with the moon and fairy and the ladies, wri- ting out glorious verses of the "Poetry of Motion," which make the por- poises leap for gladness, and we begin to think ourselves the Argo's gal- lant sailor's keeping time to the sea strains of Orpheus and are ready in true sailor style to think of our brave boat as of a living thing and ex- claim with enthusiasm, "Joy giver, we kiss thee." This is the way such things can be done in the broad tumbling bay of New Haven. But mark the end. So intimately are good and evil mingled in all the rela- tions of life that to some—alas! to a majority of our Pseudo Argonau- tæ the end is—Absence from prayers and a flunk for morning recita- tion. Except in case of this drawback, which is by no means a necessa- ry one, the advantage of the excursion is obvious. It may be read in rosy cheeks which before were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of

thought." It is *felt* by the sailors for a week afterwards. It is a fact often mentioned and still needing mention, that American students do not take sufficient physical exercise. As Dr. Bethune remarked some nine years ago next Commencement, the American student seems to use nothing but his brains and stomach, and this, said he, accounts for the attenuation and angularity of form so common among us. The audience smiled as they looked on the Reverend speaker's portly form, and his face suggesting Carlyle's idea of three inches of Christian fat. But the Doctor quietly observed, "There are, it is true, some exceptions," and went on with his plea for exercise.

These exceptions are what we want. To accomplish anything great a man must be healthy. Ordinary mortals cannot be healthy without much exercise. Occasionally we encounter some one who never took exercise throughout his college course—men all brain and no muscle—taking for an example Hassen, Ben Sabah, the founder of the order of Assassins, who left his chamber only twice during a reign of thirty years. Occasionally too, we meet one who designs to try the hazardous experiment for himself. But this is solemn trifling. The "*sanum corpus*" must precede the "*sana mens*." Sir Walter Scott was a fine specimen of a healthy man, and his health he considered as one half his mental power. Every traveler speaks of the *healthy* look of English students. Those who have read Bristed's book, will recollect how English students exercise. Not pacing round and round paved corners, like Ixion on his wheel, not whirling iron about their body like Prometheus chained, not hewing wood like the ill-starred Gibeonites, but making exercise an enjoyment as well as a duty, and so entering heart and soul into leaping, running, wrestling, hunting, angling, fencing, rowing, swimming, walking fifteen miles in three hours. This is something like exercise, and this is the secret of England's mental powers. Men thus educated have done more learning than those pale faced students "who sit in the lonely oriel when the horns are sounding and the dogs in full cry." What we want to deduce from all this, is, that Yale men have a grand chance to get strong in our fine bay, and that if they wish not only a sturdy body but a clear brain and a cheerful spirit, they will often on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons grasp an oar and row away till their brows are wet by the toil and cooled by the breeze, and headache and dyspepsia and the blues and all the ills that student flesh is heir to, are drowned in the depths of the sea.

We cannot conclude more appropriately than with the following beau-

l boat song, written by a distinguished poetess, of this city. We congratulate our friends of the "Nautilus," in view of it:

THE NAUTILUS.

A FAIR WEATHER SONG.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

When the sky is clear, and there's naught to fear,
In the breeze, the blue waves curling,
Then the Nautilus bright, like a thing of light,
Her fairy sail is furling.

Then row ! boys row ! we'll sing as we go,
Like a bird o'er the sparkling water,
Oh ! the Nautilus brave, is the light of the wave,
Old Ocean's fairest daughter.

Oh ! best love we, the bright waves free,
A smiling sky above us,
A trusty oar, and a sunny shore,
Where wait the hearts that love us.

Then row ! boys row ! we sing as we go,
Like a bird o'er the sparkling water,
Oh ! the Nautilus brave, is the light of the wave,
Old Ocean's fairest daughter.

We ask no sail, we sons of Yale,
The idle breezes wooing,
Each oar is manned by a steady hand,
The foaming waves subduing.

Then row ! boys row ! as on we go,
Like a bird o'er the sparkling water,
The Nautilus brave, is the light of the wave,
Old Ocean's fairest daughter.

When the moon is bright, on a summer night,
Or a starry sky is o'er us,
We will skim the bay, on our shining way,
And our voices chime in chorus.

Oh ! the Nautilus brave, is the light of the wave.
As she glides o'er the sparkling water,
Then row ! boys row ! we'll give as we go,
Three cheers for Ocean's daughter.

Children.

SWEET little cherubs! How one loves, when calling upon a lady-friend, to be immediately surrounded, besieged, and bedaubed by the little dears, the bugbears of all neat people! How sportively does the oldest little dirty-face clamber up the back of your chair and shake its comely ringlets over your shoulder! Another sweet offspring of its parents and the dirt, strokes your satin vest with its dear little hand, which has just dropped its gingerbread on the floor, while a few crumbs even now hang lovingly around that diminutive mouth, so pertly offering itself to be kissed. But the pet of all, the last come into this world, the titman of the family, how lovingly does *it* nestle in your lap, and slyly pull your watch from its hiding place, breaking the crystal in the operation; and how piercingly do its cries, as it cuts its plump finger with the broken glass, fall on your delighted ear! Meanwhile the big tears coursing adown its cunning, miry cheeks to find a lodgment, or at least a new channel on your own clean shirt-bosom! Oh, these are the delights of childhood which we sigh after—that is, after they have departed, and we are left to contemplate our dilapidated appearance.

Perchance we have at home a happy group of little ones. How joyous their daybreak-shout which interrupts our slumber, and their merry gambols as they, like morning angels, usher in another day of noise and hubbub, all too early for our sleepiness! These are our household joys, our pets, our dewdrops of happiness. Such a charm there is too in their innocent little quarrels! One wants this, another that. One says, “you lie!” the other answers with a love-slap in the fraternal optic; and then both cry so musically! Oh, this is domestic happiness!—this is delightful indeed! You try to soothe the little prize fighters, and you get a whine from one; from the other an energetic poke in the ribs for your kindness; and now you undertake to chastise the ugliest of the two, in love. Soon the big veins come across your forehead, and you get angry in your ineffectual attempts to give him a drubbing. But follow this happy merry throng to the table. Ah! there shine forth their various abilities—there they display in ripeness the pretty piggishness of childhood. They seize upon the nearest eatable—they plow their fingers through the powdered sugar. Fingers were made before forks—and this motto they practice right faithfully. One seizes a hot potatoe, and its bawling, as it burns its delicate, dirty fingers, causes a passer-by to peer cautiously through the window to see who’s being murdered. Another,

who wants some "coffee, 'cause Fanny's got some," tips a cupfull, boiling hot, into its tiny bosom, wasting coffee, sugar, and all, to say nothing of the agonizing screeches of the darling itself. A third elbows its new China mug off the table, and it only loses by the fall its handle and two-thirds of one side. Meanwhile, the little potatoe gormandizer has recovered its breath, and has managed to wedge a fish-bone in its delicate windpipe. This is indeed a relief, and you take a long breath in the silence, now for the first time enjoyed. How picturesque the grimaces of those infantile features! What a transition from their former expression! The mother hastens to pour a spoonful of sweet oil down the choking gullet of her darling child—the bone acknowledges the efficacy of the lubrication, and descends to be digested in the youthful maw, and again we are liable to more music from the sweet sufferer.

After the meal, when cherub faces well smeared with all sorts of food,—a posthumous bill of fare of the entertainment,—gather about you, how tastefully they imprint on your cheeks tokens at once of their voracity and affection, and wipe their mouths on your whiskers, (if you have any!) Merrily they take your coat tails with their sticky fingers to see "what's in the pockets." Can human nature resist such delightful importunities? Certainly not, and still keep on good terms with the parents of the brats.

If all these pleasures are not enough, consider yourself for a moment the father of such a family. How charmingly are you awakened from the after-dinner nap by the cries of the cherubs as they fall down the back stairs, or overturn the dining-table in their ingenious endeavors to play "engine!" How lawlessly, when you have wiped their bleary eyes and trickling noses on your clean handkerchief, do they ride your canes at full tilt up and down the parlor—now marring this, now upsetting that choice bit of furniture, all in such gleeful merriment, that little accidents can well be overlooked! And in wintry nights, how cooling to the whole man are the kind offices of a father's love toward his offspring! His ready ear catches the lusty roar uttered by a dear little peep troubled by the nightmare; and he sighs as he hears the croupy cough of another. He takes the little one in his arms and gently soothes its whining—and then how comfortably do his bare feet pace the floor back to his own room!

We have thus remarked upon a few of the joyous scenes of childhood and infancy. And can we hereafter refuse to tend, to trot, and to love these imps of happiness whenever their fond parents place them in our laps? Our hearts respond—"Anything but a bady—take it away!"

[THIS article reminds us of an odd little book which we discovered not long since—a notice of which, with brief extracts, we intended to bestow sometime on the readers of the Lit. About fifteen years ago, when Homeopathy, the dietetic system of Graham, Societies for the spread of Anti-Slavery, women's rights, and temperance principles, were just budding into notoriety—when the schism between the congregational schools was at its height; when non-resistance was peeping from its unfashionable corner—an individual representing himself as “an eminent artist,” published “A report of a recent benevolent convention at the chapel of the Marlboro’ House, Boston, embellished with cuts and views of moral machinery.” The “recent benevolent convention” turns out to be a literary fiction, employed to introduce the various theorists and their partizans. The grand topic—the common ground where all the enthusiasts are to meet—is gradually developed in a declamatory and rambling speech by Gen. Blazes, the first speaker in the convention.

“Suppose, Mr. President, that the rising generation should take one universal cold—a cold that should terminate fatally—where, sir, I should like to know, would be the hopes of this free nation? prostrate, sir—prostrate in the dust forever! [Audible sighs.]” Now, according to the General, the habit of kicking off bed clothes, is an alarming characteristic of American youth. He claims to possess facts, showing that, on an average, every child, male and female, throughout this favored land of liberty, kicks off the bed clothes nearly three times every night. Consequently coughs and colds abound to such an extent that common schools have in some cases been abandoned—the teacher’s occupation gone. Letters of inquiry on the subject have been dispatched to all parts of the continent, and “the committee have often received the cheering response—‘*Something* must be done;’ or the exciting interrogatory—‘Cannot the friends of benevolence do *something*?’ The Society’s circular, which has been issued to every known non-resistant on either side of the Atlantic, is as follows:

- “1. How many children have you?
- “2. How many should you like to have?
- “3. How many times a night do they kick off the bed-clothes?
- “4. What would be the average number of times per night, say for a week?
- “5. What means have you resorted to, to prevent the evil?
- “6. Have you ever argued the matter fairly with them, and admonished them against the moral danger of the practice?
- “7. Have you ever tried the effect of moral machinery to correct the evil?
- “8. What success have attended your efforts?
- “9. Is not the evil a crying one?

"10. What is the annual expense of doctoring, in consequence of colds, influenza, &c., that arise out of the exposure?"

"These letters are signed by one of the committee.

"With leave, Mr. Chairman, I will read one or two of these letters in reply to the circulars. [Do—do—read—read, from every part of the house.] Here is one from Mrs. B., of Washington."

"WASHINGTON, NOV. 1, 1838.

"*Dear Brethren* :—I hail your circular as a harbinger of good. It is a light shining in a dark place. I have always wanted more light on the subject of my children's kicking off the bed-clothes, and I rejoice to see you are beginning to admit that light. You can hardly realize how my bosom swells with gratitude towards you. I hasten to say the evil you enquire about is universal—it is a crying one; and certainly claims, yea, demands, the immediate attention of all benevolent minds. I have suffered a great deal from this cause; the more, because I viewed it as a hopeless and incurable evil. No longer ago than last night, Jedida kicked the coverlid half across the room, and Andrew Jackson Fayette seemed possessed to kick every blanket into hang nails; the scene was truly appalling. [Sobs from the audience.] But I proceed to answer your benevolent interrogatories in a categorical manner.

"No. 1. I have eleven.

"No. 2. No more, for pity's sake.

"No. 3. Often three times.

"No. 4. Upon an average, two and a half.

"No. 5. I have tried several expedients, as nailing the bed-clothes on with penny Norwich cut nails. This is my present practice, except in extremely hot nights, when I prefer total abstinence from all bed-clothes. My former practice was to tie them up in sacks; or all that part of 'em which is naturally below the ears. This practice answered well for a while. But my black girl, in her zeal to keep 'em in snug, tied the string so tight one night that I lost one. Since that I thought it best on the whole to discontinue the practice.

"No. 6. I have reasoned over and over again with them on the immorality of this practice, but all to no purpose. Indeed, I have even gone so far as to request Mr. B. to publish something in the *Globe* against it. He said he would, but never has. I suppose, however, that husband must be excused. The great pressure of lies hitherto has excluded everything else from his paper.

"No. 7. Do not know precisely. Mr. B. has tried modern chicanery, if that is it, or something like it? But he says it works as poorly with the children as it does with the public. This was the only truth I ever knew him utter in my presence. He begged my pardon, and said it was a mistake.

"No. 8. Answered by the foregoing.

"No. 9. It is.

"No. 10. Say from seventy-five to eighty-five dollars.

"Yours sincerely,

"LUCINDA B.

"To the Corresponding Secretary, &c."

The device of the convention for counteracting this fatal habit of children, and other phases of childhood, we must reserve for another occasion.]

Memorabilia Yalensia.

PRESENTATION DAY

WAS celebrated on Wednesday, 14th June. After the usual presentation of the Class to the President, came the Valedictory Poem and Oration, the former by Mr. J. M. Smith, and the latter by Mr. S. C. Gale. A large and appreciating audience was present; and all seemed highly pleased. The exercises in the Chapel closed with the singing of an Ode prepared for the occasion, by Mr. L. L. Weld. Of the dinner in Alumni Hall we are not prepared to speak. It was doubtless substantial however, with very little sacrifice to mere appearance.

In the afternoon the Class of '54 came together under the old elms to smoke, sing, and shake hands. The exercises in each of these departments were entered upon with a zest and good spirit highly creditable to the Class. The singing under the direction of Mr. A. Van Sinderen was, we thought, of unusual merit. In obedience to a custom established two years since, the Class then proceeded to plant a vine of ivy, each man contributing his handful of dirt to its roots. The College Buildings were then saluted each with three hearty cheers. The procession next marched to the house of the venerable Ex-President Day, and received his blessing.

Thus ended a day which, to those immediately concerned, must have been one of the most interesting of their college lives. In bidding "good bye" to the Class of '54, we wish them, one and all, happiness, prosperity, and success.

WOODEN SPOON PRESENTATION.

The presentation exercises took place in Brewster's Hall, on Monday eve, June 12th. Such an audience Brewster's Hall never before contained, either in respect to *quantity* or *quality*. Time and space will not permit us to notice at length the proceedings of the evening; but we believe we speak the opinion of all unprejudiced persons present, when we pronounce it the best entertainment, of the kind, ever offered to the people of New Haven. The fortunate recipient of the Spoon was Mr. D. L. Huntington, of Charlestown, Mass. The duties of presiding officer were gracefully performed by Mr. A. McD. Lyon, of Erie, Pa.

POW WOW.

The Freshman Class celebrated their incipient Sophomority on the evening of presentation day, with speeches, poems, songs, torches, &c. The affair was well "got up," and passed off pleasantly.

PRIZES.

The following prizes have been announced since the last issue of the Magazine:

DE FOREST MEDAL.

W. H. FENN.

FOR SOLUTION OF ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEMS.

Class of 1854.

1st Prize, { W. R. EASTMAN,
S. WOLKER.
2d Prize, J. M. WALCOTT.

CLARK PRIZES FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Class of 1855.

S. T. WOODWARD, J. E. TODD, { W. D. ALEXANDER,
F. ALVORD.

PREMIUMS FOR LATIN COMPOSITION.

Class of 1855.

1st Prizes, ALEXANDER, COBB, PALMER, TODD.
2d Prizes, BUMSTEAD, TALCOTT, P. H. WOODWARD, WYMAN.

FRESHMAN SCHOLARSHIP.

L. HOLBROOK.

We are obliged for want of room to omit for the present, a notice of the remaining prizes. They shall appear, however, in our next No.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The elections for first officers in the Literary Societies were held, in the Brothers on the evening of June 1st; in Linonia of 7th, with the following results:

Presidents.

LINONIA. BROTHERS.
A. McD. LYON, S. T. WOODWARD.

Vice Presidents.

C. G. CHILD, D. L. HUNTINGTON.

Secretaries.

E. A. EAKIN, G. P. BARKER.

Vice Secretaries.

S. SCOVILLE, M. TYLER.

Librarians.

S. BRONSON, H. N. COBB.

Assistant Librarians.

H. T. CHITTENDEN, }
J. W. SWAYNE, J. L. WHITNEY.

Treasurers.

F. W. OSBORN, H. L. HOWARD.

Collector.

J. EDGAR.

THE NAVY.

Yale has good reason to be proud of her present navy. Since last summer several important additions have been made to the fleet. The Freshmen—perhaps we should say the *Sophomore*—Class, deserve especial commendation for the energy displayed by them in this matter, as well as in the capacity of *landsmen*. Let us have a Regatta by all means, sometime during Commencement week! Let the preparations be completed in good season, and the Regatta shall be remembered as the most interesting feature of our annual college jubilee. We append a list of the boats, their crews and *calibre*.

Halcyon, eight oars—Class of 1854.

Built at Boston in 1850. Flags, at bow, red with name in gilt letters; at stern, American ensign. Uniform, blue shirts trimmed with white, and "H." on the breast; white pants.

A. H. STEVENS, Captain.

G. DE F. LORD, 1st Lieutenant.

A. VAN SINDEREN, 2d Lieutenant.

E. N. WHITE, Purser.

J. S. Barkalow,

Thomas Denny, Jr.

L. M. Dorman,

W. H. Fenn,

A. H. Gunn,

J. W. Hooker,

E. H. Lambert,

W. L. Potts,

F. H. Slade,

J. Sims,

A. S. Twombly,

L. L. Weld,

C. A. White.

Thulia, six oars—Class of 1854.

Built by James, of Brooklyn, in 1853. Flags—at bow streamer with name in gilt letters; at stern, American ensign. Lights in front, white starboard bow, larboard blue. Uniform—blue shirts, with scarlet facings, white pants.

W. B. DWIGHT, Captain.

L. H. POTTER, 1st Lieutenant.

JAS. W. WILSON, 2d Lieutenant.

JAS. K. LOMBARD, Clerk.

T. G. RITCH, Purser.

H. W. BROWN.

C. A. Dupee,

E. P. Buffet,

T. W. Catlin,

W. C. Flagg,

L. W. Gibson,

H. E. Howland,

W. Hutchison,

J. T. Miller,

L. L. Potwin,

Yung Wing,

Elizur Wolcott,

J. M. Wolcott.

Atalanta, six oars—Class of 1855.

Built at New York in 1851. Flags, at bow, blue with letter "A" in white; at stern, American ensign. Lights, larboard bow red, starboard blue. Uniform, blue shirts with white facings, "55" on breast, "Atalanta" on hatband, white pants.

N. WILLIS BUMSTEAD, Captain

A. P. ROCKWELL, 1st Lieutenant.

H. N. COBB, 2d Lieutenant.

E. CORNING, Purser.

WM. L. MORRIS, Clerk.

C. G. Child,	L. M. Child,	Elijah Cone,
Martin B. Ewing,	Charles Fred. Johnson,	George A. Kittredge,
George Lampson,	G. T. McGehee,	G. T. Pierce,
William Wheeler,	W. C. Whittemore.	

Nepenthe, four oars—Class of 1855.

Built at New York in 1853. Flags, at bow, blue and white; at stern, American ensign. Uniform, white shirts with blue shield and facing; Letter "N" and figures "55" on breast.

ALEX. McD. LYON, Pres. of Club.

DAVID L. HUNTINGTON, Coxswain.

W. H. L. BARNES, Coxswain's Mate.

T. S. STRONG, Purser.

Henry F. Crittenden,	Charles P. Stetson,	George Talcott,
Wm. Howell Taylor.		

Ariel, four oars—Class of 1856.

Built in New York. Flags, at bow, red with "Ariel" in white letters; at stern, American ensign. Lights, larboard bow red, starboard blue. Uniform, light blue shirts, trimmed with white; pants white.

L. R. PACKARD, Captain.

J. D. CHAMPLIN, 1st Lieutenant.

A. W. HARROTT, 2d Lieutenant.

J. W. DENNISTON, Purser.

G. W. Buehler,	L. L. Dunbar,	T. P. Hall,
Charles Mann,	F. H. Peck,	G. G. St. John,
E. A. Walker.		

Undine, eight oars—Class of 1856.

Built in New Haven, by Brooks and Thatcher, in 1852. Flags, bow blue with letter "W" surrounded by stars; at stern, American ensign. Lights, larboard blue, starboard red. Uniform, white shirts with blue facings, with letter "U" and figures "56" on breast, white pants.

M. H. ARNOT, Captain.

E. A. EAKIN, 1st Lieutenant.

R. C. DUNBAR, 2d Lieutenant.

DONALD SHAW, Purser.

G. A. LEMEE, Clerk.

G. P. Barker,	R. L. Brandon,	J. M. Burrall,
A. Dickens,	S. Conditt,	L. C. Fisher,
W. T. Kittredge,	H. H. McIntire,	S. L. Pinneo,
J. W. Swayne.		

Alida, six oars—Class of 1857.

Built in New York in 1854. Flags, at bow, blue with name inscribed; at stern, American ensign. Uniform, blue shirts with white facings, white pants.

S. H. HYDE, Captain.
 S. O. SEYMOUR, 1st Lieutenant.
 D. S. DODGE, 2d Lieutenant.
 J. S. BURNET, Purser.

Lester Bradner,	Charles S. Blackman,	E. W. Blake,
J. B. Cone,	John C. Day,	D. C. Eaton,
A. L. Edwards,	John Griswold,	H. S. Huntington,
Joseph L. Morton,	Chas. C. Nichols,	H. C. Pratt,
A. A. Strong,	George M. Woodruff,	E. Morgan Wood.

Nautilus, six oars—Class of 1857.

Built in New York in 1854. Flags, at bow, white jack with red border, with letter "N" in blue; at stern, American ensign. Uniform, green shirts with orange shield, collars, and cuffs, letter "N" and figures "57" on breast, pants white.

W. BOYD WILSON, Captain.
 SAMUEL SCOVILLE, 1st Lieutenant.
 N. C. PERKINS, 2d Lieutenant.
 ALFRED HAND, Purser.

E. T. Allen,	W. H. Bishop,	M. N. Chamberlin,
Walter Colton,	S. J. Douglass,	E. J. Evans,
W. Galt,	Wm. Gibbs,	L. D. Hodge,
J. M. Holmes,	D. G. Porter,	L. E. Profilet,
H. M. Seeley,	W. K. Southwick,	Moses Tyler.

Rowena, four oars—Class of 1857.

Built by Darling of New York in 1854. Flags, at bow, blue with name on one side, and an anchor on the other. Uniform, blue shirts white shield, collar, and cuffs; name and figures "57" on breast in blue; white pants with blue stripe.

GEORGE TUCKER, Captain.
 WILLIAM H. MULLINS, 1st Lieut.
 T. J. PATCHIN, Purser.

B. F. Baker,	Belden,	M. S. Manchester,
John R. Seibold,		

Transit, six oars—Engineer Department.

Built by Darling of New York in 1854. Flags, at bow, a tricolor jack; at stern, American ensign. Uniform, red shirts with blue facing, oars in white crossing on lower part of breast; star in white on each side; white pants.

ADRIAN TERRY, Captain.
 J. ANTOINE DUVILLARD, Lieut.
 JAS. MCGREGOR, Purser.

Charles Buckingham,	Stephen Crosby,	Geo. Fuller,
G. B. Pierson,	James Pumpelly,	Howard Sanderson,
Robert Stone,	J. W. Terry,	Matthew Watson,
George Wingfield,		

Editor's Table.

PERHAPS, dear readers, you have seen a story which we are about to tell you, but we hope not. It runs thus. At a dinner party once upon a time, a celebrated wag was numbered among the guests. His reputation for wit had secured for him an invitation; and the lady hostess relied much for the enjoyment of her company upon his power of fun-making. The guests had seated themselves around the table, the wag among them; but strange to say, he preserved a silence which to the lady of the house was torture. Presently a little girl came noiselessly up to his side, and with an imploring look whispered, *Ma wants to know, sir, if you wont please begin to be funny!* The moral of all of which is, that we find ourselves at our Table with a similar request 'to be funny' from those who invited us hither.

We feel decidedly disposed just now to recline ourselves sub-tegmine-elmtree, and to desert our sanctum for the more independent position which Gen. Cass calls "squatter sovereignty." Our disposition to do this is in no wise diminished by a glimpse which we but just now caught of the "smoking" editor, dimly visible through the cloud surrounding him, extended at full length gazing meditatively into space. We envy him—we always did.

This is hot weather, and these are hot times. The thermometer atmospheric, and the thermometer political, are just now at fever heat. The settlement of the Nebraska bill seems to have unsettled everything else, and almost everybody seems to be dead set against it. For the benefit of those whom it may concern, we wish to say publicly that the "Board" are equally divided upon this momentous question—leaving out of view the "quiet" editor, who is ruralizing at his leisure elsewhere. By the way, the hot weather reminds us that something has been said in our hearing of a trip to the White Mountains in vacation—a pedestrian trip. The idea of visiting this far famed locality is a good one, but we suggest steam as a superior motive agent to human pedal extremities, and *cars* as pleasanter than the open air in the dog days. Speaking of cars reminds us of an incident. We were traveling not long since on a railroad which passes through an agricultural district of one of our larger States. The train had stopped for a few minutes at a small settlement to receive passengers, when our attention was arrested by the entrance into our car of a party of young men, four in number—hearty, robust looking youths, each of whom carried a rifle. Their faces were sunburnt, and their dress of plain homespun material, but their eyes were moistened with the tears which their parting with friends had evoked. On the platform of the depot stood the father and mother of the youths, the latter in tears. The train did not start immediately, and the father came up to the window of the car to speak a last word of counsel and farewell to his sons. A glimpse at his face convinced us that he was a *character*. Thrusting his head into the car, after a few preliminary remarks to the company in general, he addressed his sons in a loud voice as follows—(we copy from a note-book in which we took down his remarks, word for word)—"My sons, you are going to the great West, and must look out for yourselves. The drift of my argument is this—you may as well be upper leather as

sole leather. Care nothing for kings or princes, but pay your bills. If you go with a dirty and ragged set, you will be dirty and ragged. Believe you are just as good as any in the world. Always know a man before he knows you. Come and see me in three years, or I'll come and see you. Beware of the "rappings" and the abolitionists" ———. How much longer the old gentleman would have entertained the company with remarks which his manner and gestures rendered most amusing, we cannot say. A whistle from the engine, a cry of "all aboard," and away we went, leaving the father and mother to anticipate a pleasant visit to their sons in their western home, when three years shall have passed away. As we occasionally glanced at the youths, and caught a glimpse of their intelligent features, we could not but hope that they might sometime become the "upper leather" which their honest father spoke of.

The editor of the last No. wants to know, among other things, why the "Shanghai fellows," meaning doubtless a certain dignified Epicurean association, in whose discussions we invariably participate—are so noisy. We are instructed by the said association to say, that it is owing entirely—like the price of flour—to the war on *Turkey*, and to a certain exhilaration of feeling which good living generates. Apropos of good living, we would like to suggest to the Faculty the propriety of a return to the "commons," or better, the establishment of a collegiate Restaurant. We of the Shanghai live well enough, but not so with a large majority of our fellow-students, in proof of which we quote a remark just made to us by a friend at our elbow to the effect that he is paying Three Dollars a week for very poor pork. Verily the swine dealers must be getting rich!

We cannot close our maiden attempt as an editor, without congratulating the maidens of Grove Hall on the impression they have made upon certain susceptible Yalensians. Some of our Sophomore friends seem to have given up night-study entirely, and taken to *serenading*. Our sanctum unfortunately is in close proximity to the scene of all the practice and "tuning up" necessary to said serenades. Fortunately, however, we are not nervous. Our friends tell us they are amply rewarded for all their trouble, by a shower of bouquets, and a waving of—what are supposed to be handkerchiefs, from innumerable open windows.

With the single word of advice to our readers to "keep cool," and the single congratulatory thought to ourselves, that our task is done, we are off to the Printer's. His "Satan" has just left us with the assurance that we are coming.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Several accepted articles intended for this No. of the Magazine, have been unavoidably crowded out. They shall appear, however, at some future time.

ERRATA.

In May No.—"English Composition Prizes,"—for H. B. Brown, read T. Brown.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,

W. T. WILSON,

E. MULFORD,

S. T. WOODWARD,

H. A. YARDLEY.

British Eloquence.*

THE appearance of a new edition has given us an opportunity which we cannot let pass, of expressing the debt of thanks we owe to the Editor, for this valuable collection of the speeches of eminent British Orators. Scattered through a large number of volumes, and concealed beneath a vast amount of worthless rubbish, they have been within our reach hitherto, only at great trouble and expense. They embrace only the highest efforts, and are gleaned with that care and taste upon which we have always been led to rely.

The work has a great historical interest, aside from its value in a literary point of view, and we know of scarcely any from which we could obtain so full a history of England during the last two hundred years. It affords us a better account than we could glean from any statistics, and a clearer insight than we could gain from the labors of the story-telling annalist. Modes of thought and speculation, the opinions of parties, and prevailing ideas of the times, are all reflected here. Dry detailing his-

* British Eloquence, embracing the best Speeches of the most eminent Orators. Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1854.

tory may hold up to view the skeleton, but this will show us the beating heart and the working intellect ; the life and spirit of the nation.

It has been a matter of surprise to us, that so few speeches are furnished from the time of the Commonwealth, and the immediately preceding years. There was certainly no lack of gifted and eloquent men at that period in England. No event in a nation's history is so fruitful in great men as a revolution. It is then that the latent energies of a people are developed and their hidden strength revealed. Between ideas, there is a strong conflict ; and between opinions, a bitter wrestling. It was in the wild storm of revolution that Mirabeau, the greatest of French orators, appeared upon the stage, swaying the maddened populace, by the magic eloquence of his own imperial mind. In our own long struggle, the spirit of liberty unsealed the lips of an Adams, a Henry, an Otis, and a Hamilton. It was in the period to which we referred, that John Milton, the pride and glory of poetry, wrote and toiled for liberty. Then were heard in Parliament the speeches of Cromwell, rough, effective, and imposing, like his own great deeds ; and such a critic as Carlyle has placed them among the most eloquent in our language. There were the noble and beautiful defenses of freedom from Eliot and St. John and Pym : there were the fiery invectives and glowing phillipics of Hampden and Vane : there was the touching and saddened pathos of Strafford. Indeed, to scarcely no other period would we look for speeches so numerous and so eloquent. Alone they would furnish material for a volume of the highest value.

If some of this matter had occupied the place given to the Letters of Junius, it would have been much more acceptable to most. Indeed, we cannot see the propriety of placing these in a collection of speeches at all. Their merit is undoubtedly very great, but as specimens of rhetoric, there are other productions which seem to us far superior, and which have as good a claim as these. Such are the writings of Sir Thomas Browne,—passages of which are unsurpassed for bold and lofty eloquence. Such too especially, are the prose works of Milton, whose words seem to move with all the rhythmic pomp and stately swell of his own organ music. And to these we might add Raleigh and Sidney, and De Quincy.

The notes and introductions form the most valuable accession to the volume, and give the reader an acquaintance with references and allusions, which only the most complete knowledge of history could supply. They are written with great care, and if any fault can be found with them, it is in their too great frequency, so that they are sometimes use-

less ; or their precision, which is sometimes almost painful. For instance, there are references at the bottom of the page giving translations of the most trite Latin quotations, and telling where passages of Milton and Shakspeare, which are in everybodies' mouth, may be found. So too, the notes along the margin, while they give only what is contained in the introduction, break the current of the reader's thoughts, and take away from that suggestioness which is one of the highest charms of any reading.

The field over which the Editor passes, is a broad one, and one on which mind has won some of its noblest victories. In no department of human effort, has England gained so high a position among modern nations, certainly, as in this. It is without parallel ; we might almost say without comparison. If we consider the political wisdom of Burke, the brilliant spirit of Sheridan, the penetrating argument of Fox, the tremendous force of Brougham, the majestic and sweeping power of Chatham ; we cannot fail to concede this claim. It may be owing in a great degree to the high position which England has occupied. By her condition, her power and her foreign relations, she has been made a prominent actor in all the most exciting scenes of modern times. In the great conflicts of ideas and principles, which have followed the Reformation, she has ever been in the foremost rank. Vast crises and desperate political emergencies have arisen to task the ability of her leaders, and inspire the spirits of her people. They have drawn all the intellectual strength of the nation to their support. They called Burke from his philosophy, and Fox from his classics, and Sheridan from his poetry. Through all her history ample occasions have presented themselves for the display, nay, for the necessity of eloquence.

The chief characteristic of these speeches is their strong practical nature, and their powerful appeals to the reason and judgment, rather than the passions and imagination. It is owing, we think, greatly to the fact, that they were delivered not before a popular audience, but before a body embracing the gathered learning and wisdom of the nation : an audience not easily carried away by sympathy, rarely acting from impulse, and as calm and critical as any ever assembled. They have less artifice and oratorical trickery than appears in the speeches of the ancients—they resemble less the deception of the stage, and the theatrical display of the actor, and seem never to lose sight of the one point to be aimed at—a sober conviction.

These speeches are preëminently an index to the character and peculiarities of the English mind. Its cool practical wisdom, its deliberate

judgment, its bold and fearless freedom, its prudence and its massive strength are all reflected here. The foundation is firm and practical and conversant with the detail of business; but upon it is erected a superstructure of imagination and moral sentiment. Sturdy substantial facts are the matter of their thoughts; and their power are engaged not upon the vague and the visionary, but upon the real and the true. They ground their principles upon observation rather than speculation, and appeal to the rich experience of a past history, rather than to the visionary expectations of some fanciful enthusiast.

We cannot give the most of these orators credit for so distinguished a degree of scholarship while at College, as does the Editor. It certainly was with none of them so great as to give them a high reputation, unless supported by other merit, nor have we learned that any of them carried off the highest honor of his class. If such had been the case their biographers would surely have laid great stress upon it; for nothing usually delights such a one more than to obtain facts indicating his hero's early fame, and they parade them long and loudly, laboring as they do under that peculiar malady so aptly called "*Lues Booswelliana*," Lord Chatham, whom the Editor calls the representative of English eloquence, with a sort of prescience of his future career, devoted his principal attention to rhetorical study. He read chiefly the writings of the most eminent Athenian and Roman orators, and filled the armory of his intellect with weapons drawn from the works of the old English divines. Burke devoted his chief attention in College to "philosophy, history, classics, and general literature." And the classics at that time and place were studied principally with reference to the sentiment and thought, and with little attention to grammatical construction. Indeed, for a long time there was doubt whether he obtained a degree; which could not have been the case had he graduated with distinction. Goldsmith says his scholarship was low; and seeing him in the company of Johnson and Gibbon and Wharton, he had abundant means of knowing. Nor are we willing to think that he thus disparaged his friend, in order to excuse his own indolence. In fact we hesitate to call the man who wrote the *History of England*, and of *Rome*, and the *Animated Nature* in five octavo volumes, and who performed so many and varied literary labors, an indolent man. Fox it is true attained reputation as a classical scholar, and became a profound critic on the Greek language, but it gave a bent to his mind which seems to have weakened its grasp, and even the Editor tells us that one of his greatest faults as a Statesman, was that his tastes were too exclusively literary. Sheridan

passed for a dull boy at school ; and we might, did our limits permit, continue the list. The fact is, that the training for a parliamentary orator and a professor of the dead language ought not to be the same. The former must be no cloister student ; but must mingle with men, so that he may learn the secret springs of human action, and the movements of human thought. He must catch the spirit of his own country and his own times, and the age in which he lives must be more to him, than any in a dim and by-gone past. He must if he would attain to excellence in oratory, as the Editor advises, give his days and his nights to the study of Milton and Shakspeare. He must go with Chatham to the old English divines, and must pore over the pages of Bacon, as did Burke. He must remember that "eloquence can only be learned from examples," and in the whole College course, he can find no book so valuable to him as this of which we write. We by no means underrate the importance of study ; indeed, all to whom we refer, performed during their lives the most severe mental labor ; but we would say that he who would be an orator must not necessarily travel over the same road as the close scholar.

We feel, though with great reluctance, compelled to differ with the Editor in regard to the character of some few of the orators who are referred to in this volume. To us his estimate of the character of Fox, is exceedingly repulsive. We cannot regard Fox otherwise than as a sincere, a generous, and a self-sacrificing statesman ; and that he was not a man to be trusted, we have not yet learned to believe. Descended from one of the noblest families in the realm ; educated in the lap of luxury and affluence ; taught to place the highest estimate upon the royal prerogative, and the highest authority in the hands of the nobility ; he broke away from all these associations, and became the warmest advocate of the rights of the people, and the interests of the whole nation. To the faith he then espoused, he was always loyal—to that love he was always true. In his long political career we find that he never swerved from a conscientious regard to duty, or faltered in the promotion of what he believed just. Leigh Hunt has happily said, that the leading motive of Burke was the jealous hatred of wrong ; but of Fox, it was the love of right. Of the two, he possessed more penetration, but less breadth of mind, more ardent sympathy, but less prudence. We are aware that many of his acts were at the time censured and condemned, which history has nobly vindicated, and by the very sacrifice of popularity involved in them, and by their opposition to the sentiments of the majority, they seem to us vastly ennobled and exalted. We think that no one can read the writings of Fox, lately published, without conceding to him the

greatest sincerity of motive, and purity of aim. His private letters, which open to us the real character of the man, and which are always more frank and true than any other writings, prove this. Read the remarkable passage* in his letter to his intimate friend, Fitz Patrick, the simplicity and truthfulness of which, shows that it was never intended for the public eye. "I think I have given you enough of politics, considering that I have nothing but reports and conjectures to give you. With respect to my own share, I can only say that people flatter me that I continue to gain rather than lose my reputation as an orator, and I am so convinced that this is all I ever shall gain, (unless I choose to become the meanest of men,) that I never think of any other object of ambition. I am certainly ambitious by nature, but I really have, or think I have, totally subdued that passion. I have still as much vanity as ever, which is a much happier passion by far; because great reputation I think I may acquire and keep; great situation I never can acquire, nor if acquired, keep, without making sacrifices that I never will make. If I am wrong, and more sanguine people right, tant mieux, and I shall be as happy as they can be; but if I am right, I am sure I shall be the happier for having made up my mind to my situation."

We do not justify or excuse the vices which characterized his life, but it can be truly said that his faults were those of his education, while his merits were his own. Judged by the present accepted standard of morality, they were great indeed, but they were at least shared by the principal men of his age. Surely it is not fair to attribute to Pitt a high character for virtue, or to speak of him as free from dissipation, while Fox is condemned for the same. They were associated during life as leaders of the two great parties, through long years they struggled in doubtful conflict, and now under similar monuments, they repose, side by side, under the solemn dome of Westminster. Their reputations have always been in the scales balancing against each other, and it would seem enough to take weight from that of Fox, without adding it to that of Pitt. Now De Quincey† tells us, what the editor seems to have over-

* Lord John Russel's Memorials.

† The paragraph is as follows :—"About the year 1797, Messrs. Pitt and Dundas labored under the scandal of sometimes appearing drunk in the House of Commons; and on one particular evening, this impression was so strong against them, that the morning papers of the following three days fired off exactly one hundred and one epigrams on the occasion. One was this:

"Pitt. I cannot see the Speaker, Hal—can you?"

"Dund. Not see the Speaker! D—m'e, I see two."

Historical and Critical Essays, Vol. 1.

looked, that Pitt was reported to have appeared drunk in the House of Commons even, and at one time the impression was so strong against him that all the daily papers noticed it.

Nor are we able to attribute the fact, that Fox was in office, during a long political career, only eighteen months, to early habits of recklessness and vice. The private vices of his youth could not, it seems to us, have so seriously affected his public position, long after their abandonment. Indeed his situation seems somewhat similar to that of our own Webster. A little truckling, a little meanness, a little pliability of principle would have obtained office for both. But they were too sincere, too conscientious, too great, and they saw offices fall, as has our own chief-magistracy, into the hands of political adventurers.

We trust that we shall incur no charge of partiality, or prejudice, in differing still more widely in regard to the character of Sheridan. His life is too well known to need repetition here; his virtues and his faults have been paraded too loudly in the noisy trumpet of fame, for us to dwell at any length upon them. Though his nobility of heart can give no excuse for his errors, and his genius furnish no palliation for his vices, we would still throw over them the mantle of kindly charity and of generous forbearance; for we remember that for the lack of that charity, and the denial of that forbearance, his old age was saddened, and his reputation trailed like a jeweled robe in the dust.

An able critic* has given the opinion, that he was a much better man than many of his contemporaries who are commonly praised as virtuous, and that in a moral estimate he would compare well with Lord North, William Pitt, or Spencer Percival, with all their social and domestic merits. The truth seems to us this, that he possessed vices which Pitt and Dundas, and even Addison,† whose names have come down to us coupled with the highest encomiums, possessed in like manner, but that his became glaringly apparent to the world by his poverty and his debts, while theirs, who were without them, were in a great degree concealed. They possessed influential families and vast wealth, and spent their old age in retirement amid sweet domestic scenes, while he who, as much as they had made the world his debtor, brought to privation, was compelled to endure its rough cold heartlessness, and made to traffic with it like the meanest craftsman. And for all his failings his life furnished an excuse which theirs did not. A happy, careless boy, with a generous heart, loving and confiding in the whole world, and with a spirit as free as the summer air; he was left at an early age, with no mother, to the protec-

* E. P. Whipple's Essay, Vol. 1. † De Quincey's Essays on the Poets.

tion of a stern prejudiced father. Then followed a youth as brightly and highly colored as an eastern romance. Filled with dreams of hope, and love, and wild ambition, it seemed like the golden dawn of the morning, so soon, alas! to be overclouded with shadowy gloom. For a long, hard struggle for life comes, and a training on the stage surely not the best school for morals. But as years roll on, that genius rises above the circumstances and forces, which birth has thrown around it. The idle, bright-eyed boy, whom the teacher and the scholars loved, the vagrant play-writer stands now among Dukes, and Lords, and ermined Judges in the old hall of Westminster. An occasion comes to tax all his energies. A trial has begun which will bring out a greater array of talent than any other in all history. Warren Hastings, Governor General of India, stands as a criminal at the bar. Burke, and Fox, and Pitt, the great luminaries of British eloquence, have spent years in preparation for it. But he whose life we are tracing, pronounces an oration which even they declare to be the "grandest within the memory of man." The hour of his triumph has come—would that he might then have passed away as did Chatham. But he lives to see himself deprived of all his friends; to see his political party stripped of all weight and influence; to learn how slippery are the paths of political life; and to feel, from bitter experience, the truth of the command, "Put not your trust in Princes."

Thus have poetry, romance, love, ambition, fame, all that is wild and inspiring in life, presented their intoxicating draught to his lips. A little meanness grafted on his great heart, a little of Poor Richard's prudence and world-wise thrift, and his life would have presented less material for the severe critic. An education in any way different from that he received, a youth as privileged as that of most of his contemporaries, and he might not have shared their vices. His genius shone out as brightly as ever in his declining years. Its manifestations came like signal guns fired from some great dismantled vessel, and booming over the sullen waters, or flashed like rockets sent up in the darkness as signs of distress. They say that in the city where, thirty years ago, Burns wandered a poor poet, seven stately monuments are built to honor his memory. Too often is the fate of genius such. In his old age, poverty and want were the household guests of him of whom we write. But at his death, Dukes, and Earls, and Lords, the chief nobility of the realm, seek to do him honor. He is buried with all the pomp and splendor of funereal ceremony. The old Houses of Parliament are draped in mourning. The massive doors of Westminster Abbey, the stateliest mausoleum in the realm, open to receive the remains of the outcast genius—**RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.**

Ad Nicolaum Caesarem.

Deus dixit—"Rex sum regum;
Nemo reget, nisi mecum.
Quivis terram reget male,
Disceat Deum formidare."

Ego parvus, magnus Deus;
Ante thronum stabis reus.
Parvus tu, sed magnus Deus;
Ante thronum tremes reus.

Gens Turcarum accusabit;
Tua scelera narrabit;
Fas nefasque dignoscentur
Ut scelesti condemnentur.

Loquere tum sancta loca—
Nonne jura sanctiora?
Hæc cum sunt a te contempta,
Illa tibi num credenda?

Sed tutela Christianis
Esse velis a paganis.
Salvi sunt, te non præsentem!
Validi, te non juvante.

Tu tutela impotentis!
Liberæ bis clades gentis,
Inimicus Veritatis,
Atrox hostis libertatis.

Nova Roma te deridet.
Deus super coelum videt,
Videt omnia, et illi
Credimus eventum belli.

Deus unice! nos audi
Ut sit tibi salus laudi.
Rege nos et nos defende,
Culte tu et tu colende!

Wordsworth and Tennyson.

METAPHYSICAL poets, so called and strictly so considered, are a production of modern times. In the distant, quiet depths of the Olden Time, when religion as yet dealt only in myths, and the moral and physical forms of fabled divinities gave to the poet shapes of beauty and of power; imagination was the highest realm to which a soaring genius could aspire. Each poet formed for himself an Ideal; and strove to inspire it, like the statue of Pygmalion, with actual life.

But in the later days, when religion became a revelation, the deep secrets of the human soul were explored, and the province of poetry, which had hitherto existed only in imitation and imagination, was extended to embrace *analysis of thought and sensation*. A new race of poets arose; a new era of poetry was inaugurated. At the head of this race, as the founders of this era, stand two poets of modern times: Wordsworth, who may be denominated the father of metaphysical poetry; and Tennyson, whose poetic existence is but a later development of the same grand ideas. Metaphysical poetry requires an acquaintance with both *philosophic life* and *actual life*; the "*agitatio mentis*" and "*actio vitæ*" of Cicero. From the latter must be drawn aknowledge of the human soul; by the former, this knowledge must be examined and analyzed. Wordsworth partakes rather of the philosophic, Tennyson, of the actual life. In his sweet and calm retreat on Rydal Lake, where scenes of the greatest beauty were combined in the most varied profusion, and the loveliness of "the fair North Counties" was an ever-fruitful theme for the lover of nature, Wordsworth observed, meditated, wrote. A traveler, he had viewed the majesty of the Alps, the beauty of Lake Como, the sad desolation of the Queen of the Adriatic. But it was not to the wonders of living Nature and the monuments of vanished art alone, that his poetic gaze was directed; he also observed character, he investigated the operations of the soul in their relations to passion, to reason, and more than all, to the moral principle. His was no gloomy philosophy, commingled of doubts and fears, theories and suppositions, but a clear belief,

"The faith that looks through death."

No other hand than his could have penned the Excursion; no other mind have conceived that tribute to all that is good and lovely, the Ode to Immortality. In this, his hand seems resting on our heart-chorde, which he now touches with notes of human sorrow, now sweeps with thoughts of moral grandeur, and closes with a strain of sweetest melody.

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, its fears;
 To me, the meanest flower that blows, can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

We turn to our actual world-man, Tennyson. Without the soothing influence of religion to direct, he is still one ever ready to fight the battles of abstract truth. With less imagination, he possesses more working-power than Wordsworth; a better acquaintance with men in their individuality. As a natural consequence, he is more popular; but those who can pierce into the silent depths of thought, who can understand and reach the calm philosophy of the great Laureate, will pay to him the homage of tears and love. Wordsworth looks deeply into the human soul, and stops there; Tennyson goes farther; he throws his whole impulsive, acting will into his theories, and gives them life and symmetry. In his *Princess*, agitating the theory of a modern reform; in his *Locksley Hall*, breathing "action, action, action," and dreaming of the time when

"The battle-flags are furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World;"

in the *Two Voices*, declaring the true aims of life and the Immortality of the Soul; he displays the varied, yet consistent phases of his versatile genius. He is the true poet of the nineteenth century; the exponent and expressor in æsthetic forms of the great ideas of the present age, "the thoughts that shake mankind." Wordsworth should be read on a pleasant Sabbath; when Nature which he has described is seen realized about us; when by his thoughts, gentle yet profound, the Soul is soothed and raised above this earth-world. But Tennyson should be read in the study, in the chamber of toil, that his stirring sentiments may awaken dormant energies, strengthen formed resolves, animate an active hope. He is peculiarly adapted to this age, to the youth of this age, to the American youth of this age; and as such, may we be inspired with the same enthusiasm which urges on this working and reforming poet, and with a spirit of earnest activity may we adopt his motto,

"At least, not rotting like a weed,
 But having sown some generous seed,
 Fruitful in further thought and deed,

"To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
 Not void of righteous self-applause,
 Nor in a merely selfish cause—

"In some good cause, not in my own,
 To perish, wept for, honored, known,
 And like a warrior overthrown."

W. W.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Two Reformers.

BY S. H. NICHOLS, DANBURY, CONN.

GREAT needs seem to create Great Men. But men and needs are mutually reactive. When a crisis comes—when a monstrous evil culminates, and the world is waiting for a leader, a field is opened to genius, and the most worthy takes the first place. He is the Great Man; and henceforth is to stand as the type of his age. By him it is to speak its sufferings, and its wants, for he alone knows how to articulate its meaning.

Such a soul is like no other. It is deeper, loftier, stronger. Hearing its utterance the world's majesty is affrighted, and strives to prevent its words. But it cannot be bound. Moses, Paul, Mahomet, Luther, must each read their message, and will not be denied. Royalty in crown or in cowl may cry 'peace!' but in vain. The world is charmed at hearing its meaning thus distinctly expressed, and *will* give audience. Orpheus is again encircled by ravished brutes, and following forests, and again the stern old God of tyranny is moved to unchain his groaning captives.

But the Hero is not always an utterer of the world-thought. The Poet and the Philosopher, though they be true Heroes, speak not what the world *would*, but what it *is*—not *for*, but *to* the world. They are teachers, and not leaders; and he who best works out their thoughts gains their glory. Rolling centuries bring *their* reward; but the glowing and direct acts of the other, tell his cotemporaries of his worth. Mahomet, clad with the terrible splendor of a prophet, and working on visible objects with visible results, is deified. Shakespeare's effulgence must shine on patiently, for long years will reveal his radiant greatness. His greatness is individual: the other is greatness embodied.

Yet this last is not a mere borrower. His is the might of a single strong soul so nurtured and so developed as to act upon all the strengths of his time. He contains the thoughts and hopes of a whole nation,—nay, of a continent—that is, Luther is Germany, or Europe only because the people whom he sways are "little Luthers." Yet his ability to receive and mould, itself, implies his own greatness.

The great worker in his own age is above the great thinker—Alexander over Aristotle. With him action is but a form of thought. He

thinks aloud, therefore intelligibly: heartily, and therefore efficiently: boldly, and therefore with power. Nature prompts the thoughts of the other, and hence he is calm. His mind works powerfully, but not always with boldness. The first will shorten a straight line to reach his object. The other may court the whims of his age, and often forget his loftier purpose. Hildebrand thrust his principles into the face of monarchs, and backed them with sword and battle-axe. The Philosopher was lost in the crawling courtier, while Bacon was seeking the Privy Seals.

To the first of these classes evidently belongs Luther. He is the Spokesman of the sixteenth century.

The Church, though concealing her leprosy under splendid robes, was becoming but a polite name for Atheism. Europe was heaving and groaning in her troubled sleep with pain, which no potion could alleviate or overpower. Huss and Jerome had attempted to speak its meaning, but Rome mingled their blood with her demoniac sacrifices. Now all things were ready, and the Hero was expected.

The strong soul came. If he was full of reverence for sacred symbols and institutions, he saved himself by setting forth the Bible as the only Infallible. If he was rude in attacking Popery, he fortified himself by proving the supreme truth of his own cause. Unable to forgive a partiality, he forces the two sides of the shield into notice, and points out the metal of each,—the foulness of Rome,—the beauty of Scripture.

Luther was one of those frank, full men, whom one loves to meet. Not the delicate couches of luxury had made him such; but a childhood which severity and loneliness had rendered painful and sad,—in which the voice of mirth was never heard—to whose ear the air was full of wailings, and to whose eye the heavens were full of clouds, such a childhood gave his life its frankness and fullness. But darker grew his sky, and a fierce inner struggle shook his weary soul. Who can tell his bitter agony as “in the twilight of an eclipsing faith” he wrestled with Sin. Appollyon, breathing fire and death, was fighting his old fight with Christian, and more than once came near to make an end of him. Long and frequent fasts, continual prayers and tears, all penances and tortures availed him nothing. Still,

“The curse of God gloomed o’er him.”

But a chained Bible broke the bonds of the prisoner. He stood,

“Full in the sunshine of belief.”

Not such was Melancthon’s youth. No storms swept the blooming flowers and singing birds from his childhood’s path. Comfort smiled

upon him, and culture expanded his mind with health and beauty. Learning was his first playmate; and the two, as it were, grew up together. True friends and tried were they during the whole of Melancthon's life.

Thus, we see, how early training was fitting each for his future labors. The one *hardened to endure*, the other educated to *know and teach*. The one filled with living energy which bore him triumphantly through his swarming foes to vigorous manhood. The other kindly and humbly reared into the sacredest love of order and peace. The one fitted to sound the notes of war until all ears should tingle—the other to pass quietly after, sowing, planting, watering, and making all the desolation to bloom anew under his loving care.

In their reforms we notice only two scenes; but they are trying scenes and show the *men*. Luther at Worms—Melancthon at Augsburg.

That dreadful strife in Luther's soul is over. "The just shall live by Faith," has breathed its holy life into his heart. Burning with this idea he starts up from the cloister to proclaim his truth to the world. His voice rings from Wittenburg to Rome, and the sacred Pontiff already trembles in the chair of St. Peter. A monk has confronted the Hierarchy; and Pope, Prince and Priest cannot silence or confute him. He has spoken the thought of Europe, and the heart of the million is with him. He stands before the Diet of Worms. The gold and arts of the Holy Father have both failed to prevent that appearance. The nobility of the Empire is there, and all intent, as Luther in the most manly speech ever heard in that assembly, declares his faith and refuses to retract. His grandeur inspires all with the profoundest reverence; and as with glowing face and thrilling voice, he pleads for his truth, his majesty seems almost divine.

History has no grander scene to record of her heroes. Even Paul, on Mars Hill, with Athenians before him, and the classic city all around him, does not surpass it. Here stood the Reformer and the Reformation, in the presence of the greatest Senate of Europe, and prevailed.

Meanwhile, Melancthon, like a second Solomon, was drawing crowds to Wittenburg by the fame of his wisdom. As a scholar, he was excelled only by Erasmus. Between him and Luther, had grown up an attachment rivaling the mythic friendship of Damon and Pythias. He had been doing in literature, what Luther had commenced in the Church. In the place of a barren philosophy, he was substituting the fruitful study of the Scriptures. Dr. Eck and Scholasticism fell at

Leipsic; and in two years the "Loci Communes" sprang forth in their room. Instead of a theology conversant about *entities* and *quiddities*, here was one which regarded affections and beliefs.

But Melancthon's trial was also coming. In such troublous times a leader could not escape unscathed. A crisis must come, when the old faith, with its gorgeous forms and sensuous worship, must clash with the new faith in its simplicity and godliness. To meet this juncture was chosen the mild Melancthon.

Luther at Worms! Melancthon at Augsburg! What likenesses! what contrasts! Both representatives of their Faith. Both deciding its future course. Both in personal danger. Each without the other. But Luther's friends were few and secret,—Melancthon's many and noble. The first received the ban alone,—its descent upon the second would be the signal for civil war. To the trusting mind of the one, his trial was a mere form. To the desponding heart of the other, the scene was almost a Gethsemane. Truth held the eye of the first—peace charmed the heart of the last. The first scene was sublime. The second was perplexing.

Both came out from the furnace unharmed. All the wiles of Compeggio could not draw Melancthon from cardinal truths. Christ and Be-lial refused to be united; Melancthon's master piece—the Augsburg confession—was then forced upon his amazed adversasies. At the same moment they were charmed and convinced. This, then, was the end of Melancthon's trial, of his toils and tears—a splendid triumph.

The fitness of each to his own trial appears striking. The presence at Worms needed courage,—that at Augsburg required skill. The first answer must be "Yes" or "No,"—the second a formal "apology." Temporizing would have been fatal at Worms—violence ruinous at Augsburg. The bold monk and the skillful scholar, found each the proper place for his exercise.

In the retrospection of these two remarkable characters,—such firm friends of each other and the pillars of the Reformation, we are startled by the contrast. Luther all vehemence,—Melancthon all gentleness, The one playing the weapons of ridicule, sarcasm, abuse, violence—the other bearing down upon the foe with cool, clear, remorseless logic, or cheering a friend with gentle comfort. The one like Socrates, drawing his images from the shop, the stable, the kitchen, the brothel,—the other like Plato, arraying his thoughts in garbs of winning beauty. "It was a rare fortune that this Esop of the Mobs and this robed scholar should meet to augment each other by their mutual faculty." The roughness

of Luther was softened by the delicacy in Melancthon,—whose timidity in turn was made bold by the daring of the former.

The basis of Luther's life was earnestness. Losing himself in his purpose, he surmounted obstacles as if they were not. The chivalrous Loyola maimed and battered, maddened by dreams of the pit, and ravished by sights and sounds of angelic loveliness, vowed his life and heart to the Virgin; but is not such devotion paltry and worthless, beside the noble and valiant *sincerity* of Luther? Herein lay his mighty power. The same which gave success to Mahomet. The wild Arab, seeing the vileness of his patial gods, felt the need of reform, and a prophet to effect it,—wondered if he were not that prophet,—hoped he was,—~~be-~~*lieved* he was, and nerved by the belief went forth and conquered.

Melancthon did not *feel* after such a sort. He had not this intense life, which often makes the slave, a hero. His modesty led him to shun danger, as it did to avoid conspicuousness. He was no coward, but disliked extremities: like Erasmus, but more manly and less time-serving. Yet, none were more useful to the Reformation than he. By close study of the exquisite dialectics of his times, he had gained a *Logical Skill*, which rendered him a masterly theologian, and baffled the subtle reasonings of Popish Doctors. "The little master of arts" foiled them at their own weapons, and taught, that truth had also her dialectics, no less potent than those of Aristotle.

In Luther's soul there was a deep fountain of sadness. Such a sadness as might well fill one, who had so grappled with pitiless facts,—who had wrested truth from iron-handed watchmen, and given it to the world,—who had run the gauntlet through files of banded foes, that he might reach the liberty of God. When mitres and triple crowns were bowing before the shrine of Moloch and Beelzebub, the pious worshiper through forms now become idolatrous, could not but turn away sickened and sorrowful; and seek to offer his sacrifice on other and holier altars. Is it strange, if such an experience should cast a shadow over the soul, out from which

"It should be lifted—nevermore!"

No such discoveries had embittered the life of Melancthon. Though he had learned to hate hypocrisy and forms, yet no lightning stroke had flashed their falsehood into his soul. With calmness he had turned from the Ritual to the Bible, and found the change pleasant and profitable.

But the greatest contrast in the two characters, is found in their *courage*. Luther feared neither man nor devil. Mephistopheles would have been

dismissed, with as little ceremony as the apparition in the Wartburg. "Though the roof-tiles at Worms were devils he would on." He dare do or say *anything*, which he thought right, careless where or whom it hit. Dignity and rank—Erasmus and Henry VIII—were treated with no more deference than Tetzels and Emser. Melancthon, on the other hand, was timid to a fault. He was always in fear of some evil. Simple, modest, learned, his love was to dwell in quiet among friends. The ridicule and coarseness in which Luther too often indulged,—the bitter sarcasm which pointed many an angry jest,—found no advocate in him; but the sweetness of his words recall the classic story of the infant Plato and the bees of Hymettus.

To these characteristics may be referred the different coloring which the same event assumed in the mind of each. Luther would always trust the future to God, feeling that all will be well. Melancthon knew the same fact, but wrought as anxiously as if there were in divine power a certain parsimony. Luther could look forth upon the rolling stars and floating clouds, and see in them that God supports the seemingly unsupported. He could draw a lesson from the "sleeping bird," to cheer his faltering hours and fright away his fears. Melancthon, on the contrary, dreads failure so that he is always fearing it. He *trusts*, but he also *trembles*. He avails himself of adventitious aids and so weakens his own cause. His Faith is purely subjective—Luther's is also objective. The first guides. The second governs. The first avails for the closet. The second can look with serenity upon the toiling world,—can descend with glee into the restless ocean and teach the saddened heart of each maiden and each boy, that acts and aspirations will at last meet and walk in company. The first *knows* what the second *feels*—that Truth is eternal as God.

Through the power of such a Faith, Luther became patient, tolerant, forgiving. Through lack of it Melancthon became cynical, persecuting, severe. He became also in great crises, fitful and vacillating. The philosophy and rhetoric of his head embarrassed the belief of his heart, thus unfitting him for a leader in stormy times. But if left to his lecture-room and pen, none could excel him. His classic culture, his profound learning, his vigorous logic, his elegant diction, each lent their proper aid to make his words and works, pleasing and potent.

Luther and Melancthon had each a mission to fulfill. His own labor claimed the particular care of each; yet their paths often cross—often run side by side. Luther came to destroy: Melancthon to restore. The mission of the first was destructive—of the second constructive.

For such opposite labors, different equipments were of course necessary. Ability to "toil terribly," courage to attempt, confidence to sustain, an eye quick to distinguish the seeming from the true, sharp weapons of wit and sarcasm—such were the needs of the first. Luther met these conditions—was the most complete man of his times.

Quick witted logic, calm reasoning, mild and modest wisdom—a love rather of the beautiful with the useful than of stern and joyous right—such must be the gifts of the last. And such were Melancthon's. The first may be the more heroic, but the second is the holier.

Their labors are but stages of the same great reform. The second implies the first,—the first if lasting necessitates the other. The part of each was lofty and difficult; and each was well completed. Pope and Emperor struck hands for their ruin, but a greater than earthly Potentate was pledged to their triumph. The word had gone forth and the days of Papal despotism were finished.

Braxton.

"Whate'er the joys, the prospects, where I roam,
Thee I prefer, my dear, my native home."

"Where'er I roam, whatever lands to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee."—*Goldsmith*

It was a glorious Summer afternoon,—the mellow rays of sunlight fell upon the earth, lighting it with golden brilliancy. The forest leaflets scarcely felt the influence of the sluggish breeze, and nature seemed indulging in a summer reverie.

Stretched beneath one of the moss-grown trees which beautify our Southern forests, apparently enjoying the calm quiet of the scene before them, were two young men. They had been hunting, as the well-filled bag, held by a fine-looking negro boy, gave evidence.

The elder of the two, a tall, dark-complexioned youth, was leaning carelessly against the trunk, grasping his rifle in one hand, while with the other he played with the tassel of his hunting-pouch. His companion was well formed, though rather beneath the average height; his bold, flashing eye, and merry countenance forming a striking contrast with the more intellectual features of his friend.

Archie, or as we perhaps must call him, Archibald Braxton, was the son of a wealthy gentleman residing in the southern part of Georgia. His father, who had held a high position in the councils of his country, and who had imbibed his first love for literature and science in the halls of Yale, was desirous that his only son should reap the same advantages under the same kind auspices. Archie, therefore, and his friend and neighbor Edward Percival, when they had been drilled, gramatized, and prosodized by a Coll. Yal. Alum. in the shape visible of a long, slab-sided, Yankee tutor,—*nomine* Nathaniel Warner,—were pronounced “prepared.”

They were to leave the next day for the home provided them in classic Yale. Nurtured from earliest childhood with the kind indulgence of affection, they had known but little of the world's cold selfishness—had felt few of its chilling blasts. But now the day, long hoped for, yet half dreaded; had arrived, when, separating from those who had affectionately guided and protected, they must breast the waves of Life alone.

“It's our last hunt Archie, for some time to come, in these old woods,” said Percival, as he rose slowly from his mossy seat.

“You're right there, most potent, grave, and reverend Sen,—I should say Sub-freshman!” replied Archie. “Joseph, sapient son of Ethiop, let us have a vision of the spoils.”

“Well done,” continued he, as Joe obediently placed before him the well-laden game bag,—“not so bad for the last returns of the season.”

“Ki! Massa,” exclaimed Joe, with the familiarity of a spoiled servant—“Massa, Ed and you clar dese woods les'n no time, guess dem birds glad you be for goin.”

“Well, Joe, how is it with yourself?” said Percival, “you'll have easy times, no game bag to carry, no tramps through the woods, nor guns to clean; why, Joe, you'll be a perfect prince, a Nabob of Arcot,—won't he, Archie?”

“In fact, a second Rajah of Burham-poot,—commander-in-chief of the Grange rangers,—plenipotentiary general of the plantation,—why, Joe, you scamp, what will you come to!” chimed in Archie, with a quizzical glance at the perplexity betokened in the favorite's countenance.

The boy's face had assumed a curious expression of bewilderment at the wondrous titles showered so profusely on him, and an innate sense of drollery prompting retort, struggled hard with the natural feelings of affection for “young massa.”

For, in accordance with the Southern custom, Joe, being of the same age, had been from earliest childhood, his peculiar playmate and attend-

ant. They had grown up together with those feudal feelings which exist now only at the South,—those strong ties which unite the favorite, the affectionate servant, and indulgent master.

Archibald Braxton would have struck down one who would attempt to injure or to wound the feelings of his favorite, and Joe would have died to serve a master so deservedly beloved. The poor fellow never had been separated for a long time from him, and felt naturally a keen grief at the present prospect; the bantering question jarred then on a frail cord, and awakened a long train of associations painfully pleasant,—pleasurable, as he thought with pride upon his master's future honor and success,—painful, as he remembered that they were gained only at the price of separation: the strong voice faltered therefore, and the full heart gushed forth in his answer.

"Please don't, Massa Ed,—Massa Archie, you know I ye sorry you's a-guine,—what Joe care for hunt, all alone by hissef? Who care for me den, 'cept Missee Constance. Den who want him plinnumpenchery?" continued he, his native humor conquering the momentary sadness. "What am um? any ting good, good for catch possum, tink bob-coat nessumary for dat? eh!"—and he laughed long and loudly at his own imaginary wit.

"Not exactly, Joe," replied Percival, "sometimes considerable of the possum nature in them though, and according to latest advices from abroad, a strong necessity for bob-coats at present?"

Well, Ned, that will do, having displayed your knowledge of foreign dissensions, suppose now, we investigate domestic troubles," said Braxton, as drawing his friend's arm within his own, he led him somewhat reluctantly from beneath the branching shade, and directed their steps slowly towards home. Their way led at first along a green savanna through whose tangled grasses crept a silver streamlet, brightly glancing as it here and there caught glimpses of the sunlight, till it seemed to vanish in the shadows of a distant grove. From the latter, as they drew near, rang out in soft cadence, music from sweet voices, mingled with the merry laughter of some hidden songstress.

"Oh, where is my companion true,
With whom I flirted at the U-
Niversity of Gottingen†
She was the daughter of my Tu-
Tor, law professor at the U-
Niversity of Gottingen."

Suddenly the strain ceased:—but a moment, and the same voice broke forth in a livelier measure.

“The Knight’s to the forest,
His bugle to wind,
His Lady’s to greenwood,
Her garland to bind.
The”——

“Fan, you little rogue!” cried Archie, springing forward,—“Constance, what are you doing here?—waiting for Ned, hey?—last sighs and confessions I presume: well, well! ‘true love mon hae its way,’” continued he, regardless of the blushes which his words sent flying to the temples of his friend and sister,—“come, Fanny, ma’s petite, let us show these lovers how to find “The Grange,” unless they prefer losing their way for the present,”—and catching by the hand his youngest sister, Braxton led the way among the bending branches, to the edges of the grove. Constance and Fanny Braxton, only sisters of our merry friend, each demand more notice than a passing word.

Sisters!—a host of shadowy associations issue from the Past, storming the citadel of Memory at the word! Sisters! long afterwards, when separated from home influence, and led onward in the path of college danger, did remembrance of their fond affection and their virtue, guard an erring brother. Sisters!—affectionate and trusting sisters!—little do ye realize the strong band which remembered kindness throws around one separated from the tender influences of your presence. Somewhere have we chanced upon a custom most significant and touching,—that on Easter Eve., in an English village, figures may be seen in the silent church-yard, gliding from mound to mound, with gleaming lantern, and with noiseless tread. Morning shows each grave decked with flowers,—the choice tokens of affection. So in the dark night of *our* trial, the revered memory of a loving sister, weaves green chaplets for our buried hopes, and decks all the future with the freshened beauty of the past.

Fortune had seldom blessed a brother with more loving sisters than the ones before us. Nature had seldom lavished gifts on those worthier a brother’s love. Constance, the eldest, was now in her seventeenth year, but the mantle of womanhood, served to give dignity,—not hide the joyousness of youth. Combining in her motion, ease and gracefulness, with maidenly reserve, uniting the warm-hearted frankness of the sunny South, with a disposition naturally retiring, she was indeed a worthy type of its daughters! Her thick, glossy hair, plain-banded on the temples, and bound back in a Grecian knot, fell thence in a dark

wave of ringlets. A stem of fuchsia pendant from the ear, formed an ornament more delicate and pleasing than those graven by the hand of art. The ill-restrained feeling of excitement, caused by thoughts of parting, gave a blush and brightness to her features—lighting them with an expression of mingled joy, hope, and sorrow, almost too refined for earth. Well might the brother as he gazed upon a countenance so lovely, feel almost a pang,—remembering that soon would the portals of her heart be veiled to him, even, though guarded by his warmest friend.

Fanny was but fifteen, though the nut-brown curls which clustered on her forehead shaded a face so intellectual and so pure in its expression, that it might well be judged the index of an older mind: free as the air, ready for fun and frolic ever, there yet lurked behind that combination of the fairy-intellectual, a warm heart and generous affections. Petted and beloved by all, she had lost none of her artless freedom, and her unaffected nature. Pure and elegant, her intellectual taste had softened and refined her innate sportiveness. She was the favorite,—the not-to-be-refused one of her brother; in his angriest moods, or sorest moments of affliction, her soft voice and her gentle caress acted as a charm upon his passions; her kind words and trusting courage stimulated him to new exertion. She clung to her elder brother with proud admiration of his manly knowledge; he felt all her purity of character, trusting with almost reverence to its guiding influence.

"Here we are at last!" cried Constance, as emerging from the grove they stood in full sight of a fine old family mansion, slightly elevated, and half hidden by magnificent magnolias, and the elms surrounding it. "The Grange" was as noted for display of comfort and good taste, as its proprietor for "heart-affluence" and hospitality.

The building was irregular in form: the main portion long and low, with broad piazza trellised with wild honeysuckle, and the climbing rose: its open doors and wide hall, seemed invitingly to bid the stranger welcome. On the right projected what appeared to be a large dining or extension-room; while on the left a short distance back from the main building, separated only by an arbored staircase, was a portion—part conservatory and part library. The fine lawn in front was shadowed by old trees, which waved high above it their protecting arms.

In a long line, far back in the rear, could be seen the white-washed cabins of the negroes, decorated with their characteristic taste, by those flowers and vines which bring forth the most gaudy hues. It was such a home as one often meets with in the Southern country, social and aristocratic in appearance, though with no evident attempt to be such.

"Here we are at last!"

"Yes, and here I leave you," rejoined Percival, "at least for the present."

"You'll be over to the Grange to-night, Ned, won't you? remember it's your last night, and it must be spent with us."

"Possibly—probably—that is to say, certainly—but on one condition, no such dolorous faces,—well reserve those for the parting scenes, to-morrow,"—and with a gay wave of the hand, Percival leaping the bank lightly, was soon hidden from them by the angles of the wood. The remainder of the party passing up the lawn, approached the house. Their appearance was the signal for a general capering among half a dozen little woolies who were frolicking before it.

"Missee, Missee,—see um Billy!"

"What's you got, Joe? Shoony-pipe? Massa Archie gib um dat!" were the various exclamations, and the group commenced a grand, frantic finale,—tumbling, rolling, dancing, grinning,—as though suddenly possessed of seven legions.

Heartily enjoying their frolic, with a word for one, and smiles for another, Archie and the girls, passing through them, entered their home. That home, under whose influences educated, bright hours had flown happily. That home to which, on the morrow, a beloved brother and an only son bade a long farewell.

(To be continued.)

Charles Lamb.*

Our admiration for most writers depends upon some great work which they have produced, whose merit is so conspicuous, as in a measure to throw the author into the background, and which would be as much read and admired if he were totally unknown. The great literary masterpieces of the world have a life and fame distinct from that of their creators, so that although we never think of the author without thinking of his works, we often peruse the works without a thought of their author. But with Lamb, the case is different. As his future reputation depends upon his essays, so, much of their beauty and significance depend upon our knowledge of his character and history. We must approach his works with

*The works of Charles Lamb. A new edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover, St., 1852.

the expectation of finding not the immortal productions of a great writer, but merely the tender and delicate thoughts of a gentle, affectionate, and suffering man.

The volume before us contains, beside Lamb's letters and the remarks of Talfourd, (the editor,) some short poems, a farce, a tragedy, a dramatic sketch, a story, the essays of Elia, and some detached miscellaneous essays. The story is good. The farce and tragedy are strained, unnatural and tedious. The poetry is tender and quaint, but deficient in energy and the higher quality of imagination. Turn to one of his most admired poems, "The Grandame," and compare it with "The Schoolmaster" of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." In the latter, manners and outward appearances are described, and, to form a picture, the artist would have merely to copy these upon canvas. But in "The Grandame," instead of an imaginative description of her person, we have only a dry inventory of the dame's virtues. In this latter case the artist would have to conjure up certain features as the expression of those virtues, and which when delineated on canvas would themselves suggest all that Lamb laboriously enumerates. Here the provinces of descriptive poetry and painting are similar. The duty of each is to suggest character, thought and emotion, by their outward symbols. The imagination cannot take hold of the subtle essence of character—it sees with the eye of sense and must have fleshly forms and visible features to grapple with. When our understanding is filled with the idea of benevolence, it does not always suggest any picture to our imagination, for the outward types and manifestations of benevolence are various, but when any one of these types is presented to the imagination, the mind immediately recognizes it as the symbol of that virtue. Thus while "The Grandame" appeals to our understanding directly and alone, "The Village Schoolmaster" appeals to it through the imagination, and also to that hearty appreciation of excellence which is only awakened by its outward exhibition.

Upon his Elia and other essays the fame of Lamb must principally rest. Yet in familiarity of style and other respects, they differ but little from his careless letters; and indeed this natural ease is one of their greatest charms. In them character is as conspicuous as in a diary or familiar letters or daily conversation. They are not heavy substantial cloths woven of close logic, and high speculation, and profound research, but delicate gossamers of quaint conceit, and fantastic humor and pathos, and tender melancholy, and sweet recollection, so transparent that through all may be discerned the benevolent character of Lamb. Their good

effect in producing cheerfulness, in cultivating social feelings, in begetting charity for other's failings, contentment, cheerful resignation under disappointment, and warm human sympathies, cannot be over-estimated. Their author is the reformer of the fireside and the domestic circle, the apostle of joviality and friendship, the eloquent sermonizer on the text, "Peace and Good Will among men." Yet he did not fall into the too common error of teaching by blunt moral precepts incessantly and reproachfully thrust upon you:—his moral lessons are contained not so much in the substance of his writings as in the spirit that pervades them and the goodness which they indicate.

The peculiar character of these essays may be partly accounted for when we examine the characteristics of Lamb's mental constitution and the circumstances under which he wrote. Being a clerk in the India House, six hours every day were spent by him in copying the driest business accounts; an occupation than which none could be found more distasteful to him, or more adverse to literary zeal or effort. Coleridge has remarked that every literary man should have some regular business to occupy a considerable portion of his time, and to yield him a comfortable living. De Quincy has repeated the remark with especial reference to Lamb. That Lamb's life was by this means rendered more free from pecuniary embarrassments and in some sense therefore more prosperous and happy, may be true, but it may well be doubted whether his talents accomplished their full mission, thus weighed down by the burden of such oppressive drudgery. After devoting six hours of the day to the uncongenial pursuits of the counting room, Lamb turned to literature as to a recreation, and, as might be expected, his literary efforts partake more of the freedom and carelessness of play than of the effort and sternness and purpose of work. In the hours of relaxation saved from the India House, wearied with the labors of the day, and beset with the attentions of his friends it is not wonderful that he was unable to call up his energies and commence any great work which, carried on in these scraps of time, would require years for its accomplishment. Men have lived who could and have done so, but their character was very different from Lamb's—he was formed constitutionally for violent and spasmodic exertions, not for systematic, energetic, and continuous mental labor. But although under more favorable circumstances his abilities would have had more scope, and he would probably have produced more ambitious and enduring works, yet we cannot think that even then he would have been able to write anything that would take its place among

the world's classics for all time. He possessed much analytic ability, was an excellent critic of books and men, but his mind was not of the creative cast. Although among the first of dramatic critics, he completely failed as a dramatic writer.

We turn from Lamb's intellectual to his moral character. His virtues were gentle and feminine. He possessed much shrinking diffidence and modest delicacy, not much courage, but great fortitude—his friendships were strong and permanent—he was domestic in his habits and attachments, amiable, unselfish and patient. His philanthropy was not pompous, world-wide and useless, but modest, home-staying, and effective. He saw in visionary theories of universal philanthropy and human equality nothing but the evidences of a desire for notoriety and of a restless, discontented, reckless, and irreverential popular feeling—the seeds of anarchy and confusion.

Both Intemperance and Impiety have been charged upon him with different degrees of justice. The belief in his inebriate habits if not originally created was certainly much extended and perhaps justified by his "Confessions of a Drunkard." Subsequent publications of Talfourd have shown that this essay was written merely in compliance with the wishes of a friend who was publishing temperance tracts, and that very few if any of its remarks were derived from his own experience. It has served however as an excuse for the abusive epithets of those writers who are so malicious as never to be satisfied until they have found and magnified some flaw in the most irreproachable character. Some few facts derived from his own letters denote that there was some foundation for the charge, but making allowance for his convivial temperament and constitutional predisposition to such excitement, there is nothing to warrant the excessive abuse that has been lavished upon him by praiseworthy moralists. To the charge of Impiety little need be said. It is sufficient to point to the religious tone of his letters, the severity with which he rebuked any blasphemous or sceptical expressions, and the Christian humility and resignation of his whole life. In him, as much as in any of our authors, there breathed the pure spirit of Christianity. It is seen in his modest but extensive charities, in the perfect gentleness, amiability, generosity, and humility of his character, in the abandonment for his sister's comfort of all those anticipations of happiness, success, and honor which he might so reasonably entertain, and in the cheerfulness with which he bore up under accumulated misfortunes.

"The deeds themselves, tho' mute, speak loud the doer."

American Literature.

COMPLAINT is frequently made, both at home and abroad, of the want of nationality in our American literature. It is said that although we have come forward as a nation in other respects—in our political economy, our investigations of science, and our commercial progress—yet in literature we have failed to do this; we have not here exhibited, as have other nations, those characteristics which are the effect of position, of mode of life, and of temperament, as a people. We are told that the grandeur of American wilds should infuse new life into our poets, that our social organization should afford new fields to our philosophers, and that our heterogeneous mind, working upon new material, should give forth to the world such a literature as has never before been produced. More frequently, however, the simple complaint is that our literature is not national, and the only demand, that we make it so. Nothing more is asked than peculiarity—some feature that would distinguish us from the rest of the world. Our literature is said at present to merely reflect the European mind, and to be entirely destitute of all those qualities which should mark it as a distinct species.

The claim upon us for originality on the ground of our local situation, is indeed plausible, but cannot be supported. The beauties of nature are not able to create a great poet; the fire of inspiration must be inborn; nature can only feed and nourish it. And she can do this only to a limited extent. Would any one say that Milton, or Shakespeare, or Goethe, owed his grandest conceptions to communion with the natural world? The poetry of nature is indeed beautiful, but there is that which goes beyond all materialism, which explores the wondrous caverns of the mind, and with the eye of imagination even penetrates beyond the veil. It is evidently unreasonable to say that we should produce many and great poets, merely because our land abounds in natural beauties. Poets are not demanded of the Rhine, the Alps, or the Himalayas; and the only offspring of Nature of which we have record, is that mentioned in Horace: where *parturiunt montes*, but *nascitur ridiculus mus*.

Neither can philosophy claim from our social organization new material for her votaries; for republics are not innovations, and the framework of our society has had many counterparts in the world's history. The principles of republicanism were known in Greece, and were defended by Demosthenes; they ruled the Roman State, and engrossed the powers of Cicero.

The American mind is heterogeneous, it is true, and will undoubtedly give to our literature a cosmopolitan character. The blending of so many different races will have the effect of wearing away local peculiarities, and of thus giving freedom to the fundamental elements to act in their appropriate spheres. But perhaps this generalizing process, already commenced, is the very cause of those complaints which are made with reference to our literature; and this, too, while in reality it is the thing demanded. The influences of a heterogeneous quality of mind are expected to exhibit themselves in peculiar characteristics, and because they do not, they are said not to exist; when, in truth, their action would be the direct removal of such characteristics, and the absence of these would indicate the existence of the influences. The error is palpable. We might with equal reason expect the polishing of marble to be indicated by asperities on its surface.

The nationality which we are accused of wanting, must, however, extend further. It must include those characteristics of literature which do not depend upon the originality of a nation's situation. Some may say that it is but another term for literary preëminence as a people; and that a nation has a national literature, when it has produced enough that is standard, to warrant the application to it of a national name. If such be the case, we say to those who find fault with us, that America has not yet had time for this production. She has her standard literature, but it is as yet small, and as yet unworthy of a national name. Three-quarters of a century is, under any circumstances, a short time to allow for its growth, and when occurring at the commencement of a nation's career, it is evidently the most unfavorable of all times that could possibly be selected. A new country has something else to do, than attend to its literature; it has its government to perfect, its wilds to reclaim, its power to establish. But even if the time were favorable, it is not enough. It should be considered how much chaff has to be winnowed away into oblivion, how much small grain even, before such kernels can be found as the *Paradise Lost*. The long winter of sterility, the uncertain spring of germination, and the tedious summer of gradual culture, have each and all to intervene between harvest and harvest. What an intellectual famine did England suffer between Chaucer and Spenser! and again between Milton and Wordsworth! The elder countries of Europe make selections from their ages of literature, and compare them with ours of less than a century's growth, and then complain of our deficiencies. Let them take the corresponding periods of their history, and compare them with ours, and then find fault if they can.

But the fact of its having a local subject, is sometimes said to confer nationality upon a work. The poetry and romance of other countries are assumed as national, because they are founded upon local myths, legends, and traditions. The masterpiece of Goethe was based upon one of these, that had kindled the imaginations of his countrymen in their earliest years, and was linked with their earliest associations; he imbued it with a modern and philosophical meaning, and thereby rendered it doubly interesting to their mature understandings and cultivated tastes. But those who would hold this up as an example for us, should remember that the countrymen of Goethe are the only ones who take an increased interest in that work from its having a local foundation; and even they do not chiefly value it on this account. It is not in this that consists its intrinsic worth. If such were the case, it would find few admirers beyond the land of its origin. A purely imaginative groundwork, or one drawn from foreign material, would have answered equally well for that wonderful delineation of character, which is so justly an object of universal admiration. It is precisely that part that is least local—that part that appeals most generally to all humanity—that gives the work its value.

In these productions of the master-minds of other countries, upon which national literary reputation mainly depends, we do not find this principle of a local subject by any means followed out. In England, a contrary rule seems to have been observed. Shakspeare laid the scenes of his greatest dramas beyond the limits of his native island; and Milton, if the rule of locality be enforced, cannot be considered as a national poet, unless, forsooth, England asserts her claim to those regions he describes; and this, as far as regards one of them, at least, we cannot think she would be very anxious to do. The muse of Byron, in her most exalted flight, alludes to her native land only in a contemptuous farewell; and those strains of Wordsworth which will longest keep alive the memory of the man, are precisely those which interest England only as she is a constituent of enlightened humanity.

There is one other ground upon which this nationality is sometimes placed. It has been said that it consists in modes of thought. That if the same subject were to be discussed by men of different European origin, each would take such a view as would be characteristic of his race; that that of the German would be abstract and philosophical, that of the Frenchman genial but superficial, that of the Englishman profound and critical. And censure has been cast upon us, because our writers do not, as a class, bring out our national trait of practicality.

But, admitting the very doubtful truth of the premises, how absurd the idea that a writer should aim at a particular style, merely because it happens to be national! A glorious age of enlightenment would this be, were the mind deprived of its freedom, and compelled to act under arbitrary laws! Glorious the advance of *common sense*, were the local position of an author to determine his right to certain methods of thought! Every subject undoubtedly requires such treatment as accords with its character: if that character be in nature trivial, the treatment should be trivial; if philosophical, it should be philosophical; if practical, practical; and this too, whether the author be German or Hindoo, English or Ethiopian.

We would not, however, in our refutation of this claim for nationality, be understood to deny the existence of all peculiarities whatever, in a nation's literature. For they can be seen in all literature, but are comparatively bubbles floating on the surface, not intrinsic elements of the stream. They owe their origin to chance circumstances, not to peculiar qualities of mind; and, as in treating of a nation's literature as *literature*, we must view it simply as a product of the mind, the effects of these chance circumstances cannot properly be said to influence its nationality. The peculiarity of a nation's condition may turn general attention to a particular subject, and that subject may enter largely into the literature of the age; but no one would say that by reason of this, that literature can be called national. The customs of the ancient Greeks had great influence in shaping their ideas of a hero. Their hardihood and full development of person resulting from out-of-door life, their public games, where physical strength achieved the highest honors, and their mode of warfare, in which personal vigor decided the conflict—all conspired to heighten their estimation of physical power, and make them infuse so great a physical element into their ideal hero. Yet, the nationality of Greek literature would not be assumed as resting upon such peculiarities as this. Such as this would no more affect it, as literature—a product of the mind—than do the mountains of the moon the apparent outline of that luminous orb.

The demand upon us for nationality in our literature is absurd. Whatever is naturally peculiar in our character, views, and modes of life, does and always will exhibit itself without any assistance from us. Much of it is an injury, none of it an advantage to our literary reputation. But to ape at more, merely for the sake of differing from others, is only to put on a cowardly mask, and add disgrace to deformity. If our literature cannot stand preëminent by its internal worth, if it is a

mere sunken ledge, that requires a beacon of eccentricity to mark its existence, let a war of annihilation be proclaimed against it, let it be shattered to its very foundations, and the fragments sunk in the fathomless ocean of oblivion.

If we have any literature, let it be natural—a faithful exponent of the mind and heart of the nation. Let every man think and write as justice to his subject and to himself demands, irrespective of all mere conventionalism. And then, if our literature be not more national, it will be what is better—more worthy of the nation.

The Curfew Bell.

Ort we hear the Curfew's pealing
At the hour of even prayer ;
And blest thoughts are o'er us stealing,
As it vibrates through the air,
While the note it slowly rings,
O'er our soul loved music flings.

Hours of even ; as ye darken
Round our world of sin and care,
Through your silence, angels hearken
To the voice of evening prayer :—
And a holy music floats
O'er us, from the Curfew's notes.

Hours of even ; Love's own hours ;
When heart's hopes are joined in one,
Viewing Life, a life of flowers,
Gilded by the morning sun ;—
Then like music from a shell,
Sweetly chimes the Curfew Bell.

Hours of even ; dying hours,
When our souls no longer rove ;
Through the cloud that o'er us lowers,
Gleams the light of Heaven's love,
When we hear the Curfew's tone,
Angels bear the spirit home.

Curfew Bell and hour of even;
Time, when thou dost all destroy,
May this grant to mortals given,
Bind us in immortal joy :—
When must sound the tolling knell,
Sweetly mourn us Curfew Bell !

C. G. C.

From the Note Book of Nicholas Meggs, A. B.

I CONFESS myself a lover of the past. I had rather walk down the shadowy aisles, and under the arching branches of some old primeval forest, than through new and well shorn meadows. I had rather muse beneath some old and ivy-grown ruin, rich in the storied memories of antiquity, than stroll through galleries of modern invention and modern art. I am skeptical of this idea of eternal progress, and accept nothing but has the seal of time upon it. Shall I give up Homer for some modern epic, or shall I turn from the sculptures of Phidias, and the paintings of Raphael and Claude, to those fresh from the easel of the popular artist? Has the builder begun to talk of laying aside his Grecian and his Gothic models, or has the painter lost his reverence for the old masters?

And so the future, however bright, has little charm for me, and I trust it no more. I never shaped a beautiful ideal, but that it faded into a sombre reality. I never dreamed a dream, in sweet repose, but that it proved a phantom of the brain; nor ever found a single blossom of hope or promise, by life's way-side, but that, like the flower which grew in the garden of Rapaccini, it blighted at the touch, and concealed poison in its chalice. I never built a Castle in the air but that time tore down its springing turrets and its airy dome, and marred the paintings on its walls, and the statues at its gates, and from a bridal hall of beauty turned it into a mausoleum of dead hopes.

Hence you will not wonder that I feel that I came into the world an age too late. Perhaps Eurysthia was detained at my birth, as she was at that of Endymion, and so many of the classic divinities. Perhaps I have wandered in some land of strange enchantment, where the years have passed in sweet forgetfulness, and am waking from a trance, having gone to sleep centuries ago. Would that I had never waked. For I should have lived in the classic age, when beauty was shrined in the speaking marble and the glowing canvass, and before the world was mad

with wild adventure; or in the troubadour age, when I might have married to immortal song the charms of some fair maid, or trolled a lay in the ear of love; or better yet, in those monkish days when the monastery was the conservatory of hoarded learning and old books. How pleasantly did quiet and repose brood over those old walls like the shadows of the past! How peaceful was the seclusion that they offered, how deep the calm that they presented to one weary of life's tumult! Yes!

"I envy them, those monks of old
Their books they read, and their beads they told,
To human kindness dead and cold,
And all life's charity."

But I have said that I loved the past. And perhaps it is this which leads me to dwell so much upon the days of my own life that are gone, my childhood, my boyhood, the school days when I knew sweet Kate, (ah, Kate was a coquette and Nicholas Megg's is a bachelor,) or upon those days of College life, which are dearest of all, for you must know that I went out from these halls with the class of 18—. And now my classmates are scattered like leaves in the autumn wind.

"Some are here, and some are there,
And some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are in a far countrie,
And some are restlessly at home."

One or two are before me now, and it is no fancy sketch in which I draw their portraits. There is one of whom I might speak in many respects as did Heloise of the learned Abeillard. "He possesses two qualifications, a tone of voice and a grace in singing, which gave him control over every female heart. These powers were peculiarly his own, for I do not know that they ever fell to the share of any other philosopher. To soften by playful amusement the stern labors of philosophy, he composed several sonnets on love, and these he did often sing." As I remember him in his delivery he always *intoned* after the most approved episcopal manner, and his style of writing was so sonorous, and his diction so pompous, that I always thought he read Isaah for style. As I saw him recently he would answer singularly to the description of the Notary Public in the first six or seven lines of the third part of *Evangeline*, which you reader will doubtless call to mind.

"Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode upon his knee and heard his great watch tick"

There is another I remember of a thin clerical figure, who had the whim-

sical conceit that he would sometime be an author. I lost sight of him senior year, for if he ever ventured upon authorship, his life in that line as far as college is concerned, had much the same preface as that of poor Pendennis. He was impressive in his manner, as is one of those old puritanical portraits in Trumbull Gallery, and his qualities might be summed up as were those of the great Caramuel, who possessed "genius as four, learning as six, and dignity as thirteen."

There is another still who is as familiar as the face of yesterday. He never could have appeared at any other time than in the middle of the nineteenth century, or in any other country than our own. He was a perfect embodiment of the spirit of our institutions, the constitution, declaration of independence and all. Arsene Houssaye says that every man is either an actor or a philosopher. There was in him a singular union of both, though I can but think that the stage was cheated out of one of its brightest ornaments, when he became a collegian. I see him now in imagination, as he used to pace the room, or walk under the old trees, and his form which was really fine would dilate, while he brandished his cane in the place of a sword, and repeated the finest passages of Hamlet. He carried much of this manner even into his oratory, and I could not fail to detect it when I heard him the other winter at Washington. He was always fond of scheming, and was a fair politician, but his creed was the party's creed, and when the wreck of parties came, he knew not where to nail his colors. In one thing he resembled the scholar in Guy Mannering, for as old Domine Sampson, with his tome under his arm, used continually to exclaim, "prodigious, prodigious!" so he stalking the room, and flourishing his cane, would repeat "stamina, stamina!"

The last I have to speak of, and most unfortunate of all, was the bard of our class. We predicted for him a career that would outshine old Horace. But his sun never reached its zenith. When I saw him last, and asked him how his poetry was received, with a melancholy face he took this from his portfolio.

New Haven, July, 18—.

Rythmicus Singsby, Esq.,

	To T. J. Stafford,	Dr.
To printing small edition of Harp of the Beech Woods,		\$400.00
	Cr.	
By 10 copies sold author's classmates,		10.00
By 1 copy sold to Lincolnton Library,		1.00
	Amount due,	\$411.00

Alas! he wooed the muses with a lover's passion, but found all the nine were flirts. His poems may serve the purpose of those of many a one before him.

"May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks."

But I will not tire you with the history of others. They are gone, now, and here in the City of Elms, I seem like one, who "treads a banquet hall deserted." Fain do I ask with the poet,

"Where are my friends! I am alone,
No classmate shares my beaker,
Some lie beneath the church-yard stone,
And some before the speaker.
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw swords for Liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe."

But I weary your patience. Yet this little sketch has brought so vividly to mind my college life, that I dislike to leave it. Again in memory I am sitting in my old room, and the walls with the paintings and engravings on them seem as familiar as when I used to look up to them from a hard lesson for consolation and comfort. There is the old face of Napoleon, one of my chum's favorites, looking down upon me, but the brow darkens, and the red star of war seems to hang too loweringly over it, and I like better that close by it of the laurelled Roman hero—the great civic conqueror. There are the dancers on the village lawn about the May-pole, and her whom the imperial hand of Nature crowned a Queen. How we are carried back to the golden age of merry England, and to that which was "of all the glad new year the maddest, merriest day." Dance on! dance on! but remember that it is not always May. The spring is beautiful, and the summer is joyous, yet there is a winter twilight of the soul, and that tender beauty shall deepen, and that pensive face grow more spiritual, and happier, oh happier far, shall be the time when the "blossom's on the black thorn, and the leaf upon the tree." There too is the old band of blind musicians, marching slowly down the street. How many a lesson in Analytics has been hummed to their fancied music! How many a moment beguiled, gazing at their faces, through the cloud wreaths of my cigar! There, too, with thoughtful face, and hair and bonnet blown back by the wind, is the girl by the sea-side. What anthem do the solemn waters sound to fill her ear? What music from the murmuring shell is that which enchants her? What

story comes to her over those "desolate and rainy seas." I prithee girl, tell me what are the wild waves saying!

But I must close. Again in memory I am sitting by my desk writing an article for the Yale Literary, now searching for a half remembered quotation, now looking out upon the green, and into elms that lay their dark arms upon the roof in quest of thought, now signing in a careful hand the superscription N. M., and again in the next number reading upon the closing page that my article is rejected.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

ANCIENT SCULPTURES.

SEVERAL valuable pieces of Sculpture have lately been presented to the College, from Nimroud, about six miles from Mosul, in Turkey, through the influence of Dr. Bacon. They are in a good state of preservation, and will be highly interesting to the student of ancient art. There are three pieces taken from the walls of the palace of Sardanapalus. The first, which is about eight feet high by six feet broad, represents a Eunuch standing by a sacred tree, which it will be remembered is a symbol of religion. The second, of about the same size, represents a horned divinity standing by a tree, to which it is presenting a cone; the third, a small kneeling figure by a tree also, very minutely and delicately carved. They are about eight inches in thickness, being only the face of a wall several feet deep. What is rather curious is that the black and red paint still remains upon the sandalls as they were originally painted. We learn that these are to be placed in the Alumni Hall, in connection with the contents of the anteroom to Trumbull Gallery.

DE FOREST PRIZE SPEAKING

Took place on Thursday, June 15th, at 2½ P.M., as follows: The Protectorate of Cromwell, Starr H. Nichols, Danbury, Ct.; Immutability of Moral Distinctions, Young Wing, Macao, China; the Greatest Productions in Literature as Testimonies to what is Right, Just, and Good, Carroll Cutler, Windham, N. H.; Martyrdom, William H. Fenn, Charleston, S. C.; the Greatest Productions in Literature as Testimonies to what is Right, Just, and Good, James E. Rains, Nashville, Tenn.; the Protectorate of Cromwell, Willard C. Flagg, Paddocks Grove, Ill.; the Protectorate of Cromwell, James C. Rice, Worthington, Mass.

SENIOR APPOINTMENTS.

W. H. Norris, New Haven, Valedictory Oration.	
G. De F. Lord, New York City, Salutatory	"
C. Cutler, Windham, N. H., Philosophical	"
W. H. Fenn, Charleston, S. C.	"
L. W. Ford, East Cleveland, O.	"
T. G. Ritch, Stamford, Greek	"

Orations.

C. H. Barrett, Rutland, Vt.	L. S. Potwin, East Windsor,
H. W. Brown, Burdett, N. Y.	J. M. Smith, Glastenbury,
L. H. Potter, Rockford, Ills.	O. C. Sparrow, Colchester,
A. E. Baldwin, West Cornwall,	G. F. Nichols, Greenfield,
E. P. Buffett, Smithtown, L. I.	S. H. Nichols, Danbury,
C. A. Dupee, West Brookfield, Mass.	C. E. Trumbull, Hartford,
W. R. Eastman, New York City,	S. Walker, Downingtown, Pa.
W. C. Flagg, Paddock's Grove, Ills.	E. P. Whitney, Northampton, Mass.
W. Hutchison, Chester Co., Pa.	E. Wolcott, Tallmadge, O.

Dissertations.

B. J. Bristol, Naugatuck,	J. W. Husted, Bedford, N. Y.
A. S. Hitchcock, Gt. Barrington, Mass.	J. K. Lombard, Springfield, Mass.
A. S. Twombly, Boston, Mass.	

First Disputes.

E. L. De Forest, Watertown,	L. W. Gibson, Wellaboro', Pa.
S. C. Gale, Milbury, Mass.	E. W. Lambert, New York City,
F. H. Slade, New York City.	

Second Disputes.

J. W. Hooker, New Haven,	J. C. Shackelford, Glasgow, Mo.
H. E. Howland Walpole, N. H.	A. Van Sinderen, Orange, N. J.
J. T. Miller, Burville,	E. N. White, New York City,
J. F. Seiler, Harrisburg, Pa.	J. W. Wilson, Natick, Mass.

Third Disputes.

C. T. Alexander, Louisville, Ky.	J. K. Hill, Montgomery, N. Y.
E. C. Du Bois, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	H. L. Hubbell, Wilton,
W. W. Gordon, Savannah, Ga.	J. T. Matthews, Charlestown, Mass.
A. H. Tracy, Buffalo, N. Y.	

Colloquies.

J. S. Donelson, Nashville, Tenn.	R. M. McClellan, Westchester, Pa.
W. B. Dwight, Constantinople, Turkey,	G. W. Reily, Harrisburg, Pa.
A. H. Gunn, New York City,	J. C. Sanders, Norwalk, O.
J. B. Harris, Winchendon, Mass.	R. E. Taylor, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
H. Horton, Enfield, N. Y.	J. M. Wolcott, West Springfield, Mass.

PRIZES.

The following prizes were announced by the President in the College Chapel, on the morning of Presentation Day:

SECOND IN RANK AT THE FRESHMAN SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION.

Class of 1857.

L. D. Hodge,

D. G. Porter.

SOPHOMORE PRIZES FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Class of 1856.

	1st Division.	2d Division.	3d Division.
1st Prize,	{ H. B. Brown, L. R. Packard,	{ P. W. Calkins, W. H. W. Campbell,	{ T. Brown, L. L. Paine.
2d Prize,	{ L. C. Fischer, G. E. H. Pease,	{ W. Johnson,	{ G. F. Bailey, N. Bartholomew.
3d Prize,	{ C. M. Depew, T. K. Wilcox,	{ A. J. Bartholomew, G. W. Buehler,	{ J. L. Whitney, E. F. Williams.

SOPHOMORE PRIZES FOR DECLAMATION.

Class of 1856.

	1st Division.	2d Division.	3d Division.
1st Prize,	{ C. M. Depew, G. E. H. Pease,	{ P. W. Calkins, G. C. Robinson,	{ A. Dickinson, L. L. Paine.
2d Prize,	{ G. P. Barker, I. Clark,	{ A. J. Bartholomew, H. Dubois,	{ N. Bartholomew, T. Brown.
3d Prize,	{ L. R. Packard, E. A. Walker,	{ E. P. Nettleton,	{ L. W. Findlay, E. F. Williams.

BERKELEY PREMIUMS FOR LATIN COMPOSITION.

Class of 1857.

1st Premiums: M. N. Chamberlain, L. Holbrook, J. M. Holmes, W. Smith, G. Tucker, E. M. Wood.

2d Premiums: L. B. Beveridge, H. S. Huntington, J. C. Jackson, G. A. Mueller.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTION OF MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

Class of 1856.

1st Prizes: G. A. Nolen, W. Smith.

2d Prizes: B. Bartsh, L. Holbrook.

3d Prizes: E. T. Allen, O. F. Avery, J. M. Holmes, E. M. Wood.

Editor's Table.

It is a queer custom this which requires one, who all along the pages of the Magazine has played the severe critic and stern moralist, at its close to lay aside his old character, and putting on the cap and bells, to play the jester. The sudden transition from high tragedy to low comedy, doth little befit one of editorial dignity. It somewhat reminds us of the time Sophomore year, when in Horace at the same lesson, we took a part of the *Carmen Saeculare*, and of the first Satire, passing directly from a stately religious hymn to a jocosely waggish poem. It gives the Magazine an appearance some way similar to that of one of the companies of soldiers passing our window to-day where at the head is music and some banners and tall grenadiers, but the end is composed of smaller miscellaneous soldiery, and some little boys and ragamuffins tagging on behind. For we are writing on the fourth and are quite sated with the meagre display of military prowess, and the ebullitions of noisy patriotism. It is a great day for small boys, and grocery-men, and village orators,—a day of patriotism and pyrotechnics of gunpowder and glory. A company more rational are passing our window for a pic-nic at Lake Saltonstall. We commend their judgment, for the most refreshing sight we see in all our daily walks is a large Connecticut wagon, marked Saltonstall Lake Ice. But our patriotism is of the more quiet home-staying kind, and the citizen soldiery are only interesting as being able to give us some aid in the projected acquisition of Cuba, to which we are unanimously devoted, when a better time will be realized, when every man can obtain the best havanas, and little boys shall hawk cigars as they do newspapers in the streets. O blissful anticipation—O glorious vision! But we trust we are not assuming the character of the "ultra" editor in thus giving the reins to speculation. We do not design to follow him in framing conceptions of a "lofty state," nor can we say with him in total condemnation of the present day, that

"Tis the ninth age, worse than the iron times,
Nature no metal hath, to represent our crimes."

Indeed, so little respect have we for his theories that we would put them all into our pipe and smoke them. And it is somewhat a misnomer to distinguish any one as a smoking editor, when the practice is universal and we are reminded of the old expression of Virgil, "*fortis Gyas fortisque Cloanthus*." There seems to be about as much unanimity in the custom in the board, as was described in the account of the fraternal trio, who "gathering into one pathetic abstract, the total philosophy of their life," were wont to say:

"We three,
Brothers be,
In one cause;
Jim smokes,
Jo snuffs,
And I chaws."

But none will hesitate to testify to the rare virtues of the Indian weed in this weather when the gentle aroma of Cuba is floating around us, nor do we

fail to heed the moral lessons which it teaches, so beautifully described by the old Scotch poet:

"The Indian weed, now withered quite,
Full fresh at noon, cut down at night;
Shows thy decay,
All flesh is hay,
Thus think and smoke tobacco."

We have just received a visit from the "cool" editor, whose appearance in this weather is positively refreshing. In vain do we endeavor to borrow some of his calm philosophy, but the weather is provoking and the state of the atmosphere past all endurance. It's hot, piping hot. Only now and then comes an afternoon when the shade of the tall trees, and a pleasant breeze, keep off the rays of the sun, and then how gloriously pass the afternoons under the shade of the arching elms on the College Green. We appreciate Tennyson's description of the land of the Lotos-Eaters, as one where "it is always afternoon," and feel that the sentence is a master-stroke. Indeed, it seems written with especial reference to the life of a Junior in the summer term at Yale, when drowsiness is so pleasing that we half imagine ourselves transported to the veritable clime, such as Ulysses and the wanderers from Troy found it, and when—recitation is optional. But it is on these afternoons that one is most impressed with the force of what is called "getting out" a Yale Lit. Reader, let us conjure you never to accept of an editorship. How we regret the time we allowed ourselves to be drawn from private life—to assume the duties of a public servant, and for the first time lost sight of the advice of old Horace requiring us to follow the "*semita fallentis vitae*." We learn from a tithe of experience that it don't pay. In fact we are inclined to say of it very much as the farmer said of his crop, "it isn't so fine as we expected, and we never thought it would be."

There is an air of great quiet and stillness about College, now that the Class of fifty-four are gone, and the dullness which has followed presentation day is very noticeable. The class whose faces have become familiar, whom we have been wont to meet in the Hall and street, and daily walks have left us forever. But we will not moralize upon the thema. Wherever they go, the benediction of College will go with them. *Vive vale*. We wish them heartily with old Horace—a fitting meed of fame and fortune:

—Remque prolemque,
Et decus omne.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Articles for the next number must be handed in immediately, in order to insure their insertion. No one need fear to suffer from learned critics in this weather. It is hot enough wholly to disarm criticism. Think of a person's venturing upon a severe review, when the thermometer is 90° in the shade! We are often asked the question, who gets out the next Yale Lit. The most correct answer we can give is that on our title page. It is conducted by the students of Yale College. The character of the Magazine is in their hands, and to the Editor belongs simply its direction, but surely not its entire making up.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. IX.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,

W. T. WILSON,

R. MULFORD,

S. T. WOODWARD,

H. A. YARDLEY.

*The Lost Prince.**

IN February, 1853, there appeared in "Putnam's Monthly" an article entitled "Have we a Bourbon among us?" containing facts which tend to prove that Rev. Eleazar Williams, a missionary among the Indians, is identical with Louis XVII of France, who (it has been generally supposed) died in imprisonment at Paris, June 8th, 1795. The ostensible object of the article, was not so much to advance any claims of Mr. Williams, as to direct attention to the subject as an interesting historical problem. About the same time, there was published in France a work in two volumes, entitled "Louis XVII, his life, his sufferings, his death, by A. De Beauchesne," purporting to be a minute record of the Dauphin's life, and incidentally containing all accessible evidence of his death. Mr. Hanson then threw off the character of an inquirer, and assuming that of an advocate, attacked the proofs of De Beauchesne in another magazine article, and finally published the complete result of his investigations and reflections in the volume before us. The French work is writ-

* "The Lost Prince; facts tending to prove the identity of Louis XVII of France and the Rev. Eleazar Williams, a missionary among the Indians of North America. By John H. Hanson. New York, Bunce & Brother, 134 Nassau-st. 1854."

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ten in a spirit of extravagant loyalty to the Bourbons, and perhaps some-
 what exaggerates, if that is possible, the atrocities of the Reign of Terror
 and the sufferings of the young Dauphin. And although some may
 consider the work without authority on these points, yet this is no reason
 for rejecting its evidence on the essential point of the Dauphin's death,
 consisting as it does of certified and authentic documents. The author
 professes himself, and, from indications furnished in his book, must be
 considered a royalist who is devotedly attached to the memory of Louis
 XVII, who has resided for twenty years in the neighborhood of the
 Temple for the purpose of gathering all possible information relative to
 his imprisonment, who has become thoroughly convinced of the fact of
 his death, and who, in writing the history of his life, has entered upon
 the task of proving this fact with all the warmth of an honest conviction.
 It is possible that notwithstanding all this profession and outward appear-
 ance, he may be (as Mr. Hanson intimates) only a hired agent of the
 Prince de Joinville, yet if this be so it must still be admitted that he
 succeeds better in obtaining the confidence of his readers than does Mr.
 Hanson, and that he appears more disinterested than the latter, who has
 only the desire, common to every man, to establish an opinion whose truth
 he is thoroughly convinced of, and which he was the first to promulgate.
 His book is undoubtedly however far more entertaining than that of Mr.
 Hanson. In the former the interest of a romance is added to the cred-
 ibility of a history; while the latter inspires at one time the weariness of
 the dullest chronicles, and at another the incredulity of the wildest fiction.
 The French work contains passages with regard to Louis XVI which to
 us sound blasphemous, but which no doubt could be uttered by a French-
 man of the greatest piety. It contains, also, some passages of ingenious
 and one or two of profound reasoning upon motives and probabilities.
 There are visible throughout the work traces of French sentimentality,
 but most of the feeling exhibited, although extravagant, is genuine and
 noble. In fine, it is a vivacious, animated, attractive, minute French
 history.

"The Lost Prince" is written in answer to this work, and its author
 unfortunately imitates M. de Beauchesne in drawing up his evidence
 in the form of a biography. In the one case it was proper, for the
 author's object was to write a narrative, but in a strictly argumentative
 work the biographical form or even a close adherence to the order of
 time is open to many objections. The author, it is true, in some places
 disclaims any wish to convert others to his opinion, and arrogates to
 himself and Mr. Williams the character of disinterested seekers of truth.

As to the latter, beside his own admissions,* and without attributing to him even the ambitious motives natural to humanity, it is not to be supposed that he feels any other than the deepest interest in establishing to the satisfaction of his own mind and of the world, that he is the son of Marie Antoinette, and not of an ignorant, bigoted, and filthy Indian squaw. Almost equally unfounded is the pretence of impartiality set up by Mr. Hanson. No man who first introduces to the world a new theory or pretended fact in science or history, can be considered unbiassed in his discussion of it. He has appeared before us as an advocate, and it would be great injustice to his book itself to consider it in any other light than as a plea. He moreover continually hints that the honor of the cloth is concerned in showing that this Christian minister is not an impostor.

The title of the book is unfortunate, inasmuch as it gives an air of romance to the whole, and thus alarms the suspicious before they have even examined its contents. The style is faulty—the sentences are loose, sometimes obscure, and occasionally ungrammatical. The arrangement is bad. The evidence is thrown together without any regard to logical connection. The author so mingles that which is without authority with what is well authenticated that the mind becomes confused, and while the credulous believe much that is untrue, the sceptical are apt to reject all as fabulous. When two contradictory statements are presented on equal authority, he arbitrarily chooses that which is most useful to his purpose. In some places he advances unnecessary explanatory theories, and these, being raised on very slight foundations and therefore easily destroyed, tend to throw discredit on all of his theories. But these are not his worst faults. He makes statements that are evidently incorrect, and some of which can be refuted from documents given in his own book. These careless statements not only cause us to suspect the strength of the particular part of the argument to which they refer, but also make it impossible for us to know which of his other statements to believe; since we are at liberty to infer from these fallacies so easily detected, that others exist which might be exposed if we possessed the means of investigating the whole subject. Unquestionably, if every statement of Mr. Hanson could be implicitly relied on, no room for reasonable doubt would remain, but in the present state of uncertainty with regard to his evidence, and without the means of testing its validity, it

* Mr. Williams says, "I have been in hopes that some movement would be made in Europe in my favor: but, as you say, the affair must be begun here and I will let the world know all."

is impossible to form a conclusion with confidence. Our object is, then, not to argue the question of Mr. Williams' identity with the Dauphin, but merely to point out some reasons which prevent us from immediately accepting all of Mr. Hanson's inferences.

The first mistake to be noticed is connected with the alleged death of the Dauphin. Mr. Hanson says: "The only evidence adduced to prove his death is that of Lasne and Gomin.* If that fail, there is an utter absence of proof."† On examining the work of De Beauchesne, however, we are told that a certificate of his death was signed by four public officers and a score of other persons who had frequently seen the Prince at the Temple and the Tuilleries, and were well acquainted with his person. In another place the author alludes to this statement, but he there disposes of it with the summary remark, "that no documentary evidence is afforded of the fact." This also is incorrect, for the names of some of its signers are given, and the existence of the document is certified by the French Minister of the Interior.

The next misstatement is connected with the question whether Mr. Williams is the son of his reputed parents, and although it was first uttered by Mr. Williams, yet since Mr. Hanson quotes it and founds arguments upon it, he thus becomes equally responsible for its truth. It relates to the baptismal register of the Williams family. He says:—

"We have had the baptismal register at Caughnawaga examined, and the priest was made to certify it, and though the names of *all the rest* of her children are recorded there, together with the dates of their birth and baptism, mine does not occur there; and the births of the children follow so closely upon each other, *at regular intervals of two years between each*, that it does not seem naturally possible I could have been her child, unless I was twin to some other child whose birth and baptism are recorded while mine are not—a thing which, when we take into consideration the exactness and fidelity with which such affairs are transacted in the Church of Rome, does not seem probable and scarcely possible. The silence of the baptismal register may, therefore, be deemed conclusive proof that this Indian woman is not my mother."‡

This statement is incorrect in two particulars. A copy of this baptismal register is given in the appendix of the work before us, and upon examination it will be found that the births are not at regular intervals of two years each, but that while the rest are very regular, there are two intervals of about five years each, and that one of these occurs at the very time, when, from his present age, Mr. Williams was probably born. Moreover, when his supposed mother has attempted to enumerate her children, she has mentioned not only Eleazar but others also whose names are not contained in the register.

* His keepers.

† Lost Prince, page 121.

‡ Page 341.

And again, there is known to have been a John Williams, belonging to the same family, who was some years younger than Eleazar. Now there is only one John Williams mentioned in the register, and he was born in 1780, and therefore there must either have been another John Williams, whose birth and baptism are not recorded, or Eleazer (who must then have been born before 1780) is older than the Dauphin could be, whose birth took place in 1785. Either the baptismal register is incomplete and unreliable, and Mr. Williams has made a statement completely incorrect, or the whole theory of his pretended identity falls to the ground.

With these two glaring inaccuracies staring us in the face, and uncertain how many more may be lurking beneath his protestations of candor and impartiality, it is almost impossible to advance confidently to a conclusion. We cannot set aside all the circumstances mentioned by our author and say unhesitatingly, that Mr. Williams is an impostor, nor, on the other hand, when we consider the doubtful reality and force of some of those circumstances, can we jump hastily to the conclusion that he is the Dauphin. At best we can but take a cursory review of his reasoning and notice where it is incomplete.

The author claims to have proved, 1st, That Louis XVII did not die in 1795. 2d, That he was carried to the region in which Mr. Williams spent his youth. 3d, That Mr. Williams is not an Indian. 4th, That Mr. Williams is Louis XVII.

I. We have already alluded to some of the evidence on the first point. It consists of direct testimony to the fact of the Dauphin's death; and its force is very much underrated in the work before us. It can be broken down only by directly impeaching the character of the witnesses or by establishing a set of circumstances which can only be explained on the supposition that the Dauphin is still alive. The first course is attempted by the author, but without success, and therefore the point is left in uncertainty; but we must remember that every additional, authentic bit of testimony, showing that Mr. Williams is the Dauphin, of course so far goes to show that the Dauphin did not die in 1795. But even supposing this point clearly established, Mr. Hanson fails to disprove the probability that with a constitution so impaired as the Dauphin's, he must have died soon after his release from imprisonment and could not have lived to be a hale and hearty man of seventy years.

II. That Mr. Hanson should have attempted to prove this point with so little evidence as he has in its favor, is one of the most remarkable features of the book. He claims that the Dauphin was brought to the

region where Mr. Williams spent his youth, and in support of this he adduces testimony which he deems sufficient to show that if the Dauphin did escape he was accompanied in his flight through France by a lady, a little girl of his own age, and a meanly dressed man, by name Mr. B.; and that they all set sail for England on their way to this country. He also shows that in 1795, when French refugees were flocking to this country, there arrived in Albany a party of French people consisting of a lady, apparently of high rank, a little girl about ten years old, a man meanly dressed, and a little boy called Louis, who was quiet and shy, but as far as we know perfectly healthy and of sound mind. The mode which the author takes to establish the first of the above facts, is somewhat remarkable. Naundorf, a pretender, who, in 1832, was believed to be the Dauphin by many persons of the highest respectability, in the narrative of his pretended flight, said that he was accompanied by the persons mentioned above; and Mr. Hanson (in one of his theorizing moods) supposes that this pretender was really employed for some purpose about the person of the Dauphin, became acquainted with this among other facts, and introduced it into his narrative when he set up his own claims.

Mr. Hanson evidently seeks to identify the little child at Albany with the Dauphin, by means of the party with which he came. This testimony of itself is rather loose, for it would not be at all singular if, during that year, many French ladies came to this country accompanied by a man-servant and two little children. But, moreover, if Mr. Hanson had looked a little further into the testimony of Naundorf, he would have found that Mr. B. and the little girl (two very important items in his proof) were assassinated in England before the Dauphin set sail for this country. Louis XVII may have passed through Albany in that year, and Eleazar Williams may be he, but there is good reason for believing that this little Albany boy is an entirely different person.

Further on, Mr. Hanson shows that in the same year a little French boy was brought among the Indians by two Catholic priests, and that he grew up to be Eleazar Williams, but at this place he advances no testimony to show that he was the Dauphin, and he thus leaves his second proposition utterly without support.

III. That Mr. Williams is of French descent. It is needless to dwell at length on this point, for it must be considered proved with almost entire conclusiveness. A fact should be mentioned, however, which has come to light since the publication of Mr. Hanson's book. A scientific gentleman, in one of our Atlantic cities, who has devoted much attention

to the microscopic examination of hair in human beings and animals, and who has noticed the varieties belonging to different races, has subjected Mr. Williams' hair to an examination and pronounces him of mixed Indian and French blood, which, if true, would account for many peculiarities in his appearance, &c. It is uncertain at present how much weight should be attached to this gentleman's theory, but if it is correct, Mr. Williams' pretensions are totally unfounded.

IV. The last point, viz : that Eleazar Williams is Louis XVII, although evidently the most important of all, has, we fear, too little evidence to support it. Some have appeared to think that when Williams is proved to be not an Indian but to bear a marked resemblance to the Bourbons, that the work is done and the proof accomplished. But there is a wide gulf between proving that he is a Frenchman and that he even has Bourbon blood in him, and proving that he is Louis XVII. Mr. Hanson himself says, "It may be easy to find persons with Bourbon physiognomy in Paris, and as easy to account for it;"* but this being so, it is just as probable that Williams is one of these and has been placed in this country when an infant for family reasons, as that he is identical with a boy whose death fifty years ago was certified by over twenty witnesses. The tokens of personal identity are by no means conclusive, nor are they such as might not exist on the above supposition. Those impostors who have from time to time obtained credit with the highest families of France, cannot be thought devoid of at least equal resemblance to the Dauphin both in general appearance and in the scars left by disease and injuries; and one of them deceived even the Dauphin's nurse, who made a formal declaration that he was Louis XVII. Most of the evidence on this point depends upon the word of Mr. Williams, and whatever value his friends and acquaintances may attach to it, yet the possibility of monomania and the facility with which men sometimes deceive themselves, render it improbable that in future times his own testimony will be received as evidence of legal or historical value.

This article has been written in no fault-finding spirit, and without the wish either to prove or disprove the truth of Mr. Hanson's conclusions, but merely with the desire to express and support the conviction, that so far we have not enough reliable evidence to found belief upon. And this state of uncertainty, though distressing to the accurate and laborious historian, leaves to others room for interesting speculation. We believe Mr. Williams to be firmly convinced of the justice of his pretensions, but the strongest human convictions are liable at times to waver, and

* p. 394.

doubts, even upon this question, must occasionally cross his mind. He must occasionally doubt whether he is the son of that noble person whose wrongs and their heroic endurance were so conspicuous; whether he has indeed received the adulation of courtiers, the flatteries of princes, and the caresses of a queen; whether he was in reality that child-king whose innocent merriment and terrible sufferings are so amusing and affecting in the recital. Supposing this pious missionary to be indeed the descendant of the Cæsars, wonderful is the change in his worldly position, but far more wonderful the transformation effected in his modes of thought, in his beliefs, and in his character. It is no imputation on the sincerity of his present convictions to say that if he had remained in the station to which he was born, he would have been (and with equal sincerity) a Roman Catholic instead of a Protestant, a Legitimist instead of a Republican. He no doubt, in many a youthful encounter, has stoutly opposed the doctrines of legitimacy and divine right, and maintained the rights of the people, but he little dreamed that therein he was advocating principles which have driven his family from their native land, have brought his father and mother to the scaffold, and have doomed him to a painful imprisonment and a protracted exile. He has often zealously labored to convince poor Catholic Indians of the damning nature of their errors, without reflecting that in his other personality, he would have fallen into the same mistakes as these miserable savages. How humiliating is the reflection that proud, self-confident, and arrogant as we are in maintaining each his peculiar dogmas, and impossible as it appears to us that any can sincerely doubt them, yet had we been subjected to other influences, our present opinions would have seemed to us full as absurd, insincere, and untenable as those we now deride! How uncertain are the deductions of reason, and how comparatively worthless is human belief, when they are so modified by circumstances!

The Eve of Milton.

"O mia compagna amata,
O di questa mia vita
Vero cor, cara vita."

The "Adamo" of Audreini.*

THE Fall of Man was the first great event of his history. It was here that supernatural agencies of good and evil strove on yet untrodden ground. It was here that the dream of innocence became the hard reality of struggling virtue, and under its present conditions the grand march of Humanity was begun. It was upon this transition period, so fraught with passion and pregnant moral events, that the mind of Milton was instinctively fixed. For him—

"The ebbs and flows of whose fathomless soul
Were as tides to the rest of mankind"—

"the unconquerable will" of Satan, the hate of "the strongest and fiercest" spirit, Moloch, the horrors of Hell and the glories of Heaven were commensurate subjects. Nor, leaving the supernatural, was there a more worthy theme than the pleasant places and golden hours of Paradise; the primitive innocence, the fearful dereliction and the despairing repentance of our First Parents.

It may seem paradoxical, after this, to assert, that Eve also was eminently a subject congenial with the poet's mind. It is generally supposed, and not wholly without reason, that great intellects, though they pile up Cyclopean masses to the development of one great idea, still lack the Phidian delicacy of finish,—that he who depicted the strongly marked lines of Satanic passion, would not adequately portray the soft lineaments of Eve. But such, with Milton, was not the case. His was a power of expression almost superhuman, but it was power under strict rule. It was a ponderous engine forging massy shafts or slender bars at will—works of power, or works of beauty. He had also, at the same time, a glorious conception of the sublime, and a delicate sense of the beautiful. His imagination was Ocean's vastness with the multitudinous smile of rippling waves playing upon its surface.† It was at once strong, pure, sensitive, seeking in the elements of things that perfection which experience did not reveal. It must be confessed that we would some-

* Haley's Life of Milton.

† "κοντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνέκρουον γέλασμα."—Aesch. Prometheus, 89.

times prefer to see less method in his conceptions and more life in his execution. And yet even this fault, as we call it, may but show that Milton's genius soared to a more perfect realization of that transcendental perfection which few can appreciate but all must reverence.

Such views of Milton's genius prepare us to expect a character of unusual beauty in his "Eve."

The first characteristic is that of Weakness. Eve, in comparison with Adam, is inferior physically, mentally, and morally. This, by some, who look upon the present position only of woman, is regarded as a blemish. If the question could be taken on this ground, a reference to Milton's times and experience would show him not so far out of the way. But perhaps those who here criticise do not take the proper point of view. It should be remembered that the scene lies in the primitive state of mankind. The physical constitution was then perfect and healthful; the intellect clear, penetrating, and unclogged by physical ills; the moral sense keen and unsullied.* In this state the man and woman were placed, he with his characteristic of *Power*, she with hers of *Sensitiveness*. It is not difficult to conceive that in this state of perfection, where the intuition of Woman's Sensitiveness, which resolves so many a problem of our real life, was not needed to define the subtler distinctions of morality, but all was clear and understood, the positive element of Power would take the lead as the superior, and man, as the more positive, be superior to woman morally, as he is physically and mentally.† It was to such a primitive state that Milton looked, and thence he drew no faithless ideal. This fact of man's original moral superiority, may be more readily admitted as probable when we consider that woman's present superiority in this respect may be rather a social fact than the nature of things; since society shields her from those temptations which lower man's standard of morality.

This threefold inferiority develops a second characteristic—that susceptibility and delicacy which is seen in the modesty, softness, and sweetness of Eve, so like and so unlike Shakspeare's Miranda. Both are unfashioned by society; both love; both give free expression to their warmest feelings. But whilst Miranda is maidenly, Eve is womanly; womanly, and yet a being of short experience and sensitive nature, too

* Robert South's "Discourses."

† I have assumed as undoubted the mental superiority of man to woman. Until a female Bacon, La Place, Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, or Dickens is found, does not, I think, admit of doubt.

modest to know shame at the expression of natural feeling, too amiably mild to make aught but friends.

“A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.”

A third characteristic, dependent on the too previous, is her absorbed love and dependence. Her love more absorbs her individuality and hangs her being on another's. To an inferior being, love is more a necessity.* The want of support from without is more felt, and more excellencies seen in the object of admiration. And this love also naturally takes more the form of adoration and dependence. But the superior finds its attention less concentrated, for it is not measured by the inferior, and must take in something additional to fill its scope.† Thus Adam's love not only takes in Eve, but reaches up to the Infinite, while her love seems all absorbed in him. We see Adam making terrible sacrifice for Eve's sake, yet we recognize a greater intensity in her affection for him.

It must be confessed, however, that this ideal does not coincide with life as it is, especially with life at the present day. The idea of man's moral preëminence, as we have seen, harmonized with the first state of things; and we may add, was not discordant with the prevalent feeling in times of brute force or mere intellectual power. But when, in the course of ages, and amid these dashing elements, moral power grew strong in Christian faith, woman, the *Sensitive*, first recognized its purity and loveliness, and identifying herself with it became the undoubted leader. And ever onward, we conceive, in the great march of Christian Civilization, woman, in this power, shall be another Joan of Arc, leading on the universal nation to the highest liberty. And when, in the slow process of time, the original perfection shall be regained, and in the freedom of a perfect morality, the manly *Power* shall again take the precedence, then laying down the leadership which it is no longer her province to hold, she will again be the inferior, it may be, but not less the veritable woman—not identical with man, but coincident.

“Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time

* “He for God only, she for God in him.”

† “La plus belle des vertues, le devouement, est leur jouissance et leur destinée; nul bon heur ne peut exister pour elles que par le reflet de la gloire et des prospérités d'un autre.”—*Mme. De Staël*.

Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love,
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man ;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm ;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind."

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Self-Educated Man.

BY LEMUEL S. POTWIN, EAST WINDSOR, CONN.

EDUCATIONAL agents are of two kinds ; those which become the immediate objects of study, and those which direct to proper objects, and assist in studying them. Often, indeed, the same agent fulfills the office of both : the book, on which the mind is bent, directs it to others, and the person, who assists the mind in respect to its objects of thought, becomes himself the object of study. Still there is a division of agents corresponding, in the main, to the difference in function. The one class comprises things, the other persons. The latter are called educators, because they place the mind in such a connection with proper objects as is necessary to develop and improve its powers, and under the care of these most of those who aspire to cultivate their minds undergo education. Occasionally, however, a man of education is found who has dispensed with personal guides and assistants, and taken to himself only the primary educators—the objects of knowledge. He is the self-educated man.

No broader distinction than this can be claimed unless we deny to the self-educated man even the ordinary blessings of civilized life. Now, our subject does not look to the advancement of man from a barbarous to an enlightened state, but to the progress of an individual in mental culture. The point from which that progress commences may be taken differently, but certainly it should not be lower than the condition of the laboring classes in a respectable community.

There are some circumstances which usually attend the process of self-education, and often make it necessary, which should be carefully

separated in our reasonings upon it. Poverty and all its associates of propitious and unpropitious influence; solitude with its healthful quiet and also its selfish seclusion—these should be studied in gathering up the forming influences of a character, but should be neglected in a definition. The only intelligible definition of our subject must rest upon the two-fold view which we have taken, of the process of education.

We may now correct, briefly, some erroneous definitions of our subject. The expression "Self-educated" does not designate one, who, as a *Student in a College or University*, has devoted himself earnestly to self-culture, nor one who, though unconnected with a college, has enjoyed the most complete private instruction, nor one who has merely struggled against great obstacles in obtaining an education, nor one who only *commenced* his education without instruction, because in these cases, although the importance of one's own exertions is recognized, both in the use and in the attainment of the means of education, yet the presence of instructors is also recognized, as a regular part of the system. Nor, on the other hand, is the term confined to those who have enjoyed no advantages of books, for this would banish them from respectable society, nor to those who have had no advantages but books, for this would banish them from all society, nor to those who have attained nothing but a so-called business-education, for our subject contemplates education in a higher sense, as equivalent to true mental development. He is self-educated who has trained his mind without the aid of Teachers.

We shall attempt to set forth his character not so much by examples as by reasoning, using the former not in their primary force as particulars for induction, but simply bearing them in mind to prevent too hasty conclusions. In other words we shall reason not *from* example but *to* example, and this is quite proper inasmuch as the character we would describe is to be delineated only so far as it is formed, or affected by its mode of education.

The characteristics of Self-education may be derived from the two ideas of Self-guidance and Self-companionship. As these will readily be allowed to contain the peculiar influences which affect the self-educated man, they can be claimed as the basis of reasoning on this subject. We need not, however, be confined to this two-fold classification, but merely mentioning these sources of thought as security against incompleteness we will arrange our topic under a classification according to the various characteristics of an educated mind.

Regarding first, then, the *mental development* of the self-educated man, we notice, in general, great development of particular faculties; unsys-

tematic discipline; poorly-formed taste; and but little adaptedness to abstruse philosophy.

Self-guidance is not exempt from the law of motive by which the most immediate and pressing desire will first be satisfied. Now, since every one's nature prompts him to some pursuits and studies, more than to others, the man who guides himself in respect to his studies, is governed by these partial impulses. This throws the bent of the mind in one direction, and the unrestrained concentration of energy produces uncommon development. Perhaps some special ultimate object gives rise to the course of self-education. Some profession is sought which cannot be reached but *through* education. Then this starting impulse becomes a guiding and accelerating force; the education becomes throughout a professional and therefore in some points, an intensely developing one. Perhaps a simple desire for improvement is the controlling impulse, but this desire is most naturally gratified by the pursuit of knowledge, and those branches of knowledge are chosen which are most interesting. Hence the powers adapted to the acquisition of these are fully developed.

Is it urged that the great influence over the mind, here supposed, is inconsistent with that power of will which alone would incite a man to attempt and prosecute self-education? We answer, that doubtless a man could compel himself to follow the precise system of College-studies, did he believe the advantages of following it, and possess the means of so doing; but one or both of these is always wanting, and, as a result, the mind freely and deliberately takes the course that we have described. The efforts of instructors are directed in no inconsiderable degree to checking this special and exclusive tendency in education, and their imperfect success, in many cases, illustrates the condition of one not at all under such influence. Disciplinary education, though it claims more thoroughness on the whole, cannot claim thoroughness in particulars; it enlarges a multitude of capacities and fosters a multitude of desires, but its symmetry is gained at the expense of individual development. Is it, again, asked why the most learned and powerful men in particular professions are not most commonly self-educated; we suggest that the number of persons so educated, is very small, while we must admit as an additional cause, which is a second peculiarity in mental development, that the mental discipline of the self-educated man, is not sufficiently systematic. This arises in part from what we have just been considering. His mind undergoes tension in but few directions, and that not for discipline, but for the attainment of knowledge. You can trace his discipline on the path of valuable knowledge, but that which is most valu-

able, as an acquisition is not always wide enough in its relations to bring into exercise all the powers of the intellect, nor, if it were, can the mind arrange all its energies around a single center, nor yet is the most valuable acquisition always the best for cultivating the particular faculties called into action by it.

The same peculiarity arises in a different way from the circumstances of the self-educated man in the process of his education, especially the earlier stages of it. These almost always favor, if not require, hasty study. Often poverty makes it necessary to devote but a short time *exclusively* to study, or fills up the greater portion with labor for support: this is too economical for systematic discipline, which, in both time and labor, is expensive.

Again, observing the circumstances of the self-educated man we find him to be much alone. The productions of his mind are rarely subjected to the criticism of others, and then not of those who are his superiors. He interprets his own standards and decides upon his conformity to them. Now, there is a faculty of the mind which, more than some others, requires severe, constant, nice cultivation. This is taste. Again, there is an ability to fathom intricate depths of speculation which requires something more than direct, solitary, uninterrupted thought. There must be some one to meet the thinker in his assertions, break his chains of argument, then solve his difficulties, and again confound him with others. The ability and taste acquired by such discipline are rarely attained by the self-educated. In general, then, as respects mental development, the self-educated man is powerful, but not symmetrical and finished.

Passing, in the second place, to *mental habits*, we observe in our character, great acquaintance with his own mind; marked and permanent eccentricities; and a strong inclination towards the practical.

He who is pursuing a course of Academic education, with a large number of fellow students, moving on as a part of a system, frequently engages in study simply because it is expected of him as his proper employment. His education does not arise so necessarily from a consciousness of his own abilities as that of the self-educated man. The latter finds his encouragement and support in knowing what he is, and for what he is fitted. What chance has he for education? Everything without stands in its severest attitude. He looks within, and every step he takes is nerved by self-dependence, and concomitant self-knowledge. His being much alone has the same effect, for the thoughts of the solitary settle much into their own minds. So, also, by following closely

the bent of his genius, he makes his peculiar abilities and habits more distinguishable, as well to himself as to others.

Notice these peculiar habits for a moment. They are strongly marked because they are habits not of a careless but an earnest man. They are permanent, because they have had an unrestricted growth. Academic life wears away many of the eccentricities of mental action, but the self-educated man, because he is not made uneasy by them, suffers them to accumulate.

The other habit which we have mentioned, the tendency to the practical, arises in part from the conflict which the unaided student experiences in adhering to a thorough course of mental training. The question comes up constantly, "Shall I continue studying at such a disadvantage, or give up to the calls of business life?" He answers it by a diligent comparison of the benefits resulting from the two courses, and his mind continually recurring to this ground of assurance, the practical standard becomes the habitual one.

In the third place, self-educated men are distinguishable in respect to certain *general tendencies of character*. In most we find great self-confidence, because they have been always accustomed to trust themselves, but in some equal diffidence, because not having been accustomed to try their opinions with others, they are apprehensive respecting their ability to sustain the test of experience. In the case of both, education has been in a certain sense a series of experiments, but the one considers them entirely successful while the other is in doubt.

Again, the self-educated man does not generally make great *pretensions* to learning, and consequently avoids the mistake of those who think that because they have gone through college, they are therefore fitted to enter a learned profession. He builds upon what he has actually acquired, not upon what is usually acquired by persons in his circumstances. At the same time he lacks that enthusiasm for the learning of the schools which inspires the liberally-educated.

Fourthly, in *moral traits of character* we can discern some distinctions which we would not indeed press too far, but we must not overlook a certain pride of power, which accompanies the consciousness of having accomplished a work of immense importance and labor—alone. We see too sometimes a contempt for the calm, careful, school-taught philosopher which is unworthy of an educated man. But a more favorable view meets us when we notice his sympathy and benevolence for the uneducated. There is no such feeling of distance between him and the unlearned community, as is apt to arise when one has withdrawn himself

in a measure, during the whole course of education, and found new companions among those aspiring to be learned. He appreciates the obstacles which prevent the poor from being educated, and knows how many ardent desires for higher life are crushed by outward circumstances. His own career, whether he arose from poverty or not, shows him the difficulties to be encountered and the benefits to be gained, and his heart is drawn forth in noble effort.

Lastly, we need but *allude to the mental acquisitions* of the self-educated man. How far they differ from those of other men of education can be readily inferred from the mental development, and mental and moral traits which we have briefly sketched. Perhaps they may be sufficiently characterized if we consider them as connected to a great extent with a definite practical purpose.

We have thus characterized, in some particulars, the self-educated man; and if, in doing so, we have met with matter for censure in both kinds of education, we may regard it as proof that he alone is perfectly educated who combines the noble independence and practical earnestness of the one, with the symmetry and finish of the other. In a loose sense of the term, all educated men are self-educated, for nothing can be substituted for power of will, and intense application. There is no inherent contrariety in the two systems, and only those who are capable of self-education can fully appropriate the advantages of a University.

Holrood in '51.

NONE of those scenes which history has consecrated acquire an interest so peculiarly their own as old buildings. Be it the home of a king or a peasant, the Palace of Versailles, or the cottage of Rob Roy nestling amid its yew trees on the banks of Loch Catrine, there is still in an old abode, a vivid personality. It has its youth and day of beauty like man, like him its age and decline. One looks in vain over a battle-field for any object to recall the charge, the embattled ranks, or the gloomy retreat. The laughing grain waves the more luxuriantly over the soil which has been ploughed by the cannon ball, and wet with human blood.

But the walls of a castle, or the dim aisles of an abbey, carry the mind irresistibly back to the scenes and times which have lent an interest to their remains. They throw around the beholder an atmosphere redolent of the past.

It was with such vagrant thoughts chasing each other in quick succession across the mind, that I wended my way through the crowded and circuitous streets of the Scottish Athens, towards the old palace of Holyrood. Edinburgh is full of scenes of interest. Its castle alone might render it a favorite spot for the student or antiquarian to linger over. But none of its celebrated monuments and remains elicit such universal attention as the ancient abode of the Scotch monarchs. It is the memory of Queen Mary which gives the place its air of romantic sadness. The most eventful, but by no means the happiest part of her life, was spent here. Would God her youth had been spent on Scotland's soil! Had Mary never known the influence of what was then the most profligate Court in Europe, perhaps her too short life might have been purer and happier, and Scotch history might have lost some of its darkest pages. Holyrood Palace lies in the eastern portion of the city, and before the growth of the "new town" must have been far removed from the busy life which now surrounds it. The date of its foundation is not known. The charter of the Abbey of Holyrood bears date A. D. 1128, but long anterior to this a royal palace had stood on the same site. The present building was however erected long after most of the old Abbey was destroyed. The Abbey chapel still remains, and forms therefore the most ancient part of the structure now shown to the traveler. The fortunes of the Palace have been as varied as those of the Scottish dynasty. It was sacked by the fanatic Cromwell, repaired after the restoration, and has been kept in a state of comparative preservation by the private munificence of English sovereigns since that day. The building is of quadrangular form, enclosing a court surrounded by piazzas. On the west end stands the chapel, connecting with the court by a massy oaken door. The main entrance is through the south side by a deep arched way. After submitting my ticket to the inspection of a tall English grenadier who stood before the gate, I passed through. It was a beautiful evening in July. The slant rays of a declining sun touched with a mellow light the pillars and cornices, and lent a rich glow to the light clouds which drifted across the sky as I stood in the large court. The sentinels were pacing their quiet rounds on the corners of the court as pompously as though they were guarding the person of the Queen herself. It seemed strange that Scotchmen should bear so quietly to see English sentinels guarding the entrances of their old palace. I was obliged to await here

the return of the guide, who was then taking a party of visitors through the palace. These guides are necessary evils in visiting the old buildings of Europe, and I was agreeably surprised when mine presented herself in the shape of a very pretty but somewhat affected woman, whom I afterwards learned to be the mistress of the Duke of Hamilton, to whom she had borne several children. There was about her a pert and fascinating air which I imagined might captivate a sober Scotchman, but which is too common in this country to attract an American. The woman's tongue was flippant, and as she tripped along before me she expatiated with wonderful ease on the age and beauty of the different parts of the building. We passed through the spacious halls and long porticos, while the echo of our footsteps sounded drearily enough through the deserted palace. In the long picture gallery hang the portraits of one hundred and six Scottish Kings. In this gallery the election of representative peers for Scotland is still held, a custom which will probably continue so long as the old palace can furnish a shelter for the electors. Leaving the gallery we approached the chamber of Queen Mary. Here even the guide's volubility seemed somewhat checked, and (although it may have been imagination) I thought a look of sadness passed over her face, as she told me that the room we were about to enter contained the Queen's bridal couch and a miniature taken from life. I crossed the threshold and entered. Before me, in the gloom of a deepening twilight, stood the marriage bed of Mary. The Spirit of the Past was about me, and carried my fancy back to the days when the lovely queen just returned from her sunny France crossed that chamber floor with light step and lighter heart. These old walls had heard the words of love murmured in her ear by the amorous Darnley, they had seen her on that couch sink into the embrace of the cruel Bothwell,—they were the mute witnesses of her illicit loves, and they too had seen the bitterness of her repentance. In the latter part of her troublous reign, after controlling her deeper emotions in the presence of her menials during the long weary days, she was wont to escape to her silent chamber by night, and weeping over her follies and misfortunes, think of her happy, thoughtless youth in France. Few women have at so early an age, swept, like Mary, every cord of passion. Love, hatred, revenge, repentance, all had in turn flushed the cheek or swelled the bosom of the young queen, ere she was yet a mother. It was with a feeling of silent sadness that I drew near the window to look on her miniature. It was such a face as the young painter of to-day, who had read her sad story and wept over her fate, would sketch as an ideal likeness. Large pensive gray eyes, a profusion

of rich auburn hair combed back from the forehead and caught in a small velvet cap behind, a broad and fair brow betokening intellect, and a full voluptuous lip which relaxed to some extent what had otherwise been the intellectual beauty of her face; the uncouth ruff of her time, half concealing, half revealing a graceful neck white and polished as marble. Such was the picture of a woman born to wear the crown of a queen, but who dashed to the dust the fairest jewel in the coronet of her womanhood. Better far, thought I, the stern, ambitious character of Elizabeth than the unenviable fame which lends a sad interest to the history of Queen Mary. The guide recalled my wandering fancy, and led me into a small cabinet opening into the chamber. It was in this room that the queen was supping with Rizzio when the assassins entered by a secret staircase and dragged the wounded favorite from the feet of his mistress. The stairs are still shown to the curious. The blood stains in the floor recall the scene as though it were but yesterday that the thoughtless pair sat at table, when the stealthy approach of armed men dashes the beaker from the pallid lip of the Italian; he springs behind his Royal mistress, but the assassins drag him from the arms of the terrified queen, and dealing blow on blow thrust the fainting Rizzio, pierced with fifty wounds, down the dark stairway. On the table in this apartment lies a part of Lord Darnley's armor. Judging from its size he must have been of rather slender form.

It was the lovely e'nin' fa' of Scotland as we recrossed the court and stopped before the chapel door. The arm of my guide was hardly strong enough to draw back the heavy bolts, but soon the portal swung back on its rusty hinge, with a groan as though some spirit slumbering near rebuked us for troubling its cold repose.

The chapel is of rich Gothic, with deep recessed chancel. The roof has long since fallen in, and the desolate walls alone remain. The general effect of the building is thus greatly marred. But the deep set and heavily arched windows, supported by gracefully fluted columns, show what must have been the singular beauty of the original design. Several pieces of stone, parts of the wall, lay scattered about as I entered. The young moon in a silvery crescent rose over the wall, and threw into a deeper shadow the opposite side of the chapel, as my guide pointed out to me the tomb of the murdered Darnley. I strained my eyes to read the inscription; nothing remained but that single word "Darnley." Time in his hurried march seemed to have paused awhile and stayed his destroying hand e'er he forever effaced the memory of the poor Knight. A sigh for his fate, and a prayer for his spirit, come unbidden to the lip

a traveler, as he lingers over the tomb. The ashes of the Scottish Magdalen lie beneath this same pavement. At the end of the narrow chancel stands the stone altar, before which Mary twice gave and in wedlock; once to Darnley, afterwards to the prince Both—one month after he was acquitted, unjustly, of the murder of her husband. In the dim silence of this aisle she knelt at the con-nal, whispering in the ear of the listening priest sins and secrets a history longs to know, but which lie buried with the form of the : who heard and remitted them. I lingered awhile before the altar, d by a dark yet fascinating spell, till the woman's voice of my and the deepening gloom aroused me. I dropped a crown in a y white hand extended to receive it, and leaving the chapel, soon l myself in the street before the palace. It rose before me like some tic spectre. Fancy could no longer sport herself 'neath the re-bu-gaze of the old pile, which stood looking down as if in silent sor-m the follies and vices of the city at its feet.

turned away with a freer breath, and regaining with quick step the found my companions sitting around the débris of a dinner, long ed for my arrival. The generous wine soon drove off the dark that was on me. I had been wandering among the tombs of the and now together we caught the bubble pleasures of the passing ent, and pledged the memories of loved ones in our far off home.

B.

Lines on Powers' Greek Slave.

BEAUTY is painted on thy brow,
 And beauty on thy lip serene,
 Thy melancholy features show
 The bitter agony so keen,
 Which pierces to thy maiden heart,
 Standing exposed in crowded mart.

Sadly thou turnest thee from the stare,
 And shameless gazing of the crowd,
 As in thy beauty standing there,
 Thou hear'st the cries and clamors loud,
 As Turk, and Jew, and Moslem, speak
 Their biddings for the lovely Greek.

I speak to thee as if thou art
 No fancy of an Artist's brain,
 As if through beating pulse and heart,
 The life-blood flows in every vein ;
 I speak as if before me stands
 A model from Almighty hands.

Thou art a type of Grecia's wrongs,
 With tale of misery on thy brow,
 A tale of slavery's iron thongs,
 And bitter tears, that coursing flow
 Adown a mother's stricken breast,
 Where her slave-child was wont to rest.

No, Maiden ! ne'er can mortal hand
 Do justice to thy priceless worth,
 Divine and glorious dost thou stand,
 Too beauteous for this groveling earth ;
 So fair a form has ne'er been given,
 Save to an angel blest in Heaven.

The Genius of the Mahometan Faith.

THE diffusion and permanence of error rest in a great measure upon the resemblance to truth, which error is made to assume. Particular doctrines and duties, which the moral sense of man never fails to approve, particular usages, when agreeable to experience, or complying with the natural taste of a people, have been repeatedly usurped by superstition to sanctify whatever of its teachings carry with them their own refutation. Even the ancient mythologies, crude and unmeaning as they were, sought to win the belief of the popular mind by their deference to such imperfect notions of right as that mind had already conceived. But were we to wish for a more modern and more perfect exemplification of this rule, if we seek to behold a series of religious opinions strangely inconsistent in themselves, yet attaining to precision by rule, and comprehension by system, we may turn without hesitation to the religion of Mahomet. Viewed simply in its results, the history of the Mahometan Faith is surely a remarkable history. That a single man, "in peace after so many troubles, in honor after so much obloquy," should bequeath

a temporal kingdom and a spiritual supremacy to his successors, that those successors should be so united in making the march of their religion keep pace with the march of their arms, that they should have founded an empire of more than Roman energy, of more than Persian magnificence, that the lapse of twelve centuries should find the religion, though shorn of its fairest possessions, still animate in almost its original purity: that all this should have been the work of religious enthusiasm united to national pride, is certainly to the Philosopher and the Statesman a theme of surpassing interest. But assuredly no less interesting is it, to trace the gradual development of the Genius of that Religion, which, for the Arab, was a spirit of conquest, for the Saracen, a love of learning, for the Hindoo, an emancipation from the foulest of human superstitions; and doubtless, not without profit would it be, to dwell upon the fact, that the Faith of Islam, approximating in many particulars to the perfection of our own, has yet, by its intermixture with "the alloy of human fallibility," done but little service to man. The history of the Mahometan Faith embraces three great periods. The first, a period of Reform. The second, a period of Conquest. The third, a period of Decline. The first of these periods beheld the Religion in its purity. It could certainly advance no claims to originality. In fact, its every excellence was confessedly a borrowed excellence. Yet the Prophet had animated his Faith with much of the spirit of primitive Christianity. And as that spirit has been the first to preach reform, so was the Faith of Islam a reforming power, at war with an age of long apostasy to true religious convictions. If, in their origin, its energies were those of a zeal, blind, obstinate, misguided, they yet became the servants of a cause pure in its spirit and single in its aims. Or, if the work of a religious imposition, they still knelt in reverence before the noblest of human realities. Undeniably impure, yet retaining a conception of the truly pure, lost in dishonor, yet not without the traces of a nobler nature, their efforts were as little commensurate with their ability as their character was worthy of their mission.

To reform, then, was the original impulse of the Religion; and without disregarding the evil necessarily resulting from the false pretensions of the Prophet, his religious system, while yet in its virgin purity, will be held as admirably fitted to precede the coming of a purer dispensation. In the second period the religion changed. Its spirit, once earnest to reform, to elevate, and to bless, now changed to a spirit whose influence for evil has been without a parallel. That passion for conquest, which quickened the martial ardor of Arabia, which smote the empires of the

East, which overran the wastes of Africa, and terrified the chivalry of Europe, that spirit was now to be invoked. Nor was this all. The possibilities of universal supremacy were weighed against probabilities of local superiority; unthinkingly, no doubt, yet the significance of his after-life discloses the choice of Mahomet in giving to his religion its local character. Such were the modifications that conspired to raise the faith of Islam to a spiritual ascendancy which the world looked upon in wonder. They conspired to bring into one communion nations that were fierce and inveterate enemies. They conspired to enlist in the same cause sympathies that never before had had an object in common. Their influence has everywhere been to render the history of Islam the most splendid history in the annals of religious fanaticism. The revelation at Medina had undone the revelation at Mecca; yet out of their union has grown the present religion of Islam. Special revelation, while adding to the faith at the expense of its purity, served also to multiply its doctrines at the expense of their consistency. Thus the Koran, if remarkable for any distinctive feature, is remarkable for its plain inconsistency. To Special Revelation can be traced that demon of intolerance brooding over the faith with more than Satanic Power.

Special revelation, too, made known the mission of the sword. Yet its agency in promoting a spirit of aggression, has been not simply direct and unequivocal. The deliberations of the council, the exigencies of the battle-field, the worship of the religious assembly, gave it a power secret as well as open, silent, as well as speaking. Such was the lever mighty in the hands of the Prophet, to bring down a religion of reform to the level of a religion of policy. So earnest was Mahomet in his convictions of its utility, so far did he press the application of its powers, that it might truly be said of him,

"Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum."

The characteristics already mentioned, owe their origin and significance to what History has shown to be a leading principle in the Faith. Twelve centuries are not without their testimony to the fact, that this religion is preëminently hostile to the development of the powers of man. This hostility to the development of the mental faculties has resulted in ignorance, the prominent, prevailing feature of the Mahometan mind. It is true that under the Omiades, learning and science revived. It is true, that the tenth century beheld the dawn of Saracen letters, more glorious than the meridian splendor of Saracen arms. It is true, that the dominions of the Caliphate were once to Europe what Europe is

now to them, the centre of intellectual activity, the fountain of intellectual life. Yet, it is equally true, that so much of learning and refinement sank as rapidly as it rose; that, resting its claims on no permanent principle, knowledge departed as greater attractions came. The same principle is undoubtedly the source of another prominent feature of the Religion, previously mentioned as Intolerance. Thus the Mahometan mind, once zealous to learn, is now reconciled to ignorance; hating the world with an hatred well nigh unexampled, it is yet unable to be at one with itself. While the Koran claims decisive authority in both civil and religious legislation, what wonder is it, that Reform be forbidden, that Progress in the Sciences be discouraged, that whatever may tend to lay open the fallibility of Islam be speedily and effectually crushed? What wonder is it, that the absurdities of the Koran have not been made to testify against themselves, that, in short, the Mahometan of the nineteenth century is essentially the same deluded, ignorant being, with the Mahometan of the seventh century, when the voice of knowledge is silenced, when freedom of inquiry is banished?

If any significance be attached to the history of Islam, it is such a significance as would deeply impress the conviction that the character of such a religion is radically deficient in all that would give it a lasting duration, in all that would make it superior to human attractions, in all that would satisfy human desires. The Prophet, at Mecca, preaching doctrines of Reform, at Medina, preaching doctrines of War, the Caliphs, who immediately followed him, losing sight of Reform in the more attractive vista of military conquest, the later Caliphs divided against themselves, the present necessities of the Mahometan policy all witness in one united voice to the incomplete character of the Religion. When the rising pile had scarcely taken to itself the beauty of the perfect structure, even then its architect was planning what would mar its symmetry and would peril its stability. The doctrine of Pre-destination, which gifted Moslem zeal with an energy sublimely terrible, was yet a revelation, in after years to render the spirit of the Religion as strangely spiritless as it had been strangely active. Thus modified and thus armed, the Faith of the Prophet went forth conquering and to conquer.

But the end was not yet. Long since had Medina received the ashes of the Prophet. The Caliphate, in the severe simplicity of its youth, in the terrible energies of its prime, in the regal magnificence of later years, had passed away. The struggle at Tours swept back the tide of Saracen invasion, while heroic Sobieski had shown the Turks that faith without reason, that enthusiasm beyond control, alike were powerless to sub-

due. And then came the end. The end of a Faith whose motive powers sprang not less from a mistaken zeal, than its doctrines from a bold imposition. The end of a Religion, whose utter indifference to the loss of its purity and the departure of its nobility, seems to lend a sanction to what Grecian mythology would fain believe, that the gods infatuate him whom they intend shortly to destroy. The third epoch opened, and the nations of Christian Europe no longer stood in awe at the progress of Moslem Arms. Principles bound up in the religion to insure its perpetuity were beginning to betray what it had been their office to assist. Its local character was setting limits to a conquest it had been chiefly instrumental in up-building. The world had beheld the religion spreading wider, while its purity became less pure; wider, though its expansive energies were soon to find a limit; wider still, though at each remove, was drawn a lengthening chain of slavery to pride and error, yet promising no ultimate deliverance to much that still was pure. Even the fervor of Grecian Patriotism, even the energy of Roman Law, even the license of German Freedom, are but faint types of the spirit that brought the Religion into being. Displayed in a religious zeal, it united communities once separate and hostile; rising to the dignity of a ruling impulse, it overawed the power of the Barbarian, it put to shame the profession of the Christian; but now, unable to reform since Prejudice forbids, not daring to conquer, while Hope no longer promises that the setting Sun shall rise again, it has fallen to the spirit of a nation lost to progress in knowledge, elevation of sentiment, unity at home, and dignity abroad. So mighty a change has come over that which the Prophet hoped would be above all change! But while these outward manifestations of its spirit vary from age to age, the influence of the Religion in moulding the character of those who worship at its shrine, remains essentially the same.

Wherever the doctrines of Mahomet have spread, wherever they have animated Arabian Eloquence, made sacred the arms of the Saracen, or presided in Moorish Universities; there have they been to contract, to degrade, to enslave; disdaining to be simple, when simplicity was the one thing needful, rebuking such aspirations for freedom as wait on all moral revolutions, what it might have enlightened, it has cast into deeper darkness; what it might have lifted to comparative Freedom, it has bound in a hopeless bondage.

Commencement,

WITH its procession, its dinner, its speech-making, and its pleasant reunions, is close upon us. In many a retired village or bustling city throughout the land, within some substantial mansion, might just now be seen a father explaining to his children the purpose of his anticipated journey. As the old stage coach or the rattling train approaches, we see the farewell kiss, and the father, the husband—the Yalensian—is off for Commencement. Elsewhere you may find younger travelers, fair maidens and blue-eyed school boys, just leaving for New Haven, to hear their fraternal relative deliver himself of that speech which he has practiced so much of late, in the old garret above them. Who can tell the extent or nature of the anticipations which are thus centering in our city of elms? Who can tell with any degree of accuracy the amount of influence which these annual anniversaries of ours, exert not only upon those immediately concerned in them, but upon the country and the world? Here, within a period bounded by the morning and the evening light, culminate, each year, the college lives of a whole class. Here, the last scene in what may be called the “first act” of life is gone through with, and youth, boyhood, collegian, merge themselves in manhood, maturity, and graduate. Commencement is interesting in its exercises—in the display of rhetoric, in the learning, taste, and eloquence which it each year evokes. But to us it has a moral significance, of which these former are but faint symbols. It is, as true as any, the dividing line in our lives, on one side of which is arrayed, in bold relief, the Past, pleasant to the view, and dotted all over with happy memories, buoyant hopes, and glowing anticipations. On the other, the Future opens up to us its untried passages, all indistinct, and sufficiently gloomy to fling athwart the stoutest heart, occasional misgivings. There in the Commencement procession, as it wends its way to Center Church, we distinguish old men, veterans in this war of life. Fifty years ago they were where the class of '54 is to-day. It was a great day to them and they remember it now with all its associations. Watch their countenances as that handsome Senior in his commencement suit, and with the self-satisfied, pompous air, which becomes one who has successfully, not to say, brilliantly battled all the difficulties of four years at college—receives his sheepskin from the dispensing hand of our worthy Prex. A smile, an old man's smile, plays upon their features. They smile as they remember their own sen-

sations at just that moment in their own lives, and reflect upon the relation which it has borne to all their later history. Commencement, indeed, to close this branch of our subject, may be compared to the gate which opens into a great city, towards which an eager throng are ever pressing, to find themselves, when beyond its portals, bewildered and well nigh lost, amid the bustle and confusion which everywhere surrounds them.

But Commencement concentrates in itself, the anticipations of many, who are in no way immediately connected with its peculiar exercises. The ladies of New Haven, (God bless them!) with a spirit of conservatism which in this age of steam and progress deserves all commendation, have from time immemorial lavished all their beauty, and their smiles, upon this anniversary. If rumor and appearances may be trusted, they are accustomed also to further evince their interest in the occasion, by a prodigal expenditure in dresses, fans, riggolets, boquets, et cetera. The result of all this is, that the gallery of Centre Church is made to recall to *our* minds the story of the Fairies, and to the fathers of said ladies those words of Shakspeare,

"The fashion
Doth wear out more apparel than the man."

Commencement without the galleries would be dull indeed. How pleasant a thing it is to turn one's eye from the stage, where sit in solemn silence the oracles of law, theology, and metaphysics, up to those other oracles, where admiring suitors shall with more than Delphic accuracy some day read their destiny! The motive which impels the citizen ladies, in thus sacrificing their time and comfort to the interest of Commencement, is of course the desire to cherish and perpetuate a time sanctioned custom. We admire the motive; we admire them; of both we can say from our heart of hearts, *Esto perpetua!*

To railroad companies, hotel proprietors, boarding-house keepers, and hack-drivers, Commencement is a source of pleasure, because of profit. Everybody expects to spend money, and nobody can avoid it. Your spare quarters, it is true, may escape the avidity of the hackmen. You may even engage board with some widow lady in a remote part of the city, who has not heard of the "war in Europe" and the consequent increased value of everything palatable, or otherwise. You may have a "free pass" on the railroad, and on your arrival look up some long forgotten friend, who will give you bed and board, on the score of old acquaintance. You may thus, with a little careful management, escape these many fruitful sources of expenditure. But, as you value your

money, beware of the "Alumni Dinner." Here it is, that unsuspecting ingenuous Old Foggies, and chivalrous, warm hearted Young America, must "bleed" for their Alma Mater. Here it is, that intoxicated with the enthusiasm of the occasion, and with appetites but half satisfied, appeals to you for pecuniary aid will be most effectually made. A few eloquent speeches serve to arouse the former, and a glance at the table with its scanty supply of bread and bacon, reveals to you a fitting symbol of financial condition. Mechanically you grasp your purse, and yielding to a resistless impulse, you, for the twentieth time, contribute your share towards perpetuating the "time honored Institution."

Thus is Commencement a season of interest to all. Not only to those who return hither at long intervals, to witness the repetition of those scenes in which they once participated, but to others, who standing on the outskirts of the occasion, are satisfied to make it a source of material profit. Soon the Commencement of 1854 will have been added to the past, and another birth-day of our Alma Mater celebrated. The quiet of vacation will settle upon the old buildings, and the grass beneath the elms will grow again. To the graduating class the 27th of July will be a commencement indeed; a commencement of a new and more *real* life; the inaugurating step towards the assumption of stern responsibility and important duty. To-day collegians, to-morrow men! May not Commencement then be justly regarded as an era in our lives, and shall we not all strive to cherish its memories, while we reflect upon its meaning.

The Critic Reviewed.

THE critic has a peculiar office in the literary world. It is his duty only to expose errors, and point out faults, not to write new books. He need not therefore be a wiser man, or an abler writer than the one against whom he wields his pen. We often detect fallacy, or unnecessary circumlocution in a proof which we could never have originated. We may see the errors of a theory, though our abilities are unequal to the task of framing a better. Different minds have different trains of thought, the most ignorant may know more on some single point than the wisest. Therefore a critic may detect errors in the labors of a writer, with whom

he claims no comparison in point of talent or research. But at the bar of public opinion, the critic is, and should be, judged by his success. He is acquitted if he supports his opinions and justifies his exceptions by sound reasoning; if he fails to do this he is condemned.

Yet it is a favorite rule with some, "never to criticise till you can do better." Such would deprive the world of the able and valuable notes of Johnson and Hazlitt, because they could not write Othello. They would in fact deprive us wholly of the useful labors of the critic, for where is the man who will criticise, if he must first say "I am better than thou."

From the other extreme are heard loud praises of a disregard of high authorities, and of investigation for self. Bold independence of thought is manly, noble, and the birthright of every American. But when the bold thinker writes, he demands attention. Every writer demands attention, relying either on his known superiority, or the strength of his reasoning, to give weight to his opinions. The bold thinker lays no claim to superiority; he must therefore rely solely on the truth of his opinions and the strength of their defense.

In the last No. of the Yale Lit., there appeared an article entitled "British Eloquence." Its phraseology was that of a criticism or review, and it has hence excited much discussion. The writer claims no equality with the Editor of British Eloquence. Yet this fact does not of necessity forbid him to take up the critic's pen, though it might render him unusually cautious. We certainly ought not merely for this reason to laugh at the effort as ridiculous, or stigmatize it as insulting. If his positions are well-defended, the student-critic deserves unusual praise. If they are only opinions, if his arguments are weak, public disapproval may teach him the influence of reputation. Assertion, like the bowie-knife, borrows all its power from the hand that wields it. Argument, like the cannon, has the same force, whether pointed by the boy or the giant.

The article before us produces a favorable first impression. Its easy, elegant style needs no praise of ours. Throughout it echoes that bold independence so necessary in this age, so useful when reason is its pilot. And in the justness of the opening sentences we must all concur, unless indeed we think them far too tame to express our gratitude. For we must look far back through the vistas of time ere we find a more valuable accession to literature, or a more useful aid to the student, than "British Eloquence." In his more general remarks, the reviewer has also added to his usual beauty of style, truth and force of sentiment. It is by these passages that he has done himself so much honor.

But when we glance at the more strictly critical remarks, we are forced to refuse them such praise. We are told that Cromwell's speeches should have been inserted instead of Junius' letters. The question is one of taste. If any one prefers as his model of oratory the unintelligible, barbarous effusions that have come down to us with Cromwell's name, to the clear, polished, powerful arguments of Junius, no one can blame him. In these speeches, as Carlyle avows, we can hope to find no elegance or skill in the use of words, only bare thought, and for that even you must search long and with diligence.

But "there were the noble and beautiful defenses of freedom from Eliot, the touching and saddened pathos of Strafford." "Some of this matter should have been selected instead of Junius' letters." The critic, with all his sympathy for Strafford, or his reverence for Eliot, seems to have forgotten their best speeches, and calls for some of this matter. Some of it has been given, the best speeches of the best orators are in the collection. And yet students all neglect that part of the book, just as the Athenian would neglect a Boetian effort if Attic models were before him. We think most would *not* prefer those old speeches to Junius. Even Carlyle's quaint style has barely dragged Cromwell's speeches from the oblivion in which they had lain two centuries. Dusty copies of Pym, Hampden, and the rest, must be searched for in large collections of literary curiosities. But each true student of Eloquence has his well-thumbed Junius.

But, says the article, "We cannot see the propriety of placing these in a collection of speeches at all. As specimens of rhetoric, Milton and Browne seem to us far superior, and have a better claim." But the preface of British Eloquence tells us that its design was to present "models of oratory," not "specimens of rhetoric." Those best letters of Junius are justly regarded as written speeches. They have no element of the essay or letter in them. They are universally called by the best judges, "models of powerful and brilliant oratory." As such they deserve their place. This collection is not for lovers of "stately pomp and rhythmic swell," or the "student of rhetoric." Such may find delight in British Poets, or British Essayists. British eloquence is dedicated to the student of *oratory*, the lover of clear and brilliant *reasoning*.

For readers of high literary attainments and thorough scholarship, the frequency and precision of the Editor's notes might be sometimes needless. But many will peruse that volume to whom the most trite Latin proverb "is all Greek." Many quotations are in every one's mouth

which few could even find, which none could locate by the precise Act and scene, or Book and line.

The remark on marginal notes is probably correct. In reading speeches, the ideas ought to present themselves to the mind just as to a hearer, that the speaker may produce his own effect. Thus only can we judge of the effect of different forms of expression and thought on the hearer, and profit by the speech. But these notes are valuable, and should be collected by themselves for reference.

Though the real aim and gist of the paragraph on the Scholarship is left very much in the dark, it has one fault, already visible. It moderates the value of classical study to the orator. It represents Chatham as armed with the stores of old English divines. We are led to suppose that Burke devoted himself to Bacon, and was too poor a scholar to have mastered all the great writers of antiquity as he actually did. It tells us that Fox weakened the grasp of his mind by classical study, while Brougham, British Eloquence and all history, show that the neglect of science caused the deficiency. The spirit of the paragraph would lead us astray. It was to the classics that those great Orators owed their excellencies. Chatham and Fox imitated Demosthenes. They are famed for Grecian simplicity, and clear pointed reasoning. Burke made Cicero his model. We find in his speeches Ciceronian magnificence and copiousness of diction. The orator and the Professor *must* then travel far "on the same road." The orator *should* therefore be in some measure "a cloister student," so that, though awake to his own age, he may not be deaf to many a voice from the "dim and by gone past."

With regard to the life of Fox, the article before us advances three opinions; that he was in public life perfectly honorable and conscientious, that he was trustworthy and deserved power, that his vices did not cause his political failure.

Now the editor of British Eloquence everywhere excuses the public conduct of Fox as always conscientious. But many persons against whose honesty no suspicion exists, have such traits of character that men never trust them. We naturally entrust our interests to those who evince most prudence and economy in their own business. And justly, for prudence and recklessness alike become elements of character, second natures, by habit, and the imprudent man in his own business, is not likely to become the prudent man in ours. Fox was from boyhood reckless, rash, by no means careful or prudent. His gambling habits, and his continued embarrassment, almost poverty, were the natural results and in turn the foster causes of such a character.

No one would trust such a man as his financial agent. Is he then a safe trustee of the business and finances of a realm? Could we expect the British people to cast into his hands their vast interests? In the excuses urged in this article we see more charity than reason. Fox is not more reliable because his recklessness of character resulted from education, or because Wm. Pitt came drunk into the House of Commons.

The "private" vices of Fox were known of all men. As evidences of character they would prevent any sane individual or people from trusting him in these days; as evidences of character they seriously affected his public position then. For in the writings of those days they were urged continually and with great force. All through youth, through middle age, long past the time when characters are moulded and changed, Fox continued a gambler and a spendthrift. Only thirteen years before his death, (1793,) when helped from the very threshold of ruin by admiring friends, he renounced gambling. But it was too late to change the character or the reputation. They had grown and strengthened from childhood. They had been confirmed by long cherished habits. Through most of his life, through all those long struggles for power, the habits remained and were beacon lights to show all men the dangers of his character: when those lights had expired, men remembered still the rocks and shunned them widely.

We are puzzled to see wherein this article differs "still more widely," or "differs" at all from the character of Sheridan given in *British Eloquence*. The latter simply states that Sheridan had gross faults, that education caused them. The former contains the same facts wrought up into a highly colored sketch. Herein they "differ."

On the whole this article claims our approval rather than blame. An architect has in mere pastime constructed a model whose beauty, elegance, and originality of design, convince us of his skill. But its materials are frail—it will bear no test. We admire its excellences and its originality, and hope that such skill employed in earnest effort, may yet rear structures whose strength and utility shall equal their beauty.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

CLARK PRIZES.

Class of 1855.

1. W. D. ALEXANDER.
2. G. A. KITTREDGE.
3. P. H. WOODWARD.

REGATTA.

The annual Regatta of the Yale Navy, took place Saturday, July 22d. The following boats were entered; Atalanta, six oars; Nautilus, six oars; Rowena, four oars; Transit, six oars. The prizes were two—a black-walnut headboard for the 40 feet boats, and a pair of black-walnut sculls for the 30 feet boats. The race was from the front of the "Pavillion" Hotel around a stake boat anchored a mile and a half out in the bay, and back. The boats started at about 9.30 A. M. They returned in the following order:

Nautilus, 14m. 30s.

Transit, 14m. 40s.

Atalanta, 17m. 50s.

The Rowena was distanced.

The head-board was awarded to the Nautilus, and the sculls to the Atalanta. A drill-prize, viz: a black-walnut boat-hook, was awarded to the Transit.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL OBITUARY OF YALE ALUMNI,

Read at the Alumni Meeting, July 26th, 1854.

Class.	Name.	Place and Time of Death.		Age.
1787,	William Hawley,	De Ruyter, N. Y.	June 16, 1854,	86.
1789,	William Brown,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Mch. 10, 1854,	84.
1790,	Hon. Samuel Jones,	Cold Spring, N. Y.	Aug. 9, 1853,	88.
1797,	Ezra Bradley,	West Springfield, Mass.	Nov. 11, 1853,	77.
1800,	Rev. Shubael Bartlett,	East Windsor, Ct.	June 7, 1854,	76.
1801,	Samuel S. Baldwin,	Geneva, N. Y.	Feb. 19, 1854,	72.
1807,	Jona. G. W. Trumbull,	Norwich, Ct.	Sept. 5, 1853,	66.
1810,	Josiah Holbrook,	Lynchburg, Va.	June 17, 1854.	
1812,	Hon. John Davis,	Worcester, Mass.	Apr. 19, 1854,	67.
1813,	Rev. Louis Dwight,	Boston, Mass.	July 12, 1854,	61.
1817,	Rev. Jared Reid,	Tiverton, R. I.	June 17, 1854.	
"	Dr. Richard Warner,	Cromwell, Ct.	Sept. 29, 1853,	58.
1818,	Rev. Levi Smith,	East Windsor, Ct.	1854.	
"	Lewis Weld,	Hartford,	Dec. 30, 1853,	57.
1824,	Rev. Richard F. Cleaveland,	Holland Patent, N. Y.	Oct. 2, 1853.	
	Rev. Theophilus Smith,	Lake George, N. Y.	Aug. 29, 1853,	53.
1827,	Rev. Alanson Saunders,	Madison, O.	Nov. 5, 1853,	57.

Class.	Name.	Place and Time of Death.		Age.
	Rev. James D. Lewis,	Falmouth, Mass.	May 7, 1854,	47.
1828,	Thomas Robinson,	Norwalk, Ct.	Oct. 29, 1853,	
	Horatio N. Smith,	Wilkinson, Co., Miss.	Mch. 5, 1854,	45.
1829,	Henry A. Walker,	New Jersey,	• 1854.	
1830,	Rev. Alex. Hamilton Bishop,	New Haven, Ct.	Feb. 3, 1854,	43.
1831,	Rev. James H. Fowles,	Richland, S. C.	Mch. 5, 1854,	42.
1833,	Samuel D. Marshall,	Shawneetown, Ill.	Apr. 12, 1854,	42.
1835,	John Stearns Abbott,	Springville, Mich.	Sept. 23, 1853,	38.
1837,	Wm. Barlow Baldwin,	Woodville, Miss.	Nov. 15, 1853,	36.
1841,	David Burt Colton,	Longmeadow, Mass.	Sept. 16, 1853,	32.
1842,	Joseph H. Alter,	New Haven, Ct.	Apr. 18, 1854,	33.
1844,	Rev. Samuel D. Marsh,	Itafamasi, Africa,	Dec. 11, 1853,	36.
1846,	William Minor,	Peekakill, N. Y.	Dec. 27, 1853,	27.
	James G. Rowland,	Wilton, Ct.	Aug. 20, 1853,	33.
1847,	William Gunton,	Washington, D. C.	Apr. 1, 1854,	27.
	Francis Louis Hodges,	Geneva, N. Y.	July 27, 1853,	33.
1847,	Lucius Holly Lyon,	Greenwich, Ct.	Aug. 28, 1853,	30.
	Linus Burr Smith,	Haddam, Ct.	Apr. 30, 1854,	36.
1849,	Horace Hollister,	Mobile, Ala.	Sept. 10, 1853,	27.
1850,	Edward Payson Clarke,	Franklin, N. Y.	Sept. 1, 1853,	22.
1851,	George Hopkins,	Naugatuck, Ct.	Dec. 1853.	
1852,	David O. Morehouse,	York, Pa.	June, 1854.	
1853,	Edward Walden,	Hamburgh, N. Y.	July 19, 1854.	

Editor's Table.

READER—College reader, I mean—did you ever undertake, in a most particularly piping hot day in July, with the thermometer at 100 in the shade, and the sun sizzling in at your window with such unmitigated violence, that the green blinds which decorate the walls of these not wholly classic *shades* are totally inadequate to exclude him, and try to write for the million! If you never did, you know no more of its terrors than a man on a frog-pond in a rain-storm knows how the Atlantic looks in a hurricane.

Commencement week has arrived. The ball opened with the annual regatta of the Yale Navy, of which suitable and honorable mention has been made. "Fair women and brave men" (Byron) witnessed the struggle with the utmost satisfaction. We have no doubt that they all did well. As far as the Rowena's concerned, we can only conjecture, as she has never reported herself. Anxious friends can, no doubt, have their fears relieved by calling at the end of Long Wharf. Other exercises of Commencement are to follow in the wake of the boat race. The class of '54 will, we feel at liberty to state, take their leave of these classic shades in pretty much the usual "pro-auctoritate-mihi-commissa" style. From our editorial sacristy we utter once again an eternal pax vobiscum.

Editors' tables are humbugs. You may have been told so before; but this is the first time ~~we~~ (editorially speaking) have had an opportunity to say it. It is most emphatically the pursuit of the dissemination of ideas under difficulties. And speaking of difficulties, read this little something of a very little friend of ours.* That same little friend was engaged, on the evening of the glorious Fourth, in the puerile, but at the same time patriotic and exciting sport of exploding fire-crackers. His punk went out, and his anxious maternal refused to supply matches; he was at a loss for igniting material. A thought struck him forcibly, and with head-long speed he made frantically for a lighting-bug, caught it, returned in triumph, placed the fusee of the cracker against the unfortunate brute, in his last extremity, and commenced blowing with great vigor. If that wasn't the pursuit of pyrotechnics under difficulties we never heard of it.

Now, chum, pass over the *ice-water*; you'll find it in that *junk-bottle* in my room. Ah! thank you. I'm out of breath, my boy!

EXCHANGES.

We welcome the first number of the Marietta Collegiate Magazine, but are looking in vain for its successor. The North Carolina University Magazine, the Amherst Collegiate, the Williams' Quarterly, the Stylus, the Beloit College Monthly, the Georgia University, and the Erskine Collegiate—all at hand.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The annual Premium of this Magazine is now open for competition. A Gold Medal of the value of twenty-five dollars will be awarded to the author of the best essay sent to this Magazine, under the following conditions. The writer must be an undergraduate member of this Institution, and a subscriber to the Magazine. Every essay designed to compete for the premium must not exceed eight pages of the Magazine in length, and must be sent to the undersigned, through the Post-Office, on or before the fifth Wednesday of next Term, (Oct. 13,) accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer, and inscribed by an assumed name. The envelope will be returned unopened except in the case of the successful competitor.

The board of decision consists of two graduates of this College elected by the Editors, and the Chairman of the Board of Editors.

E. MULFORD,
Chairman of the Board of Editors.

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